AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY JAN 31 1983

17/24 December 1982 £1.00 IR£1.78 US$3.00 By Air

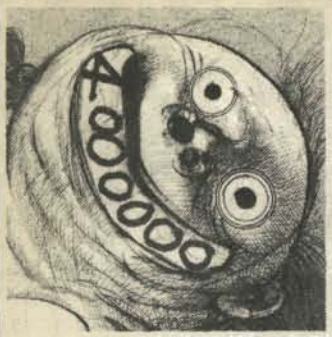
New Statesman

Christmas double issue

MAGGIE & CHILD - CHRISTMAS 1983

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New Statesman



Cover drawing: Ralph Steadman makes his own unemployment forecast for 1983

New Statesman
14-16 Farringdon Lane
London EC1R 3AU
Tel: 01-253 2001
Editorial: 01-253 2003
Telex: 28449
Cables: Newstat, London EC1
©1982 Statesman & Nation Publishing Company Ltd and contributors
Published and distributed by The Statesman & Nation Publishing Company Ltd

Subscriptions: Lesley Bridgmount, Cecilia Papadopoulos
Circulation: Liz Cooper, Tim Freeman
Display advertisements: Michael Roberts 01-253 2001
Classified advertisements: Laura Berryman, Stephen Mitchell 01-251 5487

Subscription Rates
Surface mail:
UK £29, Overseas £32
Air mail:
Europe £36, Middle East £39, Africa, India, South America £40, Australasia, Far East £45, USA $79, Canada $92

From Beirut's ashes
Professor Edward W. Said suggests how the Palestinians might win the peace p.19

Labour's nurse
Paul Addison assesses the achievements of Attlee p.22

Women's heritage
Barbara Wootton reflects on the changes that have occurred in the position of women during her lifetime p.24

The greening of Marxism
Rudolf Bahro, considers the politics of ecology p.26

Claire Bretecher
Special Christmas double page p.32

Christmas quiz
Jeff Squiffy serves up his annual banquet of brain-ticklers p.30

Curse of Count Tebbula
Roger Woddis makes your blood curdle. John Minnion draws the pictures p.34

from *The Joke*
Excerpt from the forthcoming novel by Milan Kindera p.36

Books of the year
Regular contributors pick their favourite reading of 1982 p.39

Poems
Special Christmas double page p.42

Record-token recommendations
Andrew Clements and Mary Harron choose the best of recent records p.48

Rockin' for the Lord
Charles Fox surveys Jesus Rock and Gospel music p.50

Weekend competition
New riddles for Christmas crackers p.54

Introducing the mild and wacky humour of Martyn Rowsonp.25-28

JESUS CHRIST, PROUDHON! THIS IS DISGUSTING! I THOUGHT YOU SAID THIS WAS MEANT TO BE PROPER TEA!
BUT, MY DEAR BAKUNIN, PROPER TEA IS THEFT!
SCENES FROM THE LIVES OF THE GREAT SOCIALISTS. No.27 of the Series
PROUDHON MAKES A JOKE IN TUNBRIDGE WELLS

News: miners; sit-ins; Ken Livingstone; racism; patents; Asian workers; lead pollution; drugs pp.4-6
Peter Kellner: one member, one vote p.7
Mary Holland: politics and the IRA p.8
Steve Bundred: why I invited Sinn Fein p.8
Caroline Berman: selling Prestel p.9
Patrick Wintour: low pay and the campaign for a minimum wage p.10
Duncan Campbell: new US base p.12
Vaclav Racek: open letter to E. P. Thompson p.14
Gustav Moszcz: Poland after one year of martial law p.16
A special correspondent: Rupert Murdoch closes down current affairs show p.16
Diary/Roger Woddis p.17
Letters p.18
This England p.23
Introducing the mild and wacky humour of Martin Rowson p.25-28
John Spurling: Art books p.41
David Montrose: Travel in Britain and Ireland p.44
Hugo Williams: Gustaw Milosz p.44
John Lucas: Recent poetry p.45
Roger Woddis: Laurence Olivier p.46
Dilip Hiro: Islam and nationalism p.46
John Keegan: Fighter pilots of WWI p.47
M. H. Ryle: John Clare's life p.47
Stephanie Jordan: Dance p.51
Andrew Clements: Opera p.51
Christopher Edwards: Theatre p.52
John Coleman: Films p.53
Jules Lubbock: Design p.53
William Boyd: Television p.54
Anne Smith: First person p.55
Salamanca & quiz answers p.56

FIGHTING FOR A BETTER DEAL

COHSE, representing 230,000 workers across the NHS, leads the campaign against appalling low pay and against the cuts and closures which are crippling our Health Services.

The Confederation of Health Service Employees
General Secretary: Albert Spanswick,
Glen House, High Street, Banstead, Surrey SM7 2LH

COHSE: Britain's Health Service Union

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New Statesman Vol 104 Nos 2700/2701 17/24 December 1982

Greenham's uncommon women

GREENHAM COMMON HAS developed a political importance that reaches far beyond the issue of cruise missiles and nuclear disarmament. The way in which women there have entered a national political debate in their own right and on their own terms is a direct and disturbing challenge to established political conventions. Even at the base itself the protests and demonstrations have been qualitatively different from normal. Senior police officers themselves have accepted in public that the women's civil disobedience is firmly based in deeply held moral convictions and have tried to avoid turning the demonstrators into criminals by arresting them. Such police 'chivalry' is seldom in evidence in cities, where the normal police reaction is to insist on the assertion of their authority and of public order when faced by young, male, black working class antagonists.

Men, meanwhile, have been extremely disconcerted by their exclusion from the leadership of this mass protest. For many men on the Left have tended to act as if the leadership of political protest was an exclusively male prerogative, and in this case it is leadership, not participation, from which they are being excluded. The symbolic importance of Greenham Common is that it is not just one more American nuclear base. It is the main proposed site for the installation of cruise missiles in Britain next year. Opposition to the nuclear arms race has become the leading European political issue of the 1980s and for the moment in this country Greenham Common is its focus. Men have in the past been asked to play subordinate and supporting roles in women's supposedly peripheral campaigns on such things as equal pay, or rape, or the provision of childcare. But this time it is happening in what they see as an absolutely central political campaign.

Part of the reason why the women have kept men out of the leadership of this campaign is the conviction that the arguments put forward in favour of more nuclear weapons can only effectively be met by a qualitatively different form of opposition to that which the traditional organisations of the Left are capable of providing. The values, methods and language of this traditional kind of politics are too similar to those of the agents of the state that are being opposed, above all as they impinge on women and children in particular, to offer any real hope of change. For the first time at Greenham Common some men, confronted by the unfamiliar sound of women singing as they 'embraced the base' have had a direct experience of how alien the imagery of the other sex can be. Those men who were made uneasy by the flaunting of baby clothes and 'home craft' products on the Greenham Common wire netting should now understand how the traditional and masculine style of much left-wing politics is devoid of meaning for many women. For much of the politics of protest in the last decade has been conducted in the language of violent, masculine verbal abuse against authority in general and the police in particular.

It is of course neither true that all men have a political tendency towards violence, nor that all women eschew it. And there are many women who felt slightly uncomfortable at the sight of the baby clothes and the knitting wool, seeing in them symbols of the very domestic servitude from which they hope women are escaping, rather than symbols of essential female concerns – their daily task of ensuring human survival in conditions of physical and mental good health.

In a search for language which enables them to define politics in their own image, women have been forced back on concepts like earth mother, or women's innate spirituality, or women's greater concern for the emotional integrity of the individual than with abstract justice. This has developed a strong tinge of mystic anarchism that, ironically, has more in common with the language of some dissident women's groups in Eastern Europe than with past radical traditions in this country. For, while men easily look back on a tradition of fighting for socialism, women's groups have tended to hark back to the 'hidden history' of the suppression of witches and of midwives and old wives' tales. That tradition is now surfacing again.

There is, of course, an obvious connection between male violence and urban decay and economic decline and the politics of the arms race. The problem for the peace movement is that thousands have been attracted to it precisely because it was occupying a new political ground and using a new political language. If that support is to be kept this political novelty will have to be sustained. □

New Statesman

has moved to:

14-16 Farringdon Lane
London EC1R 3AU

Near junction of Farringdon Road & Clerkenwell Road

PHONES: *All depts: 01-253 2001*
Editorial: 01-253 2003
Classified advertisements: 01-251 5487
TELEX: *28449 (remains the same)*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEWS

New Year strike by miners

LAST WEEK's decision by South Wales miners to strike from 17 January expresses their fear that the Coal Board is deliberately trying to run down their coalfield. Anger has been building up for the last couple of years and came to a head a few weeks ago when Area Coal Board officials revealed that new development would cease at three pits, Blaengwrach, Britannia and Lewis Merthyr. This is tantamount to a closure decision, and followed the revelation that 17 South Wales pits appeared on Arthur Scargill's 'hit list.'

At a coal field delegate conference on 8 December the Area Executive recommended strike action unless the Coal Board agreed to put more money into the coal field. Lewis Merthyr miners struck work for the day to lobby delegates. The pit-head meetings, at which miners voted for strike action, were organised immediately after the conference before the media or Coal Board had time to try to influence the decision.

What made South Wales miners vote for strike action was not so much this new tactic as a profound fear of pit closures. This year capital investment in their coalfield will be only £30m, compared to £1,600m for Yorkshire. Last year it was £32m. The fall in investment, and attendant drop in recruitment, has been interpreted by the NUM as a change of tactic by the NCB. Des Dutfield, NUM Area Vice-President, said: 'This time there will be no closure confrontation. Instead the Coal Board will just starve of resources any pit they don't wish to keep going. When the present production face is exhausted there will be no replacement faces to move into, leading to eventual closure.'

This is what the men at Blaengwrach in the Glyn Neath area have been told. Their pit is due to close in February 1984 despite the fact that there are 200m tonnes of reserves in the Glyn Castle area south of the pit. The miners want to drive into these reserves but there is a geological fault in the way and the Board is not prepared to spend the money to get round it. In fact, there is no major development going on in South Wales at the moment. Even the proposed Margam super pit project, designed to work high grade coal for the Port Talbot steel works, has been shelved as the steel works themselves have been cut back.

The Board says it does not have the money to reach the reserves in the old and geologically difficult South Wales coalfield. For the South Wales NUM, this is evidence of Coal Board policy to close down 'peripheral' areas in line with government and EEC policy. Any resultant shortage will be made up with cheaper imported coal.

Delegates from South Wales have already gone out to lobby other areas for support. Kent and Scotland with their own closure battles to fight can be counted on for support. Yorkshire miners, despite their militant reputation, may need a little more persuading. Their jobs and wages are more secure. The question now is whether Scargill will officially sanction the strike and throw his considerable personal prestige behind it.

Ceri Jones

Crime of sitting-in

IN AN ATTEMPT to make workers' sit-ins a criminal offence, the Crown Office in Scotland is accusing 12 people, under Section 7 of the Conspiracy and Protection of Property Act 1875, of illegally preventing doctors from carrying out their work by occupying a hospital laboratory.

The 12 were arrested in September during a dawn raid by police after an overnight sit-in at the Victoria hospital in Kirkcaldy. They were initially charged under the 1865 Trespass (Scotland) Act designed for use against travelling people and poachers (*NS* 1 October 1982). But now the Crown Office has dropped these charges and dusted off legislation a whole decade younger containing somewhat tougher penalties – a £50 fine or three weeks in prison. The lawyers of the 12 are arguing that the latest charges, like the first, are irrelevant, and, although the case has recently been in court twice, no verdict has been reached.

The case looks likely to become a cause célèbre as the trade union movement in Scotland and south of the border is mounting a campaign in support of the 12, who must be somewhat bewildered by their fate. Far from being hardened trade union activists, some of them are known to be supporters of the Tory party.

Rob Edwards

Irish vote for Ken

KEN LIVINGSTONE's reputation among Irish Catholic voters in Brent East has not suffered following the row over his invitation to two Sinn Fein supporters to visit London, a Livingstone associate in the borough said this week.

Livingstone, whose ambition to replace the present Labour MP Reg Freeson has become the worst kept secret in politics, is making great efforts to capture the crucial but dormant Irish vote in Brent East which could amount to one quarter of the electorate if it includes second generation Irish people.

Last week, 60 members of the Brent branch of the Irish national council, a pro-Republican body, gave Livingstone unanimous support for his stand on inviting Danny Morrison and Gerry Adams of Sinn Fein to London. The main Irish wards in Brent East are in Carlton, Kilburn and Cricklewood. 'There is a massive groundswell of support for Ken's policies on Ireland among ordinary Irish voters here' the GLC leader's associate told me. 'After years of being muzzled by the Prevention of Terrorism Act, they now find that Ken is talking openly of what they have been thinking for years but have been too frightened to say.'

Mr Livingstone's chances of winning the reselection battle – now expected after March – are said to be growing now that wavering Centre-Left delegates on the management committee consider that he is a more marketable candidate than he was, especially since the cheap fares campaign. Livingstone supporters say he is already sure of picking up the large minority of Left votes on the management committee. The vote is by secret ballot. If they are right, Livingstone would only need a relatively few votes on the Centre to be sure. But he is aware that things can still go terribly wrong for him.

The national Labour Party official Joyce Gould, called in after complaints of irregularities over the selection of some Labour candidates for the council elections in May, has still to work through the list of delegates to the management committee before she is satisfied that reselection can begin. Even then the new right-wing National Executive Committee could upstage the whole affair by refusing to endorse Livingstone's nomination on the grounds that he was

involved in an illegal secret caucus where he clinched the Left nomination for the seat.

Important constituency figures in the Centre, such as Jack Dromey, have still to show their hand. Dromey, now chairman of the TUC's south-east region, has worked closely with Freeson since his Grunwick days but many on the Left suspect that Dromey's heart is no longer in Brent. He and his wife, Harriet Harman, are due to move into Peckham where she is the new Labour MP but the Left remains confident that Dromey will back Livingstone with whom he forged a close relationship over the cheap fares for London campaign.

Livingstone will of course lose Jewish votes to Freeson over his support for a Palestinian homeland. He described Israel Prime Minister Begin on television last week as a terrorist who killed British troops during the Israeli war for independence. But the Jewish vote in Brent East is not so dominant as it was. Freeson has probably a personal Jewish vote of 2000 in his 6000-plus majority but many Jewish voters are leaving the borough for more up-market Mill Hill and Harrow. Brondesbury and Gladstone are the main Jewish wards – but where there were five synagogues in the area now there are only two.

But why does Livingstone want to take on Freeson, whom everyone agrees is no dyed-in-the-wool right-winger? Livingstone is by no means certain of victory and even if he does get the nomination he will have to defend the seat against strong Tory and SDP candidates and an inevitable hostile campaign from the Conservative press. He is standing, say supporters, because he sees Freeson as representing all the failures of the Old Left to deliver the goods during the Wilson and Callaghan years when Freeson spent much of his time in high office as housing minister.

They claim Freeson betrayed the party in helping to initiate the Criminal Trespass Act and supporting Denis Healey in pushing through the IMF cuts in the seventies. For the Left, Freeson's record as a founder member of CND, his support for the peace movement in Israel and for the Alternative Economic Strategy count for little. Rather, his political 'errors' culminated – despite the wishes of the local party – in not backing Tony Benn in last year's Labour deputy leadership contest. For these, the Left will not forgive him. In this atmosphere of distrust Livingstone is seen by some as the man who can bring unity and purpose to the local party.

Neil Hamilton

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Defence of Newham

EIGHT young Asians facing charges ranging from threatening behaviour to actual bodily harm to police officers will reach the committal stage of their trial at West Ham Magistrates' Court this Friday. The eight youths claim that on 24 September on hearing of a planned attack on Asian children at Little Ilford School they had waited outside it to defend the children. When the white gang did not appear, they claim that they decided to check the neighbouring streets to ensure the safety of the children. It was then that a police car with plain clothes police officers drew up. There was a fight and the eight youths were arrested (*NS* 5 November).

Since then the Asian community in Newham has rallied solidly to support the youths and their defence committee, because as Mr B. S. Sabar of the Newham Asian Federation puts it: 'The issue is self-defence and the safety of our children. We have to defend ourselves because the police do not protect us.' Local people claim that attacks on Asian school children by outside gangs of white youths have been taking place about twice a week.

A strike of school students called by the defence committee for the youths' first appearance in court on 5 November led to a boycott by up to 80 per cent of Asian students in some colleges and schools. The Education Department responded first by condemning the defence committee for calling on school students to miss classes and secondly by making allegations of 'unprofesional behaviour' against an Asian teacher, Satnam Singh, who was standing outside Langdon school on 2 November holding some Newham 8 leaflets. (National Front leaflets were said to be circulating in Langdon school earlier this year.) The allegations against Satnam Singh have now been withdrawn after pressure from community organisations and Labour councillors.

Meanwhile the attacks on Asian children in Newham schools have continued. There have been no police prosecutions even in a case where an attacker from outside the school was identified.

Amrit Wilson

There will be a picket of West Ham Magistrates' Court at 10am on Friday, 17 December.

Sale of patent profits

A CLEAR example of the way British industry is being sold out to foreign competitors has come to light with the closure of H.R. Turner Ltd, a once thriving West Midlands car component manufacturer.

Like many other medium sized component firms H.R. Turner was badly hit by the slump in the home motor car industry. But at the time of its closure in October the company had a full order book. More importantly, it possessed a series of valuable world patents for components which should have ensured its survival. Now the company's orders, and, it is suspected, the company's patents, have passed into the hands of its former competitors in France and Germany.

The main union at Turner, the General, Municipal and Boilermakers' Association of Trade Unions (GEMBAT) have accused the firm's owners, the huge conglomerate L.C.P. Holdings Ltd, of misleading the workforce and of destroying a viable firm in order to realise its assets and to pursue the group's strategy of pulling out of engineering in Britain.

H.R. Turner began life as a small manufacturer of washing-line props in the early sixties. Through the inventiveness of its founder, Roy Turner, the company developed a lever-type reclining seat mechanism for cars and cornered the European market. It rapidly expanded to a high point in 1978 when it employed 500 workers. The firm was the monopoly supplier to much of the domestic motor industry and its products were manufactured abroad on licence.

Ten years ago however the company was taken over by L.C.P. Holdings Ltd whose subsidiaries include a host of building and industrial supply firms, industrial property companies and the car distributors P.J. Evans. As soon as the take-over occurred, union officials say, the management of H.R. Turner started to slip. 'As an organisation that concentrated on buying, selling and hiring, and on industrial property and car distribution, L.C.P. had little idea of how to run a manufacturing concern', said Ken Gregory, the former GEMBAT convenor at Turner. 'The company became completely directionless and it was left to the shopfloor to come up with new ideas and production improvements.' ▶

MISCELLANY

Koo reads the NS!

We have it on good authority that of all the stories that have appeared in the national press about Koo Stark – and there have been a few – the one Ms Stark most enjoyed was in the *New Statesman*. Our article (*NS* 12 November) told of how an innocent young man was so pestered by *Sun* journalists about the whereabouts of Ms Stark – whom he had never even met – that he finally made up an entirely fictitious story about his relationship with her: he said he had first met her at the premiere of *Stardust Memories* in Hollywood, and he added that her affair with Prince Andrew was on the wane. Ms Stark loved our story, although apparently she would like to point out that she has never seen *Stardust Memories*. She is also convinced, we are told, that some building workers opposite her current abode are on a retainer from the *Sun*.

Productivity: an apology

Last week our Political Editor, Peter Kellner, stated that the latest figures for productivity in manufacturing industry showed that output per person had risen by 4.6 per cent in the year to the third quarter of 1982 – a fall from 10.2 per cent recorded during 1981. Our figure was incorrect. More recent information, from November's *Economic Trends*, and from this week's revised figures for industrial production, showed that the decline in productivity growth was even *worse* than we stated. On the latest available information, manufacturing productivity has risen by just 3.9 per cent in the past year.

Face thy doom

Shirley Williams was questioned the other day about our recent revelation that the SDP had slim hopes of winning more than 60-70 seats at the next general election. Speaking on Tyne Tees TV's *Face the Press*, she said that this total excluded sitting SDP MPs; so the true total for the party's target was nearer 100 – or 200 for the Alliance as a whole, if the Liberals won the same number. Not for the first time, Mrs Williams was wrong. The target list *includes* sitting SDP MPs – including some, like Mrs Williams, who are regarded as only outside bets for keeping their seats.

Min. spies

The recent revelation that Stephen Ward was working for MI5 prompts one to wonder about the fate of another star of the Profumo scandal, Eugene Ivanov. Readers with long memories will recall that Ivanov was the Russian diplomat who had an affair with Christine Keeler but disappeared before the scandal hit the headlines. It was reported at the time that Ivanov had been recalled to the Soviet Union, but a different story was given by Mandy Rice-Davies in her autobiography two years ago. She said that in 1977 she had met a former CIA agent, and had asked him what he thought had happened to Ivanov. 'Don't you know? We took him,' the CIA man replied. 'We. The CIA. We couldn't let him go. We didn't know what he had, and what he didn't have, and we didn't want to take any chances. Let's say he was an involuntary defector.' The idea that America would kidnap a Russian diplomat may seem pretty implausible – but then so does the idea that a fashionable osteopath was working for MI5, or that the Keeper of the Queen's Pictures was a former Russian agent. In the spy business one must believe six impossible things before breakfast.

Lemon's squeeze

The crisis at *Gay News* continues. As we reported in the *NS* (26 Nov. and 3 Dec.) the paper's future is threatened by a large debt which the present proprietor, Robert Palmer, still owes to the former owner and editor, Denis Lemon. Lemon has now instructed his solicitors to write to the paper, saying that he is under no moral obligation to waive future payments owed to him; nor is he prepared to negotiate with the staff, who want to transfer ownership to a workers' co-operative. Andrew Lumsden, the present editor, told a readers' meeting on Monday that Robert Palmer is unlikely to find the next payment of £10,000 which is due on 31 December. If no payment is made, ownership of *Gay News* will probably revert to Lemon early in February. Staff are now forming a negotiating committee which will try to untangle the current ownership muddle; it will also consider bringing an injunction to prevent further payments to Richard Creed, a former shareholder who is still owed money by the company.

A flush of indecency

A hitherto unplumbed area of discrimination against women lies in the public lavatory. While men can pee for free women must pay anything from 2p to an exorbitant 10p if caught short in the Royal Borough of Kensington and Chelsea. In earlier years, according to *NS* correspondent Dr Edwina Burgess, women had a socialist champion in Bernard Shaw. In 1898 Shaw protested at the end of a six month experiment in St Pancras of providing one free WC. An unnamed observer who reported women's comings and goings informed the vestrymen responsible that those who used the free closet (1,725) looked no different from those who paid (9,321).

Shaw's protest was supported by a certain Mrs Phillimore; but not only did they lose their motion; Shaw was then upbraided for speaking on so 'disgusting a subject' and Phillimore was accused of plain indecency. In lieu of any latter day champions can we hope the EOC will rumble into action?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In 1980 the unions co-operated with losing 200 jobs. H. R. Turner's factory in Great Wyrley, West Midlands, was put up for sale and production was moved to L.C.P.'s own premises in Willenhall. Jack Beardshaw, a steward at Turner's, said he was told by Sid Stevens, sales director of H. R. Turner, that the factory was sold to raise capital for H. R. Turner, but stewards were unable to find any record of the receipts from the sale in any of the profit and loss accounts which they saw.

In 1981 L.C.P. announced that the group intended pulling out of engineering together. At a mass meeting in September 1981, according to stewards, Mr Alan Ethridge, H. R. Turner's financial director, assured the workforce that the company was unique and would survive if it achieved £500,000 sales a month. This figure was more than reached says Gregory, with sales as high as £730,000 a month. Despite this L.C.P. still announced the closure of the firm in October.

Senior L.C.P. executives blamed the closure on the loss of an important order from Ford. But only 18 men worked on this order and it was more than compensated for by a spate of new orders. This included a commitment from Leyland to give orders for several new models such as the Ambassador. An exclusive order for supplying seat frames for the Leyland K2, replacing the Sherpa, would have doubled the seat-frame section of the workforce.

The company's prospects were so good that four Turner directors reportedly approached L.C.P. when the closure was announced and offered to buy out the firm, only to be refused. Mr Stuart Mann, the L.C.P. Steels chairman who oversaw the closure of Turner was not prepared to comment on the present whereabouts of the patents, the sale of H.R. Turner's factory or the firm's monthly sales figures. He also declined to comment on whether any of H.R. Turner's executives had approached him with an offer to buy them out. 'The company is closed and I don't see much point in going on about it,' he said.

The union suspects that the patents of H.R. Turner have now been sold to the continental companies which produced their components on licence. An alternative option open to L.C.P. would be to keep the patents and allow these companies to take over the British market in return for royalties. In either case the end result is the same – the export of British jobs.

Although the patents would have undoubtedly secured the future of H.R. Turner even on a slimmed-down basis, the workers, against the advice of their union, decided not to fight the closure and put at risk generous redundancy payments.

Howard Sharron

Smethwick's Grunwick

ASIAN WORKERS, most of them women, are locked in a dispute for union recognition that threatens to be as bitter as the Grunwick strike five years ago. More than 180 of the workforce of 300 have been on strike since 18 October at the P.S. Raindi and Supreme Quilting factories in Anne Road, Smethwick.

The strike at the two factories was triggered off by the sacking of three TGWU members on 11 October while the union was negotiating recognition. The TGWU gave the company a 4pm deadline on 18 October for the reinstatement of the three men and recognition of the union. The company did not respond and the strike began. Management have since issued dismissal notices to the strikers and redundancy notices to those still working and have threatened to shut down both factories. Kuldip Raindi, a director of P.S. Raindi, claims the strike is politically motivated and that the Indian Workers' Association have disrupted normally good relations between staff and management.

Wage slips shown to the *New Statesman* reveal that workers can earn as little as £39 for a 50 hour week, and that piece rate workers have been paid as little as £28 for a 45 hour week. Harbajan Kaur, a mother of two, claims she can not support her children on the money she earns as a machinist at P.S. Raindi. One week she earned just £28 for a 46½ hour week. She said this was not unusual, 'but I have to work here because I can not read or write English.'

The factory was inspected by the Wages Council in May, but it will not publicly reveal its findings. The TGWU has called for another inspection but the Wages Council is not allowed to inspect a factory during an industrial dispute. The minimum wage set by the industry's wage council for an adult worker is £57.05. Tony Rust, Lawyer at Handsworth Law Centre and an expert in employment law, said 'there appears to be a clear case for an inspection' by the Wages Council here. Both P.S. Raindi and Supreme Quilting are owned by the Raindi family. No accounts for P.S. Raindi have been filed at Companies' House since it registered in July 1980.

Kuldip Raindi denies that his workers are underpaid. He produced wage slips of people earning up to £148 for a 46 hour week. Differentials between the minority of cutters, usually men, and the majority of machinists, usually women, are very wide in the clothing industry. However shop steward Rawinder Singh agrees that the fundamental issue is the right to join a union not low pay.

The strike has aroused considerable local interest and so far £4000 has been raised locally for the strike fund. The local Labour Party, Trades Council, Indian Workers' Association, Sikh temples and Akali temple are all supporting the strikers.

Arlen Harris

Schooled in pollution

A LONDON borough is planning to site a 100-place car park next door to a primary school already suffering from high lead pollution. Earlier this week, the Hammersmith and Fulham council agreed to go ahead with the scheme next to the St John's Church of England primary school despite the results of its own survey revealing the school breached GLC safety guidelines on lead pollution.

The survey, carried out in the summer, found the school to have an average lead in dust level of 2080ppm (parts of lead to a million parts of dust), with readings ranging up to 5640ppm. The safety guideline is 500ppm, with an obligation to act to reduce pollution that goes over the 5000ppm mark.

St John's headteacher, Pauline Coffey, says parents and teachers are worried for two reasons: the extra pollution that will come from the cars using the parking area; and the danger to children from cars entering and leaving the car park.

The council claims the empty space next to the school is ideal for a car park to relieve the shortage of parking space in the area and to bring more people to the local shops.

Hammersmith schools are also having to cope with a 'very substantial problem from lead in paint', according to the borough's environmental health chief, Bruce Cova. A confidential survey of the borough's 47 schools has found that 40 of them pose a problem from flaking leaded paint.

The boroughwide survey was ordered after an earlier check on 12 primary schools for lead pollution revealed that 10 breached the GLC safety guidelines and that the two most polluted schools – Melcombe and Kenmont – had serious problems from flaking leaded paint.

Rick Rogers

Drugs report bottled up in the DHSS

A ROW HAS developed within the DHSS over whether to accept a report which could cut the National Health drugs bill by £50 million a year. The debate centres on a study which has been on the desk of Secretary of State Norman Fowler since last February.

Two years ago a DHSS working party on effective prescribing was set up in an effort to cut the NHS drugs bill, now running at £1,200 million a year. The working party, which was chaired by Principal Medical Officer Dr Peter Greenfield, submitted their report in February. Although the study remains unpublished, it is understood to recommend that pharmacists should normally provide the cheapest version of a medicine, unless the doctor indicates on the prescription that a particular brand-name is essential.

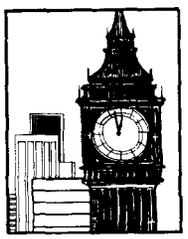
After a 20-year patent on a new drug expires, other companies are free to manufacture the same medicine under its generic or chemical name. These generic drugs are usually considerably cheaper. For example, the tranquiliser Valium, developed and manufactured by Roche, now costs £1.42 for a hundred tablets. But the same product sold under its generic name of diazepam costs only 55p. A policy of generic substitution, it has been estimated, would save the NHS over £50 million a year. But the proposal has been bitterly attacked by the pharmaceutical industry because of the effect it would have on the drug companies' profits.

Even before it has been published, the Greenfield report has been attacked by a senior DHSS official. The Government's Chief Pharmacist Dr Brian Wills, who worked for the drug company Allen & Hanburys from 1957 to 1978, launched a strong attack on the Greenfield recommendations at a conference in Malta a month ago. Dr Wills argued that generic drugs might sometimes be of inferior quality, lower drug prices would discourage research on new medicines, and generic substitution could restrict a doctor's freedom of choice in prescribing. Dr Wills indicated at the Malta conference that he was speaking on behalf of the DHSS in arguing against generic substitution.

Meanwhile the Government has still given no undertaking that the Greenfield report on generic substitution will ever be published. Health Minister Kenneth Clarke told Parliament last month that 'the report gives advice to Ministers on a number of topics and we are considering it carefully and exploring the implications of its recommendations.'

Martin Bailey

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PETER KELLNER, Political Editor

Don't look now, but Labour is toying with democracy

POLITICAL REFORM is a hazardous business. It tends to have consequences unpredicted and unintended, even opposed, by its instigators. Among the papers received by members of Labour's National Executive Committee for this week's meeting – hidden under all the legally-contorted verbiage on the Militant Tendency – was one setting out the ways one-member-one-vote could operate in constituency parties in future leadership elections. It arises, directly but belatedly, out of last year's election for the deputy leadership – the first election to be held by the party's new electoral college.

The purpose of the electoral college was to shift power away from Labour MPs and towards activists in the constituency parties and the trade unions. It is now possible, even probable, that the activists' victory will be short-lived. This week's paper to the NEC by the party's national organiser, David Hughes, is the latest and most significant step towards one-member-one-vote (hereafter known as OMOV). If his guidelines come to be widely implemented in future leadership elections, their impact on the future character of the party is likely to be far greater than the outcome of the Militant debate.

As recently as two years ago, during the arguments about what form Labour's electoral college should take, the OMOV lobby was humiliated. It came to be identified with MPs like David Owen, who subsequently set up the SDP.

What actually happened was slightly more complex. In October 1980 Frank Field, the MP for Birkenhead and sometime member of both Tribune and Solidarity, prepared an article for the *Observer,* advocating OMOV. The *Observer* never published Mr Field's article; nevertheless Mr Field showed it to Mike Thomas as part of an attempt to persuade the MPs who subsequently deserted the party to stay and fight for the party to become more democratic. Before you could say Council for Social Democracy, OMOV became one of the rallying cries of the deserters. Loyal Labour supporters who genuinely wished for the same reform found it prudent to keep their heads down for a time. Speaking up might have been misinterpreted as coded treason.

In January 1981 Labour's new electoral college was duly created; and a few weeks later Tony Benn announced his intention of using the new system to challenge Denis Healey for the deputy leadership. Shortly after the contest was over, Frank Field and David Cowling (Peter Shore's research assistant) set out to discover how many parties had attempted to throw the decision on how to vote to the whole membership, rather than confine it to their General Committee.

They tracked down 49 local parties that had, in some form, given the decision to individual members – 21 through OMOV ballots, 19 through ballots at branch meetings (including some that allowed a postal vote for those unable to attend), and nine through mass meetings open to all constituency members.

Mr Field sent a copy of his findings to David Hughes at Walworth Road. In a paper to the NEC on 23 June Mr Hughes extolled the virtues of widening the franchise within local parties:

> Without doubt those few Parties who conducted an individual membership ballot in 1981, by whatever means, found that it had a number of encouraging side effects. A greater interest in the work of the Party was shown by the members of those Parties . . . It led to subscriptions being paid-up earlier than usual in order to be able to participate; also Branches and Constituency Parties came out of the process with a much more accurate record of their membership.

In July the NEC instructed Mr Hughes to prepare guidelines on how local parties might conduct OMOV elections in future leadership contests. The NEC discussed them in September, just before this year's party conference. When it came to the vote on the guidelines, the executive tied – nine votes each; Judith Hart, in the chair, used her casting vote to defeat them.

However, with the new NEC now in place, advocates of OMOV are now in a majority. Last month, Mr Hughes presented a new, fuller paper, containing guidelines for four different ways of holding OMOV elections. This paper was approved by the NEC's organisation committee and this week came before the full NEC for ratification.

IT IS WORTH stressing that 'guidelines' are what they say they are – guidelines, not instructions. There will be no requirement forcing local party General Committees to hold OMOV elections. To some right-wingers, that is a weakness in the present proposals. But a group called Labour Franchise that has formed around Frank Field and David Cowling disagrees.

They think that it will be more effective in the long run to introduce OMOV through debate and persuasion, rather than through coercion. 'It would be better to let far-left GCs refuse to implement one-member-one-vote, and try to explain their reasons why. They would show themselves up in their true colours', says Mr Field. He fears that if the right-wing Goldingite tendency on the NEC attempt to make OMOV mandatory *before* the argument is won in sufficient local parties, it would be presented as a high-handed device by the Right to undermine local wishes.

I reckon Labour Franchise's tactics are right; and their record this year of quietly but effectively seizing the initiative on internal party reform from the faction-ridden Left suggests that their tactics so far have been impeccable.

In the long-term, the consequences of OMOV could be enormous. If it happens in the constituencies, why not the unions? The more that local parties widen their franchise for leadership elections, the more the union block vote, where wielded without consultation, will become even less defensible than the House of Lords. (Michael Meacher, one of Tony Benn's more open-minded supporters, went some way to arguing this point in the *NS* shortly after last year's deputy leadership contest.)

Already, even leading union left-wingers, such as Alex Kitson of the transport workers, are arguing that the power of the block vote should be more fairly balanced in Labour Party conferences by constituency votes, which are now outnumbered almost ten-to-one by the unions.

So the outline of a new 'constitutional settlement' inside the Labour Party can begin to be detected, in which OMOV – in both constituencies and unions – eventually becomes the rule rather than the exception in leadership elections (and, in time, for the selection of parliamentary candidates); while the manifestly unjust structure of the annual conference itself comes under pressure for reform.

It will take time. For the moment, Labour Franchise is sticking to its limited objective of securing voluntary OMOV guidelines for constituency votes in leadership elections. It is, perhaps, worth recalling Earl Grey's remarks when, as Prime Minister, he was piloting the 1832 great reform bill through Parliament:

> If any persons suppose that this Reform will lead to ulterior measures they are mistaken; for there is no one more decided against annual parliaments, universal suffrage, and the (secret) ballot than I am. My object is not to favour, but to put an end to such hopes and projects.

That's the thing about democracy: limited reforms have a habit of not staying limited for long. So it is likely to prove with the Labour Party. And I have a sneaking feeling that Tony Benn appreciates this point better than many of his supporters. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NORTHERN IRELAND

The uses of politics

'Thank God for Ken Livingstone,' said one Tory MP last week. Mary Holland wonders why

A QUESTION looming on the horizon for Mr William Whitelaw – or, at least, for those of his Home Office officials who concern themselves with constitutional law – is, 'Will it be possible to charge Mr Gerry Adams with treason?'

The issue will become relevant at the next general election when, as now seems almost inevitable, Mr Adams wins the West Belfast seat presently held by Gerry Fitt. I am indebted to Brian Walden, an ex-MP who retains an old lag's obsessional interest in matters affecting his former trade, for the view that the only constitutional reason for which an MP may be impeded from seeking access to the House of Commons is that he is wanted for treason. This is not to suggest that Members of Parliament are above the ordinary law. But if no other charges are due to be laid against them, and it is painfully clear that the police cannot sustain criminal charges against Gerry Adams, then Parliament itself has a positive duty to protect the rights of its members to go about their legal business.

Constitutional lawyers agree that it would be very difficult to exclude any members of Provisional Sinn Fein who might be elected to Parliament from travelling to Britain and exercising their right to enter the Palace of Westminster. An exclusion order under the Prevention of Terrorism Act would not be enough. While it is quite easy to dismiss election to a powerless Assembly in Belfast as unimportant, MPs do have a vested interest in taking election to Parliament rather more seriously. The Labour Party would almost certainly kick up a fuss at any attempt to exclude Sinn Fein members and even some Tories, who get distinctly reverent about the sovereignty of Parliament, would be uneasy.

The point of discussing what is at the moment a hypothetical issue is to demonstrate, yet again, how far the Provisionals themselves are ahead of the game. The statement issued by the Sinn Fein leaders, in the wake of the exclusion order slapped on them last week, made it clear that they were already relishing the prospect of embarrassing the British government in the way outlined above. No British politician to whom I spoke had even begun to think about it. It is assumed that if Mr Adams and one or more of his friends do win Westminster seats they will follow the tradition of former Republican MPs and will not seek access to parliament. It would be foolish to bank on this. While the Provisionals will continue to boycott the proceedings of the House of Commons, they will waste no opportunity to embarrass the British government. If that means coming to London to conduct some of their business within the Palace of Westminster, they will do so.

The problem for the British government now is that the IRA, having come late to the political process, is learning how to exploit it with all the obsessional dedication it has hitherto devoted to its more traditional pursuits. The exclusion order issued against Messrs Adams, McGuinness and Morrison in the wake of Ballykelly bombing played right into their hands. Prior to it, they had been faced with an extremely difficult choice. Should they call off the visit to avoid embarrassing Ken Livingstone, a decision which would have been represented as cowardice by the British media, or press ahead at a time when there was no chance of their getting any kind of reasonable hearing in Britain. Fortunately for them, Mr Whitelaw solved their problem.

The British response to Ballykelly was as predictably depressing as anything one has seen in recent years. At the most basic level

---

Steve Bundred

No entry

IT cannot have been easy for Willie Whitelaw to issue exclusion orders banning the proposed Sinn Fein visit to London last week. The denial of free speech involved will have offended his liberal instincts. He will have been aware that his decision will strengthen support for Sinn Fein in Republican areas. He will be conscious also of the contradictions in government policy towards Northern Ireland which the decision exposes. And he will no doubt have faced some personal embarrassment from the recollection of Gerry Adams' last visit to London, which was at the invitation of Mr Whitelaw himself.

So why did he do it? We may discount the official explanations. As a former Northern Ireland Secretary, Mr Whitelaw cannot have been told anything about Gerry Adams by Sir Kenneth Newman that he did not already know. And if there was real evidence of involvement in terrorism, all three men named in the exclusion orders would be arrested in Belfast. Instead we must seek the explanation of the exclusion orders in the reasons for the invitation being issued in the first place, and in the impact which such a visit might have had on British attitudes.

My initiative in organising the visit followed the Northern Ireland Assembly elections in which the popular support for continued struggle against British rule was clearly demonstrated, despite the effects of 13 years of war. But the bafflement of the British press at the Sinn Fein successes revealed that there is an element to the Northern Ireland debate which is not adequately reflected in this country. I felt it was, therefore, important for some popular misconceptions to be corrected.

Others were willing to support the invitation because they recognise that only constructive discussions which focus on the central problem of British rule in the six counties can bring the killings to an end. All of us believe also that there is strong support in Britain for the withdrawal of troops and the reunification of Ireland. The hundreds of letters which have poured into County Hall this week have confirmed that view.

But the government's response to the Assembly elections was to explain away the results with references to a protest vote by unemployed youth and to continue to marginalise Sinn Fein by excluding it from the post-election talks with Jim Prior. Despite winning 35 per cent of the anti-Unionist first preference vote, Sinn Fein leaders were still portrayed as mindless thugs. Ministers persisted in claiming that the Northern Ireland state can be made viable and that a military victory by the army over the 'men of violence' is possible. The Sinn Fein visit to London would have challenged these myths, and if the challenge had been successful the consequences for government policy would have been profound.

Public attitudes to the Provisionals in Britain have barely altered since the mid-70s. Yet the Provisionals themselves, and in particular the political wing, have changed a great deal since that time. Had the visit been allowed to proceed the spectacle of Sinn Fein leaders as intelligent and articulate politicians engaging in peaceful discussion would have made it impossible to continue portraying them as moronic mass murderers. Coupled with a better realisation of the British army's real role in Ulster which the visit would have provoked, the credibility of government policy would have been fatally undermined.

When the news of the invitation first became public, the Home Secretary's dilemma was therefore genuine. He could not at that stage have issued exclusion orders without exposing the vulnerability of the government in any open political debate. It was the INLA's Ballykelly bombing which gave him an excuse to act. As such it was more than another human tragedy to add to the 2,500 deaths which have already occurred in the present phase of the the conflict. For the advocates of negotiations to ▶

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of presenting information there was almost no attempt to explain who had done the bombing, or why this in itself was important and could become more so in the future. It was the work not of the Provos but of the much smaller Irish National Liberation Army. This is not to say that the Provisionals disapprove of bombs which kill eleven British soldiers. On the contrary, at a time when many in their own ranks are deeply suspicious of the new involvement in political activity, the Provisional IRA may be expected to try and kill more members of the security forces. The fact remains that the reasons why the Provos did not do Ballykelly – and why no one in Northern Ireland thought they had – were political ones. Putting a bomb in a pub without warning carries the risk of causing very high civilian casualties. The bomb in the Droppin Well Inn killed 11 soldiers but might as easily have resulted in the deaths of many civilians, most of them Protestants. If that had happened, the Catholic community – even those members of it who are prepared to shrug off the killing of soldiers – would have been appalled. The Provisionals are now positively courting the political support of that community, which is why the IRA is unlikely at the moment to get involved in operations like Ballykelly. That could change if the INLA shows itself capable of mounting a sustained campaign, either against the security forces in Ulster or on the British mainland, and this in turn leads to defections from the Provisional IRA. One of the uglier lessons of Ballykelly, not least for the Provos, is that bombs still make more impact on British politicians than does political action.

There are other lessons which have not been lost on the two communities in Nothern Ireland. The first is that British lives, even the lives of British soldiers, still count for an awful lot more than Irish ones. Over and over again in Belfast last week, people wondered aloud if the reaction in Britain would have been the same if it had been 16 UDR men or even civilians who had been killed. The death toll at Ballykelly was particularly horrific, but before it happened 26 people had been killed in Northern Ireland in a little over two months, and their deaths had provoked no outraged demands from Tory MPs that Mr Prior abandon his present political initiative.

The anomalies surrounding the Sinn Fein exclusion order were noted, with weary cynicism, in both communities. What caused more anger was the ease with which the whole debate about the latest appalling spate of killings could be diverted into a British political argument as to whether Mr Adams should be allowed to visit London. 'Thank God for Ken Livingstone,' one Tory MP remarked after Prime Minster's Question Time in the House of Commons. He was referring to the process by which, in the British Parliament itself, the deaths came to be regarded as almost as much the fault of the GLC leaders as of the people who planted the bombs. Such dedication to trivialising the present situation may help the Government in the short term, but it will carry its own long-term costs back in Northern Ireland. □

▶ withdraw British forces and re-unify Ireland, it was also a political disaster.

If, however, Mr Whitelaw's action has succeeded in delaying the inevitable dialogue with Sinn Fein which must precede a solution to the Northern Ireland problem, it has been at a severe cost to his own Party. It is well known that Northern Ireland Office Minister, David Mitchell, met Gerry Adams in Belfast less than three weeks ago. For the Home Secretary to claim now that Adams should be free to talk to Government Ministers but not to London Councillors makes Mr Whitelaw look foolish and hypocritical. It suggests in the public mind that if Gerry Adams is a dangerous man it is because he has won an election and therefore poses a real political challenge to official policy.

The exclusion orders also display contempt for the decision of voters and, in so doing, devalue the electoral process itself. Any lingering faith in British democracy which may have existed within Republican communities must surely have been destroyed last week. The government's own Northern Ireland Assembly has certainly been destroyed. From the outset it was an attempt to perpetuate the fiction that the Northern Ireland problem can be shunted to one side to be dealt with within the province itself. In fact the six counties are a British problem as much as they are an Irish one and the decision to withdraw the troops will ultimately be made not in Belfast but in London. Yet if Sinn Fein leaders are not considered fit to travel to London for discussions on these issues, how can they continue to be urged by Jim Prior to take their seats as elected representatives in Stormont?

Then there is the question of the Act under which the exclusion orders were made. The ban has shown that Northern Ireland and Great Britain are not part of a 'United Kingdom', but two separate countries with restricted access between them. This is a very damaging admission on the government's part, but it should not have taken anyone by surprise.

When Michael Foot asserts that it is an anomaly in the Prevention of Terrorism Act that people who are free to walk the streets of Belfast cannot also walk freely in London, he is either deluding himself or displaying woeful ignorance of an Act introduced by a government of which he was a member. There is no anomaly. As Mrs Thatcher has correctly pointed out, that was the original intention of the Act. That it has not been used before for last week's purposes does not conceal the fact that it was designed to stifle understanding in this way.

If the exclusion orders have, however, served to educate the public and the Labour front bench on the nature of the PTA, then the original invitation will have fufilled a useful purpose. But, meanwhile, the discussions have been postponed and the killing will go on. □

Steve Bundred is GLC member for Islington North.

COMMUNICATIONS

Flats, jobs, prostitutes

Caroline Berman looks at the advertisements on Prestel, British Telecom's 'viewdata' service

AT LAST WEEK'S conference to mark the end of Information Technology Year, Mrs Thatcher firmly pledged herself to free enterprise and competition for the purveyors of IT, as it's known.

So how has it worked so far? First there was Job-Tel, a classified directory of job hunters on Prestel, British Telecom's viewdata service. 'Place yourself on Job-Tel and let the jobs chase you', ran the advert on TV and in the newspapers. In a reversal of the usual relationship, thousands of Londoners paid between £16 and £25 to advertise themselves to Prestel users. Of a sample interviewed earlier this year, not one had received a reply. Barbara Shulman, a qualified beauty therapist, said: 'I believed it would give me a better chance of finding work. I haven't heard a thing since I went on the system. People can't afford to spend all that money'.

The problem was that there weren't enough Prestel sets in the market place to make the service a realistic one and, of the 17,000 or so sets that were placed in businesses, it was not the personnel departments that were using them. After some adverse publicity, Frank Alman, who runs Job-Tel, agreed to give people their money back if they hadn't found a job after 6 months. He is now charging employers as well, in part to finance the costs of refunding the job-hunters.

Flat-Tel, another of Alman's schemes, matches flat hunters to landlords. People looking for accommodation pay £25 to put themselves on the Prestel computer and Flat-Tel keeps a register of about 1,000 landlords. Landlords were also supposed to see the flat hunters on Prestel. But Flat-Tel is not indexed, so landlords only see the lists of flat hunters if, in their capacity as employers, they happen to be calling up Job-Tel. Then, if they key 'for explanation' they come across Flat-Tel.

Most businesses in London will, at some time during this year, have received phone calls from sales agents trying to sell them classified advertising space on Prestel. There are several different companies now competing in the field of electronic directories. The three biggest are Advatel, Business Pages and Online Viewdata Marketing. Advatel is run by Nic Grant, who in the seventies was involved in selling mobile homes in France, log cabins in Tenerife and stone cladding in Wembley. ▶

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Online Viewdata Marketing was originally called Track 2 Blue Pages, but British Telecom deleted all Track 2's information from the Prestel system because they were not paying their bills. As a result, all the small London firms who had paid around £150 each to advertise for a year suffered an untimely removal. Undaunted by this setback, Ivan Siou, a former motor mechanic and Nic Grant's step-son, who ran Track 2, moved onto a different Prestel 'page' number with a different name, to start selling all over again.

Just before the pages were wiped off, Track 2 started a franchising scheme, so that their Blue Pages directory (a viewdata version of the printed Yellow Pages) could be sold all over the country. They advertised in the *Sunday Times* Business to Business section for regional directors with £10,500 capital to invest. Several people actually paid money to Track 2, in order to set up their own classified advertising operations. Their plans were upset when Track 2's own pages were erased from the system.

At least one section of classified advertising on Prestel was, however, successful: 'adult entertainment'. Some self-confessed prostitutes were advertising their 'business services' on Prestel under the headings of Escort Agencies and Massage Parlours. One woman, offering Continental Massage, said two of the men who had replied to her ad had since become regular clients. However, when the Viewdata Industry Association heard about these advertisements, they asked the publishers, Track 2 and Advatel, to remove them.

INFORMATION Providers on Prestel are responding to this kind of abuse of the system by trying to protect their own business prospects from the failure of other companies. There are about 150 Information Providers, including those who sell information, those who provide it as a free service to help their business, and 'publishers' of other people's advertisements. The 40 publishers are setting up an 'Umbrella Information Providers Group', and starting a bonding scheme to protect their advertisers.

British Telecom's answer is to promote a new franchising system of information provision on Prestel. Apart from a few 'adult entertainers', the most successful use of Prestel has been in travel agencies, thanks to Sealink's decision to give a set to each of its agents. The Nottingham Building Society and the Bank of Scotland now have a new project whereby 100,000 free Prestel adaptors, which cost about £200, will be handed out to investors over the next three years, to be used for a home banking service. This is a prototype franchise, according to Richard Hooper, Prestel's director. So is Club 403, another project which is subsidising Prestel sets, worth, new, about £600 each, to 2,000 homes in the West Midlands, and the Birmingham Post & Mail newspaper group will be running a special information service for them. These schemes which, from the outset, match the information with a real audience, should provide a more successful formula for the effective use of information technology. □

LOW PAY

Banners to briefcases

Patrick Wintour says that after the NHS dispute the unions will discuss the merits of a statutory minimum wage

WITH A FEW melodramatic last gasps from COHSE, the health dispute stuttered to its death this week. In terms of securing a substantial pay rise, the strike has been one of the least successful ever conducted by the low-pay unions. The 1970 Scamp Report, after the six-week 'dirty jobs strike,' brought the unions within 25p of the TUC's £16.50 minimum wage target. The 1974 wage settlements achieved a £30 minimum wage – two-thirds of male average earnings. The 1980 Clegg Reports after the winter of discontent also brought substantial rises.

In these terms the relative failure of the health workers' dispute will hardly be heartening news for local authority manual workers, currently offered 3.5 per cent, or for civil servants, who last week formally ratified a demand for a £12 a week flat-rate rise.

But, in another sense, low-paid workers should be encouraged. In the coming months low pay is going to be the subject of intense lobbying within the trade union movement. The lobbying will focus on three areas:

- A TUC review of its policy on low pay – its first for over a decade.
- Two pieces of work by the Labour Party. The first is to bring together existing documents on tax and social security in a form that will match the Green Paper on poverty published by the Social Democrats. The second will examine the party's commitment to a national minimum wage.
- A co-ordinated union response to the Megaw Inquiry into Civil Service Pay determination. The Megaw Inquiry has again raised the thorny question of what system of comparability can fairly deal with public sector pay.

One senior NUPE official was sufficiently encouraged by developments to argue this week: 'Low pay is on the political agenda in a way that it has not been since the late Sixties.' In that sense, NUPE argues, the health dispute has been a success. The public is now aware of the prevalence of low pay and its particular prevalence in the NHS, where in April this year 350,000 full time staff earned a gross weekly wage of less than £91.50, the level of eligibility for Family Income Supplement. The sympathy shown to the NHS workers, NUPE claims, will now be shown to other low-paid workers.

A chief aim of lobbyists will be to construct a TUC Congress majority for a statutory minimum wage. Although the TUC's economic committee last month threw out a paper that was sympathetic to a minimum wage, the 'differential brigade,' led by the three big unions, may yet accept a statutory minimum wage. The General and Municipal, for instance, is actively considering joining the National Union of Public Employees in the statutory camp. There is also speculation that the Transport and General Workers' Union will consider dropping its opposition. It is thought that the recent two amalgamations of the Dyers and Bleachers and the Agricultural Workers to the Transport Workers may alter the thinking of the giant general union, since both these unions have advocated a statutory policy.

TO AN OUTSIDER, it may seem odd for British unions to reject a statutory minimum wage. After all, such policies are common in European socialist countries. But British trade union life is never that simple. The 'voluntarist' tradition in British industrial relations remains powerful. Its impact in the context of low pay, was admirably demonstrated in the TUC's 1970 report on a minimum wage:

> An important argument against a statutory minimum is that the trade union movement would in effect be inviting the state to intervene on a much bigger scale in the wage fixing process without having any prior assurance that a statutory minimum would in fact be introduced and thereafter maintained at a level anywhere near what should be acceptable.

The year after, the TUC decided to defer a decision on a statutory minimum but promised to 'review its position in the light of experience.'

The TUC's report on low pay had followed an inter-departmental working party set up in 1969 to look at low pay and take the steam out of a growing union revolt against government incomes policy. The working party's report concluded that a minimum wage would be prohibitively expensive.

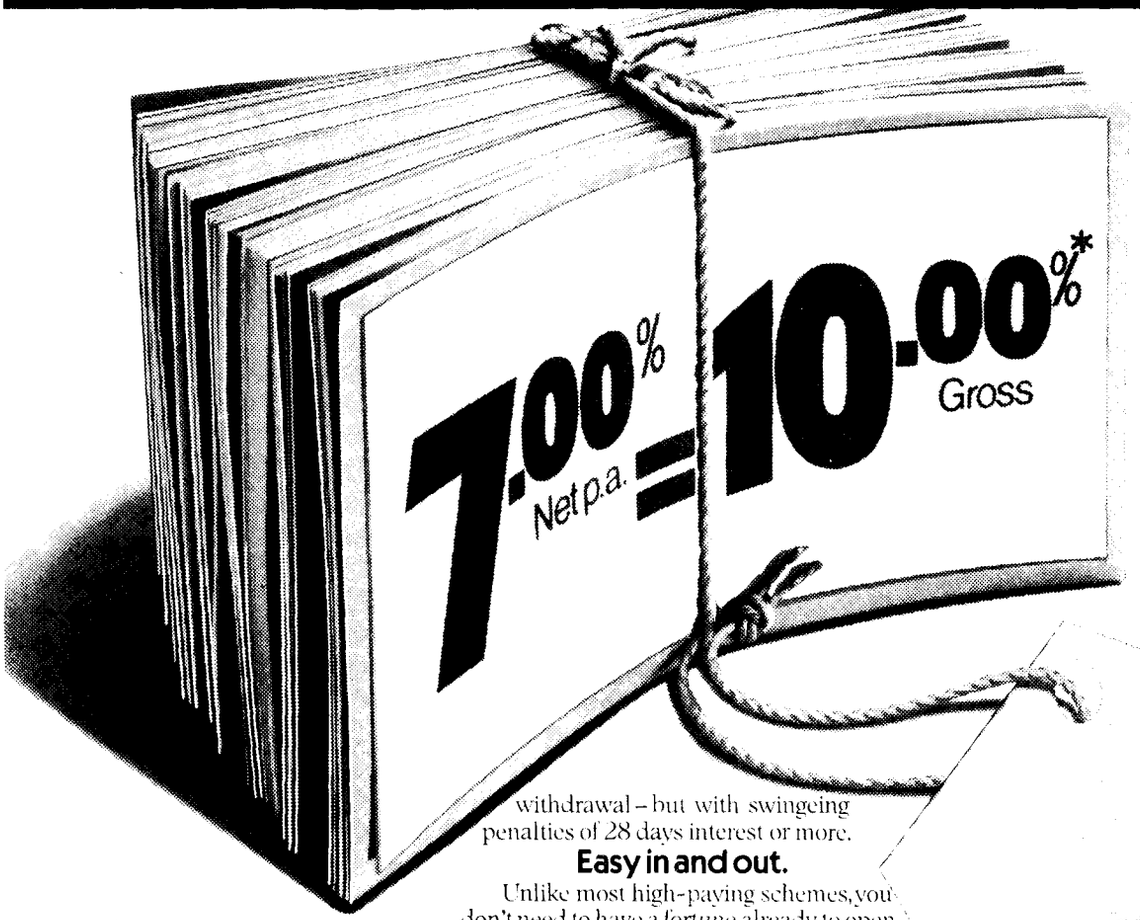
The working party said that the cost of raising the hourly minimum wage to the equivalent of £15 for a 40-hour week would, with full maintenance of differentials, cost £3800m a year. This represented a 16 per cent increase in the national wage bill. More recent estimates by David Metcalf calculate a direct cost of raising the minimum wage to two-thirds of the national average as a 5 per cent increase to the wage bill. Metcalf estimates that there would be only a partial maintenance of differentials by other workers, leading to an additional indirect cost of 3 per cent. Clearly, however, there is no sure method of estimating the extent to which workers would maintain their differentials and relativities.

TO EXPECT the TUC to be unambiguous in its attack on existing differentials is to misunderstand the TUC. Unions are happy to concur with general phrases such as 'a fair day's pay for a fair day's work.' They are less ready to translate such slogans into an egalitarian pay policy.

In one sense the TUC has been the victim of its own success in winning the affiliation

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ABBEY NATIONAL SEVEN DAY ACCOUNT



The Building Society account that's substantially better than Clearing Bank Deposits.

Abbey National's Seven Day Account currently pays a substantially better net rate than all other conventional homes for money on 7 day deposit.

Extra interest without the snags.

Your money is available on seven days notice of withdrawal. Without any penalties for withdrawal. That's a lot better than many extra interest schemes with instant withdrawal – but with swingeing penalties of 28 days interest or more.

Easy in and out.

Unlike most high-paying schemes, you don't need to have a fortune already to open an Abbey National Seven Day Account. Just £100 gets you in.

The best home for short term money.

Most demands on your money will wait 7 days. So most of your cash should be working harder for you. In our new account. Come on in. Just use the coupon – or come on in to any Abbey National branch.

* From 1st January 1983, the rate payable on Abbey National's Seven Day Account will be reduced to 6.75% net p.a. (equivalent to 9.64% gross.) This rate is still substantially higher than current comparable schemes. So come on in now, for maximum advantage. Equivalent gross rate where income tax is paid at the basic rate of 30%.

RATES CORRECT AT TIME OF GOING TO PRESS

● ONLY 7 DAYS NOTICE TO WITHDRAW AND NO LOSS OF INTEREST.

● ONLY £100 TO GET IN.

To: Dept 7W,
Abbey National Building Society, FREEPOST,
United Kingdom House, 180 Oxford Street, London W1E 3YZ.

I/We enclose a cheque, numbered ____ for £____
to be invested in a Seven Day Account at my/our local branch in ____

Please send me full details and an application card.

Full Name(s) ____

Address ____

Postcode

Signature(s) ____ Date ____ NS1

Minimum investment £100. Maximum £30,000 per person, £60,000 joint account.

I/We understand that withdrawals can be made at any time, subject to my/our having given 7 days written notice.

I/We understand that the interest rate may vary. From 1st January 1983, the interest will be 6.75% net p.a.

I/We would like the half-yearly interest:-

A. added to the Seven Day Account
B. paid direct to me/us

Get the Abbey Habit

ABBEY NATIONAL MONEY SERVICE

ABBEY NATIONAL BUILDING SOCIETY, 27 BAKER STREET, LONDON W1M 2AA

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of unions that represent professionals, managers and white collar workers. In post-war Britain the TUC can claim to represent more of the British 'working population' than it did in the Twenties, but at the price of less and less intellectual coherence. Similarly, the growth of white collar sections within unions that were previously exclusively blue collar has blunted the egalitarian drive of some of them. Finally, many of the lowest paid workers – notably female part-time workers – are in no union at all. Their voice is not heard when the TUC discusses pay policy.

But these institutional inhibitions are not a sufficient excuse. The history of unions' attitude to low pay legislation has been one of equivocation. The most recent and stark illustration of this equivocation occurred in 1977. There had been two years of flat rate policies. The £6 limit of 1975-76 had been followed the year after by the 5 per cent policy with a minimum of £2.50. In 1977 the TUC Congress rejected a proposal that negotiators should be encouraged to bargain in the coming pay round with a £60 minimum wage in mind. Len Murray moved the General Council's recommendation to reject the proposal. He said:

> After two years of very deliberate weighting in favour of the low paid, it would not be right at this stage to seek to commit unions to a universal minimum target of this sort . . . different groups will have different priorities and wish to attach different rates to them.

The government's economic policy had hardly been conducive to creating a climate of co-operation. But it was a pretty sorry reflection on the unions that a low pay policy could only last two years before the pressure of anomalies became impossible to ignore. (Ironically enough subsequent research has shown that the relatively well-off did far better during the flat rate period than did the low-paid: the rich merely sidestepped pay policy.)

The TUC has now tried every policy to help the low-paid except a statutory policy. It has tried unionising the low-paid: but, once recruited, the low-paid have had little collective muscle. It has tried (in 1968) to seek a voluntary agreement with the CBI on a minimum target: the CBI did not want to know. It has tried appealing to independent statutory bodies such as (in 1967) the National Board of Prices and Incomes: the Board said it would be impossible to deal with low pay in large settlement groups such as the NHS 'without placing an unreasonable burden upon the tax payer.' It has tried the Clegg Standing Commission on Pay Comparability, only to find that low-paid workers were locked into a cycle of poverty by being compared with similar low-paid workers in the private sector.

The best answer would seem to be a binding minimum wage negotiated annually by unions. The best forum would be the tripartite discussions already outlined in the idea of national economic assessment. A central bargain of this sort would have two additional advantages. It would give the unions a role, and it would make explicit the conflict and the choices over distribution of wealth. □

NUCLEAR WAR

America's base motives

Duncan Campbell reports on plans to create a new American war headquarters at High Wycombe in Buckinghamshire

DOCUMENTS OBTAINED by the *New Statesman* confirm that the United States 'Air Station' at High Wycombe in Buckinghamshire is the location of the 20,000 square feet underground bunker, which is to be modernised as a new war headquarters for the US European Command.

Heavily censored details of a Congressional committee hearing indicate that the site selected for the new bunker already contains a suitable, vacant 'underground building of approximately 20,050 square feet, in excellent condition'.

According to the US Air Force 'Inventory of Military Real Property', High Wycombe is the only US site in Britain with a vacant operations building of that size. The 'Inventory', which gives comprehensive details of almost every US base around the world, shows that in 1980 the base included a hardened 'Land Operations Building' of 23,300 square feet, of which at that time just over 3,000 square feet were in use.

However, the role of US headquarters will not be the only function of the High Wycombe base. It has already been designated as the third cruise missile centre in Britain. A new unit, which will control the nuclear targets for the cruise missiles due to be installed at Greenham Common and Molesworth (and also for the F-111 long-range bombers based at Lakenheath and Upper Heyford) was set up inside the same bunker in early 1981, originally built as the US air force Command Post during World War 2. This unit is the US Air Force 7555th Theater Mission Planning Squadron.

This Squadron prepares the target 'instructions'. (Included on the target lists intended for cruise missiles are 'logistic' and industrial targets in Warsaw Pact countries, like the Gdansk shipyards and the Stettin steelworks.) Its programmers are assisted by detachments of nuclear bombing specialists from the headquarters of Strategic Air Command in Omaha, Nebraska, and from the 20th Tactical Fighter Wing, at Upper Heyford.

The new headquarters is part of the US European Command, currently based at Vaihingen, near Stuttgart in West Germany. The original report that it was being built, in the *Guardian* last week, implied that the entire command would move to Britain. This would not be the case, either in peace or war.

The US Air Station at High Wycombe incidentally is unconnected with the construction of an RAF 'Permanent Static War HQ' on National Trust land at Bradenham, nearby. The RAF site is five miles to the north of the American base, on the opposite side of the town of High Wycombe.

The original US World War 2 bunker was re-opened in October 1952 as the underground command centre of the 7th Air Division, operating nuclear bombers from eight British bases. But these were replaced by longer range B52s based in the United States itself and the bunker was closed again in June 1965. It was reactivated in 1980 when new computers and communications equipment were installed, according to local British Telecom staff.

The new HQ appears to be intended as a 'rear' field HQ for the US European Command. So long as 'forward' or alternative headquarters survived, it would only administer and control logistic movements of personnel, fuel, and ammunition. If all other headquarters were 'taken out', it would become *the* US European control centre.

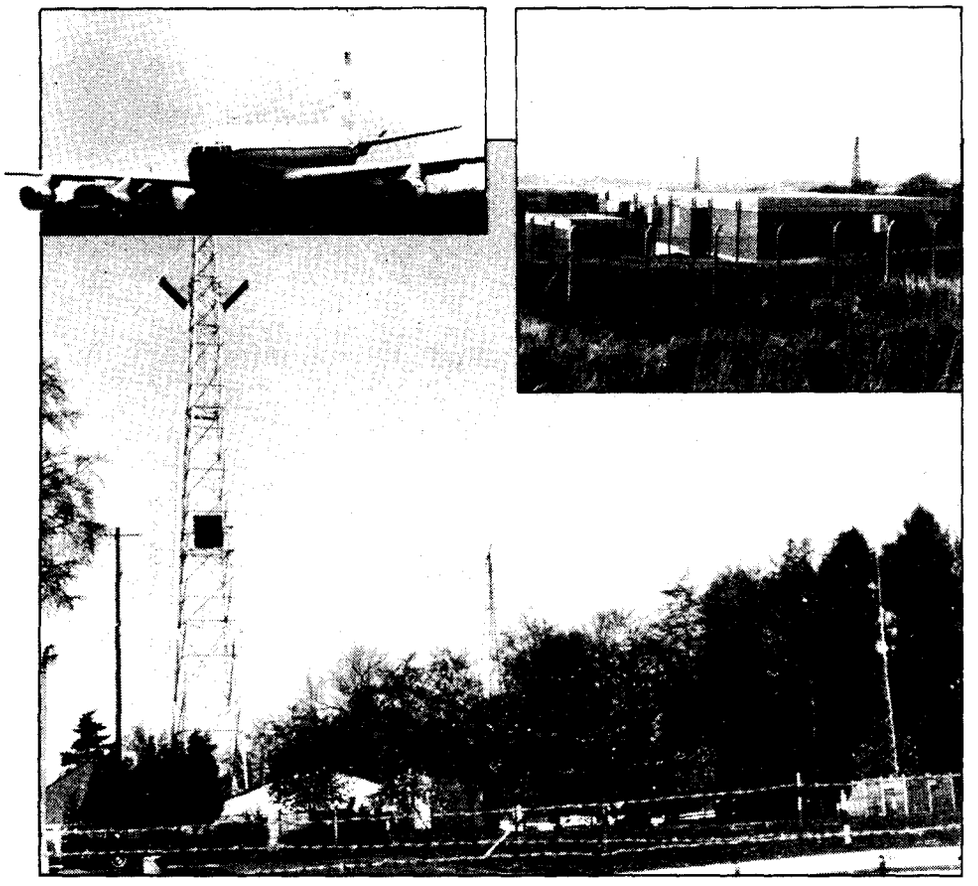
Britain is already the base for the European Command's flying war rooms, stationed at Mildenhall in Suffolk. Known as *Silk Purse*, one of the four flying EC135 war rooms – converted Boeing 707s crammed with communications equipment – is always ready for instant take-off. When the US was falsely 'detecting' Soviet missile attacks in 1980, Mildenhall was one of the first bases in the world to get the 'warning', because of the key role of *Silk Purse* in the US defence system.

The US European Command ('EUCOM') has three main components. US Air Forces in Europe are run from the Ramstein air base in southern Germany. (A war headquarters is underground nearby at Boerfink, shared with NATO.) The US Army is based around Heidelberg in West Germany, but in war would be commanded from NATO bunkers at Feudeheim and at Hensbroek, near Brunssum in the Netherlands, the headquarters of NATO Allied Forces Central Europe. The US Navy's European Command has its headquarters at Grosvenor Square in London. Under war conditions it would shift to a *Silk Purse* flying war room, or to the NATO naval HQ at Northwood.

High Wycombe is already well provided with US-controlled communications links. A dominant feature of the base is its tall microwave radio towers, which connect it to the Upper Heyford bomber base, and to Hillingdon in West London, where another US communications centre has been built in part of the underground headquarters from which the Battle of Britain was directed.

Both Hillingdon and another British base – Martlesham Heath near Ipswich – are key centres in the US 'Autovon' telephone network. This not only provides US bases with their ordinary telephone systems, but also all the emergency lines for direct communications between the US National Command Authority (the President, or anyone

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The US underground bunker at High Wycombe Air Station (above) is to be refurbished to provide a new US war headquarters in Europe. Direct microwave links to important US communications centres in Britain dominate the site; below ground, computers installed two years ago 'support USAF (nuclear) missile and aircraft route planning in the European theatre' – including cruise. Another new NATO war bunker has just been completed, with rather less publicity, than High Wycombe, at Pitreavie Castle near Dunfermline in Scotland (above right). Inside the thick concrete walls, and underground, is a NATO communications centre known as TARE, which switches messages between hundreds of military units. The US European Command also has a British outpost already at Mildenhall (above left), where windowless EC135 aircraft remain on alert to provide instant airborne European battle headquarters.

else authorised in an emergency to give the order to press the nuclear button) and US military control centres. A US satellite communications and radio station at Croughton, near Banbury, is a European centre in the Autodin network, which links US military computers worldwide. In the last two years, the Pentagon has also installed an entire new communications network in Britain – Digital European Backbone III – directly connecting European Command HQ in Stuttgart to High Wycombe, Grosvenor Square, Hillingdon, Upper Heyford and Croughton.

The exact functions of US headquarters in Europe are always complicated by their varying relationships to integrated NATO commands, each often having alternative war HQs, peace HQs, mobile HQs and flying HQs. Combined with the billions of dollars now being spent on so-called C^3 (command, control, and communications), it is intended to ensure the survivability of the military command system in a spreading nuclear war.

In war, the US EUCOM commander, General Bernard Rogers, in his NATO hat as Supreme Allied Commander Europe (SACEUR) would in theory operate from a Situation Room and communications complex inside SHAPE (Supreme Headquarters Allied Powers Europe), at Casteau, near Mons in Belgium. General Rogers is one of the three 'major NATO commanders', each of whom answers directly to the NATO Council and Military Committee for the control of a 'Theatre of War'. The other two are: the Atlantic, commanded by a US Admiral from Norfolk, Virginia; and the Channel, commanded by a British Admiral, Sir James Eberle, from Northwood, Middlesex.

More NATO flying war rooms are based with SACEUR at Casteau, code-named *'Live Oak'*. The British contingent with *Live Oak* includes about 30 servicemen, mostly from the RAF.

The distinction between unilateral US command and NATO command is a fine one. In some highly classified contingency plans, the United States has envisaged launching a 'pre-emptive attack' and an invasion of Eastern Europe in order to 'liberate' East Germany and Czechoslovakia. This EUCOM Operations Plan, or OPLAN, number 100-6, was leaked to various Western European media during 1980, but did not receive wide attention. OPLAN 100-6 envisaged circumstances in which the US European Command would need to have its own command bunkers separate from NATO, since it recognised that 'all of NATO may not elect to participate in these operations'. It was, however, expected that Britain would remain loyal to the US, even in the event of a pre-emptive American nuclear attack on Eastern Europe. □

In the beginning?

Word has come from the people who run the Space Shuttle that they plan to launch a capsule containing the complete known story of the world.

The *complete* story?

An intriguing prospect: hours of diversion for an extra-terrestrial with time on its tactile appendages.

Most earth-bound readers, however, have memories of less than megabyte proportions.

So rather than go into voluminous detail, Mobil will use this column – and those to follow – to talk briefly about oil in general, our company in particular, and the things we do with the money we earn.

In coming weeks we hope to inform, enlighten, and perhaps even amuse.

But always in the most down-to-earth way, of course.

Mobil®

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letter from Prague

In the 24 April 1981 issue of the New Statesman *we published a letter from a Czech anti-Soviet dissident to E.P. Thompson. Writing from Prague under the pseudonym 'Václav Racek', the letter expressed the view that Thompson's goal of a nuclear-free Europe – East as well as West – was naive and impracticable, for only military pressure in the West preserved even vestigial personal liberties in the East. The letter followed a publicised trip that Thompson made to Prague in 1980. In a long reply in the same issue, E.P. Thompson developed further his ideas for European Nuclear Disarmament. Because of the difficulties of conducting a sensitive dialogue of this kind, it is only now that a text of Racek's further response has become available to us. We print it here in full as an important contribution to this critical debate.*

Prague
December 1982

Dear Edward Thompson,

Thank you for your response to my letter. I am sorry for the unusual delay in my reply, but (for reasons beyond my control) I did not receive it until almost a year after its publication.

When I started this discussion with you I was aware of many risks, including the risk of misunderstanding each other's point of view. So let me come straight to what I believe are our main points of disagreement.

In contrast with you, I am deeply convinced that liberty is a necessary condition of peace, of true peace. I cannot share your strange belief that the reverse holds – that peace will in itself automatically bring about liberty. Human history shows that liberty must, very often, be gained and defended by force. To my regret, the CND and END peace movements conspicuously ignore this simple connection. Instead, your movement simply equates peace with disarmament. Those of us who do not accept your view that peace by itself brings about liberty believe that the peace movement is pleading for a continuation of war by other means.

For example, you are supporting military means if you maintain that the Soviet Union's basic postures are those of siege mentality and 'aggressive defence', while the United States is much more dangerous and provocative. This pretty image of the Soviet Union as a 'victim' of America and China is just what Soviet propaganda wants you to believe in – preparing the world for a conflict in which the Soviet Union is not to blame.

In this context, I find it significant that you retain a trust in 'democratic elements' in the idea of communism. I still live in the country of the Prague Spring, which I greeted and supported unequivocally. But I have found out that the communist tension between totalitarian and democratic elements is very unbalanced. Most communists typically prefer equality to freedom and transcendent laws to individuality. This is what gave rise at that time to the incapacity of Czechoslovak democratic communists to decide and act, and what brings about the predicament of all so-called Eurocommunists today.

One of the basic means by which totalitarian aggression operates successfully is the 'onion structure' which it builds around itself. This is how the totalitarian-democratic 'tension' works. The core of totalitarian organisation is so 'pure', living in its fantasy world of transcendental laws, that it is unbearable for it to be directly exposed to reality. It is clearly unbearable for the ordinary population to be in close contact with this core. Therefore the totalitarian centre is protected by many layers of party members and sympathisers, The last, outside layer is often made up of left-inclined intellectuals attracted towards 'social experiments'. These external layers are indispensable for gaining new sympathisers and future members of the totalitarian movement.

This may remind you of your days as a member of the British Communist Party. All members of any onion-layer think themselves more democratic than the next inner layer and to be more initiated into the mystery of history than the next outer one. That is how the core protects itself. I hope that you can thus see that the idea that a totalitarian/democratic 'tension' in communism is a positive force is highly questionable.

THERE IS ALSO a larger 'onion structure' that is no less precarious. By this I mean the 'tension' between more democratic East

Prague, 12 December 1980

Dear Edward Thompson,

I have learnt about your visit to Prague, and of the unexpected course which it took for you. I am convinced of your sincere desire to co-operate with civic activities in our country, and so I have decided to explain to you the reasons for the reaction which you met here.

I was pleased by your wish to read the ments which show, conclusively, that lysis (the ground of your expecta- -operation with some similar our country) is wrong. Your gathering determinism of assumed an identity berpowers in the the direc-

(Report).

European communist countries – such as Hungary today or Czechoslovakia before 1968 – and the Soviet Union. In communist East Europe one can, for example, travel where one likes; this is not however true of the world's leading socialist country.

In my opinion it is very instructive to read Rudolf Bahro's *The Socialist Alternative* in order to study the curious nature of this 'tension' in the mind of a democratically-minded communist. Mr Bahro is very broad-minded when he writes of the range of democratic features of an 'alternative' socialist society. But, for him, the last decisive word must *always* belong to the Communist Party experts, who are, of course, the best possible specialists in matters of principle.

The operation of the so-called 'tension between totalitarian and democratic elements in communism' is interesting to observe in the case of leftist 'liberation' movements. One example: a representative of the El Salvadorean 'liberation' movement, a charming young lady, tried to explain to readers of the newspaper *Mladá Fronta* (the official paper of the Czech youth organisation) the difference between the 'liberation' movement in El Salvador and the revolutionary régime in Nicaragua. The difference, she said, was that the El Salvadorean movement was organised upon Marxist-Leninist principles, in contrast to Nicaragua, where the governing movement was not yet 'united'.

This delightful interview reminded me of the National Liberation Front of South Vietnam, which for a long time presented itself as a true coalition of different political streams. After seizing the whole of South Vietnam this movement 'united itself' and suddenly boat people began to leave the 'liberated' country. In Nicaragua the new government 'united itself' only recently, and consequently imposed martial law upon the whole country. (In any other Central American country, the destruction of two bridges by rebels would only have caused martial law to be imposed in the affected district itself.) The other sign of the 'unity' of the Nicaraguan government is the present

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

persecution of priests and Christian organisations in the country. I expect that – with your better sources of information – you will learn sooner than I about the first boat people to leave Nicaragua. I am deeply moved by the tragedy of El Salvador, but I will hazard that if either the left or the right 'liberation movement' succeeds, that country too will start to produce boat people.

I DON'T DENY the evidence of the militarisation of our continent, but your notion of militarism as virtually an independent force, simply feeding on itself, is a deterministic simplification. History is not so tidy. There has never been any separation between particular social, political or economic elements and the nature of the societies in which they occur. However, this curious separation often occurs in the thinking of theorists who wish to discover the 'ruling law' of their time. This was so in Marx, in Gobineau, in Malthus, in Lenin and in Gramsci, just as in your own concept of the exterminist 'law' of militarism.

I can't share your simplifying view of this. Militarism in a totalitarian system is quite different from militarism in a democracy. Totalitarian militarism is a typical manifestation of the expansive and aggressive nature of the totalitarian system; democratic militarism, by contrast, is not a manifestation of democracy as such.

All the democracies arose *before* they developed mighty empires. Cohabitation of democracy with imperialism was never easy or perfect. In each case, the previous democratic political life gave rise to the country's specific vitality, enabling it to take on imperialistic features. The immediate consequences of such imperialism were improvements in the previously existing democracy. But when the imperialism grows beyond a certain point, it endangers and can destroy the democracy in its country of origin. It was therefore a remarkable achievement of British imperialism to relinquish its empire, after recognising the cost.

Democracy is jeopardised by totalitarianism. Let me add, to the foregoing examples, the wave of terrorism shrewdly exploiting unemployment, nationalist conflicts and the crisis of the intelligentsia.

If only you could accept that the precondition of peace is freedom, you would be able to see the need for a complete reformulation of your point of view. Supporting disarmament *necessarily* means supporting human rights. You are desperately mistaken if you seriously maintain that the question of warlike or peaceful propensities is distinct from the question of liberties and rights in the West. The contemporary arms race is and will continue to be a matter of taking sides, and this should be accepted by any peace movement which hopes to succeed. *Without the existence of human rights in the East there is no possibility of a disarmament movement in those countries.* To separate these issues, by believing that liberty will come about as a consequence of disarmament, is politically naive. Moreover, such an attitude unwittingly works in the interest of a totalitarian system, whose aim is world domination based on the liquidation of human rights.

Let me now mention Munich. Naturally I don't blame you and your generation for Munich. But I would like to remind you that Chamberlain was supported by the majority of the people, and that the European Left was associated with this costly support. *Nothing can change the fact that the course of the peace movements of the Thirties, Fifties, Sixties and Eighties is decisively influenced by incredible underestimation of the nature of the totalitarian system.*

I agree that the army, police and associated institutions in the West do not embody a movement in support of human rights. Still, taking into account the character of the totalitarian system, it is dangerously naive to renounce this complex, which actually constitutes a necessary instrument of force. I would see the task of a non-naive peace movement as that of *supporting* military force as an instrument of democracy confronting totalitarianism, and of *restraining* this instrument's propensities to subvert the democratic system.

I SHOULD LIKE to propose an alternative strategy for the repair of Europe, based on the tenet that *there can be no peace without human rights:*

First, the Western peace movement should radically redefine its attitude to totalitarian systems by identifying itself with human rights activities in the Eastern bloc. That means that in its demonstrations, meetings, publications and petitions the peace movement should reiterate the importance of liberty as a precondition for peace.

Second, consequently, the peace movement should support the military forces of Western democracies as *instruments* of human rights confronting totalitarian systems.

Third, together with activities in support of human rights, the peace movement should call for disarmament by *both* superpowers.

The darkest threat to totalitarianism is the very existence of democratic countries. Totalitarianism therefore tries to destroy this existence by all possible means. One of them is to soothe Western public opinion by making superficial concessions – more liberal systems in some border countries, and mitigation of repression after Western protests.

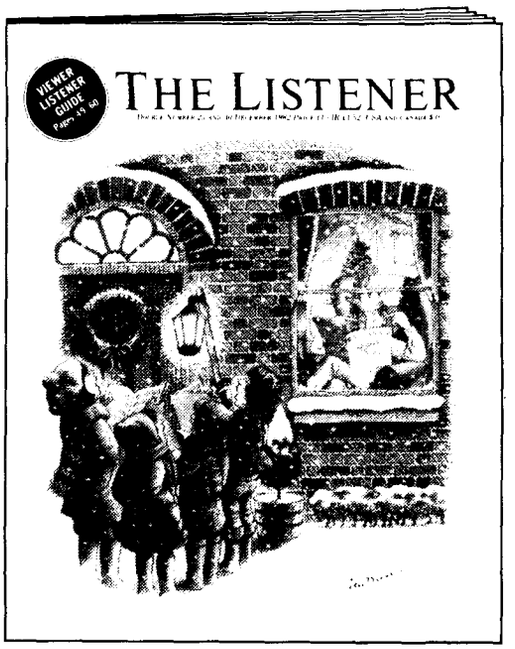
In this totalitarian effort the role of intellectual opinion leaders in the West can be effective. If the result is that these intellectuals confine themselves to articulating a fear of annihilation and to stressing the bare need to survive – maintaining, as you do, the separation of peace and human rights – then these people have abdicated their intellectual responsibility. You dream of a United Nations of Europe; but European civilisation originated in the choice of a free life as against one that is merely secure.

I would like to express my gratitude (and not only mine) for your personal statements protesting against human rights violations in totalitarian countries.

Looking forward to your reply,

Yours sincerely,

Václav Racek



Too much of a good thing

The fabulous Listener Double Number is absolutely stuffed with good things and high spirits.
Don't tackle it all at once – leave some for Boxing Day!

Robert Fox · Julian Critchley · Brian Wenham · Paul Gambaccini · Anthony Clare · Barry Took · and sundry other plums and nuts.

THE LISTENER

On sale 20 December. £1.00

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

POLAND

Frozen solid

Gustaw Moszcz reports from Poland on the lessons of a year of martial law

WHEN THE Temporary National Commission of Solidarity (ie its underground leadership) called off all planned strike action for December, giving as reason the 'changed political situation' – the release of Lech Walesa; the invitation to Pope John Paul for next year; now, presumably, the promised suspension of martial law – the regime's spokesman termed it 'a meaningless gesture by insignificant people'. This statement has more than a grain of truth. Commentators writing in the Western press who present the slightest criticism of Solidarity's underground leadership offer the regime the chance to say, 'Look, even the reactionary bourgeois press thinks Solidarity has lost.' But if there is to be hope for the future we have to consider, publicly and honestly, what those mistakes may have been.

At every stage of the last year, Solidarity's leadership has been forced into blind alleys. It's never had the initiative – and that's not simply synonymous with 'muscle'. The muscle it once possessed, the unity of around three million key industrial workers, has been frittered away in a series of foredoomed strikes; until the point in November when the call for a general strike met with slight support. What could workers do when called to strike? Each crucial factory was militarised and crammed with informers. Mass sackings occurred in factories where strikes happened. The call for strike action petered out; not only that, but those workers left employed acquired redoubled despondency, weighed down by isolation and guilt.

The regime rolled through various decrees and legislative acts – banning trade unions; dissolving the Journalists' Union (along with many newspapers and magazines); dissolving the Actors' Union. The verification process in all walks of cultural and academic life undoubtably cleared away the most prominent opponents of martial law and drove the vast majority into silence; or, at best, erratic and illicit publication in the struggling underground presses. With intellectuals pushed onto the margins and workers terrorised (and both more isolated from each other than at any time since 1976), the regime had managed, by November, to present a picture of a society returning to 'normality'.

Whilst legal Solidarity's impetus was based on a bouyant, mass self-certainty (which could be summarised as the feeling that, since we possess moral right, victory is inevitable) political thinking was limited to a few thoughtful intellectuals and, paradoxically, Walesa himself. Walesa consistently demonstrated political flexibility – a two-edged gift in his case, since one never knew exactly how far this would incline him to accepting the arguments of a corrupted government. Shifting uneasily between the moral fundamentalists and the intellectual-politicians, he was finally bereft of all but the most pragmatic conceptions. We still don't know what role, if any, he will be persuaded to take, but the suspicion that it will include some form of modified recantation is strong.

Moral certainty, backed by the ambiguous support of the Church, deceived many of Solidarity's leaders into thinking that they were creating an immoveable obstacle against any backsliding by the government. But moral certainty and superiority of ideals have been insufficient. The ten million-strong union has crumbled into pockets of isolated, frequently at-odds opposition, none of which has learnt from the early failure to create underground, autonomous structures of education, justice, self-help and the like; but which, instead, publishes news-sheets and personalised opinions. The eighteen months' legal existence of Solidarity was wasted in one essential respect, that of not building strong internal connections which would prove resistant to external repression. In other words, Solidarity forgot Hungary and Czechoslovakia, forgot that the network of secret police was always in position, ready to fracture fledgling popular movements.

It might be argued that Solidarity was continually forced onto the defensive by having to avoid all reference to political ambitions. This is half true. Every economic suggestion made by the union had clear, political implications, which were finally brought into the open. That these political ideals were unspoken played into the regime's hands. Solidarity failed to educate workers in the basic, political notions that it had continually implied. Consequently, when martial law happened, it had many gestures and slogans ('The Winter is Yours but the Spring will be Ours') but no national formation and, worse, not an inkling amongst the workers of what political conceptions could sustain and strengthen the movement.

Paradoxically, the emphasis on moral superiority did not bring with it other moral strengths, such as stoical hope. The emotional response to military rule – the marches, strikes, flower crossses, etc – have dried up with distressing rapidity, leaving nothing to replace them. This gives the regime a cause for rejoicing. But a moment's reflection should halt it. Unless it's possible for rational, workable, political initiatives to develop amongst the opposition – divided and exhausted as it is – we are heading for a situation in which the communist-military authorities will feel themselves able to steam ahead with all their centralising, bureaucratising aims, with no eye on economic and political realities. The regime's sense of its own power will go apparently unchallenged. Yet the slide into material poverty, intellectual and cultural disgruntlement, and the real overwhelming despair of the 18-30 year olds (the majority of the nation), will finally break out into even greater protest than has yet been witnessed. □

THE MEDIA

Murdoch the axeman

WHEN RUPERT MURDOCH flies in, can the axe be far behind? 40 employees at Murdoch's Sydney television station, Channel Ten, have just fallen victim to another of his flying visits. They were all working for *The Reporters*, a weekly current affairs programme set up to compete with Kerry Packer's high-rating, American-inspired *Sixty Minutes*. The thinking behind the show was that *Sixty Minutes* had engendered a new public interest in current affairs programmes and that TV journalism could now attract advertisers.

Employees admit that the ratings, when the show was finally launched on 12 July, were disappointing. But they say that the quality and popularity of the programme had increased significantly over 20 weeks.

All those involved say the sack came without warning. The programme's Executive Producer, Brian Dale, went to see the station management last Monday to discuss next year's operating budget. He was told the programme was being ditched lock, stock and barrel – because of 'required financial cutbacks'.

Only a minority of the staff were protected by contracts. Most were simply given two weeks' severance pay. Four had been told they were going to London to augment the programme's European bureau – they had sold cars and left accommodation. Their confidence had been bolstered by a senior Channel Ten executive, Greg Coote, who gave the staff an assurance in October that the programme would continue into the New Year.

The end of the affair was acrimonious. Furious staff withheld the tape of what should have been the penultimate programme. Their protest came to nothing, however, when Channel Ten threatened legal action which would have made them responsible for consequent loss of revenue. They handed over the tape on a promise that the management would meet them with a new offer on redundancies. They were offered the same as before – then the channel cancelled the last programme.

The affair marks a victory for Packer in his long-standing rivalry with Murdoch. Observers of the two say Murdoch's loss was well-deserved. 'Kerry makes an investment decision in the knowledge that he could lose over the first year or two . . . Rupert hasn't got the same stamina'. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DIARY

Christopher Price

Christmas being the Season of Giving, I spent my weekend discussing the subject with assorted Anglo-American bankers, businessmen, peers and philanthropoids – that new, professional breed which is developing an expertise in parting the rich from their money. The title of the conference was *Private Giving in the Light of Changes in Economic and Government Policies*, but it was mostly about whether Shell, Esso, the Rockefellers or the James Goldsmiths of this world could be induced to fill the yawning chasm in social and cultural deprivation created by the Thatcher and Reagan cuts. Few thought they could, or would. It was also about charities and their tax concessions. I'm in trouble from the nice 'Robin Hood' charities, like the Spastics and Dr Barnardos, for telling them that there is no hope of any VAT relief as long as the nasties, like Eton and the Moonies, still qualify as charities. It's unfortunate that the politics of charity run so deep – but they do. If charities would only accept some rules about access for the public in general and the poor in particular, they could work out a far better deal for the future with the next Labour government. That we haven't got such a deal is wholly the fault of the last one. The Callaghan government produced a draft Green Paper and then got cold feet and never published it.

○

The conference took place in a stately home, Ditchley Park in Oxfordshire, made charitably available for such transatlantic grand occasions by a Wills tobacco knight. It's an exquisite Gibbs creation, perfectly proportioned and landscaped. Taking an early morning constitutional through the frozen park, alone with the pheasants and hares, I had an inkling of why those aristocrats thought they had a god-given right to run the country. Though it lacks a proper aristocrat in residence, it gets a retired diplomat as the next best thing, and tries to replicate snatches of authentic eighteeneth-century social life between the conference sessions – food and wine as exquisite as the architecture, served by waitresses in black dresses and frilly white aprons. They told me they got the *agricultural* rate, between £1.40 and £1.85 an hour and had to buy their own gear into the bargain, with no nonsense about trade unions or even social contact. Though the conference was about Private Giving, individual tipping was strictly forbidden. Gratuities in the box, please – no doubt to be shared out at Christmas in strict proportion to their *Upstairs Downstairs* social ranking. Though I suppose much of it was put on for the Americans, it was an uncomfortable reminder that the feudal system is alive and well in Oxfordshire.

○

I was comforted by the fact that, 50 miles south, 30,000 of their sisters were massing at Greenham Common, determined to prevent the development of the site for cruise missiles. Though the *Daily Express* hints at pro-Soviet sympathies and the government affects indifference to the point of not letting Parliament even vote on cruise, they both must be as frightened of the growing peace movement as they are of Reagan's determination to develop his reserve NATO headquarters at High Wycombe. The spider growth of military complexes, the real and potential nuclear accidents at Aldermaston and Harwell and the consequent threat of annihilation must be making an increasing number of the residents of these lush Home Counties rethink their traditional commitment to the Conservative cause. In recent years the Conservatives have only just held off a Liberal challenge at Newbury, now the epicentre of our nuclear vulnerability. As the groundswell for peace rises, pressures will mount among genuine Liberals to split the Alliance and make a break towards a clear, unilaterialist commitment.

○

It is not only into the issue of peace that women are putting a new political dimension. They are beginning to expose the innate, sexist bias of the job market – and of the Manpower Services Commission as well. The MSC has just opened a brand new Skill Centre in Lewisham and the local Women and Employment project is questioning why it should cater for 450 men and exactly 10 women; and why, when EEC grants are given for child-care facilities to help women get a toehold in traditionally male job areas, the MSC persistently refuses to spend any of this money on crêches. The answer, of course, is that the MSC reflects existing employment patterns, and neither the unions nor the employers – still less the government – have done anything to edge it towards greater understanding of women's needs. Their chairman, Mr David Young, is coming before the Education Select Committee next week, to explain his new 'dawn raid' on the school system. We shall see whether he is willing to guarantee girls half the places on his new, technical courses. Or will they, too, just reinforce existing patterns of schooling and employment?

○

I suppose it is indecent to comment on the troubles of *Tribune*, especially since the *NS* has trodden this path so recently. Though John Silkin has not organised himself an out-and-out majority on the board, which many expected him to do, he does seem to feel that what is at issue is the 'mantle of Nye'. I do hope this garment does not become the Turin Shroud of the Labour movement. *Tribune* should be agonising, not about the identity of Labour's True Saviour, but about methods of spreading the True Faith in a way that persuades the electorate to adopt it. If that's agreed, I don't see why John Silkin, Donald Bruce, Michael Meacher and old uncle Chris Mullin and all should not be able to sit down round the table and run the paper happily together.

○

The House of Commons car park is somewhat congested. The other evening I accidentally, but very gently, shaved the brand new BMW of a not-wholly-impoverished Minister. The bill was £220, plus paint, plus parts, plus VAT. My insurance broker then told me that the bargain-basement insurance company he'd recommended for my geriatric Marina had recently changed hands twice and was neither speedy nor generous in these matters. 'Not even to a senior Tory minister with experience at Trade?' 'Give me ten minutes, sir.' It worked a dream and an engineer came out directly.

ROGER WODDIS

Carry on raping

Judge David Wild told a rape trial jury that women sometimes say 'no' when they really mean 'yes'.

To judge from comments made by Wild,
Some women love to be defiled,
And do not mean it when they give
Their answers in the negative.
A would-be rapist asked to stop
Before the lady calls a cop
Should tell her it is all her fault,
And carry on with his assault.

The hapless girl who vainly begs,
And does her best to close her legs,
May end up with a bruise or two,
Or mildly beaten black and blue.
But being on the danger-list
Will prove her efforts to resist:
The final proof, when all is said,
Of innocence is being dead.

It does not do to bear a grudge
Against the wise and learned judge;
But if by chance, however slim,
A lustful lad should jump on him,
He should, if he is civilised,
Say 'no' to being sodomised
And firmly close, beside his cheeks,
The orifice through which he speaks.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

Tribune appeal

Jo Richardson MP, Ian Mikardo MP, Judith Hart MP, House of Commons, London SW1

As persons who have been associated with *Tribune* for many years, we write to express our dismay at the attempt by Mr John Silkin and Lord Bruce of Donington to take over the paper using obsolete shareholdings for which neither of them have paid a penny.

As socialists, we wish to record our dismay at the use of a capitalist mechanism to evict worker directors from the board and to prevent the setting up of a friendly society which would have placed the ownership of *Tribune* on a basis consistent with its socialist tradition.

To assist the staff of *Tribune* in their fight to resist what we regard as wholly insupportable attempts to take over the paper, we are setting up a fund. The fund will be known as the 'Friends of Tribune' and we appeal to those who value a free press to contribute.

We propose to act as trustees of the fund and, if the fight to maintain the independence of *Tribune* is successful, any surplus will be paid to the paper. If the fight is unsuccessful, the money will go either to fund a new *Tribune* or to the Campaign for Press Freedom

Cheques should be made payable to 'Friends of Tribune', and sent to Jo Richardson MP, House of Commons, London SW1.

Workers' woes

Nicholas Murray, London SE1

Thank you for alerting us to the existence of an 'ominous-sounding Workers' Council' among the staff of *Tribune*. The *New Statesman* performs a valuable service in warning us of such dangerous developments as worker representation.

Labour and Palestinians

Hilary Barnard, Executive Committee member, Labour Middle East Council, London SW5

Tony Greenstein's attack (Letters 10 Dec.) on Patrick Wintour's article on why the Labour Committee on Palestine (LCP) broke up will no doubt enhance Greenstein's standing in the parlour room games of the Ultra Left, but it does little credit to the truth or for the cause of justice for the Palestinians.

The right of the Palestinian people to self-determination is undoubtedly one of the great international issues of our time. That the Labour Party now recognises it as such owes much to the tireless efforts of David Watkins and Ernie Ross, and a decade's work by the Labour Middle East Council (LMEC). In advancing the struggle for a just peace in the region LMEC is an unapologetic about talking to the Jordanians as Michael Foot is about meeting the Soviet leadership in his drive to promote international disarmament.

LMEC members wrote, secured time for, and won this year's Party Conference's support for Composite 27, incorporating recognition of the PLO as the legitimate representative of the Palestinian people. It will be LMEC members in the constituencies who will be doing the painstaking work to see that this commitment is not overlooked or abandoned.

Without Mr Greenstein's assistance LMEC has developed its campaigning activities. Since 1978 when the National Organisation of Labour Students affiliated, LMEC has had a welcome influx of younger Party members influenced by personal experience and the practice of the Women's Liberation and Peace Movements. While Mr Greenstein's LCP has collapsed in sectarian chaos LMEC has maintained its common purpose of a just peace and self-determination for the Palestinians over political divisions that might exist on other questions.

Forum for peace

Alick South, Bradford

Has E. P. Thompson (Letters 10 Dec.) taken a vow by the shades of William Morris in Kelmscott Church never to mention the UNO?

He rightly enough says that CND should think not only of taking Britain out of NATO but of what 'in a positive way, it wishes to take Britain *into*'. He cites various alternatives, and speaks of 'internationalist positives'. He does not, however, mention UNO, where Britain is a permanent member of the Security Council and which, with all its faults, still remains the world's most important open forum. What better place can he think of for a Britain which has renounced nuclear weapons to state its case, seek allies and co-operation and point the way to general disarmament?

For the record

Mavis Clarke, Project Coordinator, Training in Health and Race, London E2

I would like to respond to Amrit Wilson's article 'You think *we* have problems . . .' (*NS* 12 November). In the article she referred to the National Extension College project Training in Health and Race, funded by the Health Education Council, and got some of her facts wrong. As leader of the Project, I would like to take this opportunity to set the record straight.

Firstly, Alix Henley is not the Project Leader, although she is one of the Research and Development Officers. Secondly, she did not write a profile pack on the Asian community for the police, but a pack for social worker training which the police have now adopted. Alix was approached by Chief Inspector McKenzie in June 1982 to write a training pack. She told him that she would consider it but after considering the implications she decided against doing it for them. Thirdly, the brief of training in Health and Race is broader than Ms Wilson suggests and certainly is not to train health service staff in the problems of ethnic minorities.

We recognise that the fundamental problem is institutionalised racism and broadly agree with Ms Wilson's description and analysis of racism. We are, however, disappointed that she did not check her facts before writing the article. We would like to suggest that Ms Wilson should write a follow-up to 'You think we have problems . . .' on ways of fighting institutional racism. We will look forward to reading it when it is published.

Police accountability

Colin Wedd, Secretary, South Yorks. County Council Labour Group, Doncaster

The issues raised by your correspondent, Terry Cannon, concerning the Burngreaves events in 1977 (*NS* 19 Nov.) are both frightening and of deep concern to all who are concerned with the position of the police in our society.

It may interest your readership and your correspondent to know that local Councillors' input into the South Yorkshire Police Committee through the ruling Group – as a direct result of the incidents described – led to the Working Party being set up by the South Yorkshire Police Committee, which in effect predated the Scarman Report by several years. The conclusions of that Working Party's report* were implemented by the Police Committee and South Yorkshire now enjoys the reputation of leading the field in improved community/police liaison and relations.

The effects of this are felt directly on the ground in South Yorkshire – not just in wishful thinking and pious expressions of hope. I would hope that the lesson to be drawn from your article is that it is possible through Police Committees using the Scarman recommendations to achieve a situation where such behaviour by the police is unthinkable and that we must be grateful to those who stand up and fight to make sure that it is so.

*The Report can be obtained from Chief Executive, South Yorkshire, 61 St Giles Gate, Doncaster DN5 8TZ, price £3.

That letter . . .

Marais Steyn, South African Embassy, London WC2

Your issues of 5 November and 3 December 1982 have come to my attention, in which a copy of a letter supposedly written by Mr Pieter A. Swanepoel of the South African Embassy Washington to Mrs Jeane Kirkpatrick, US Ambassador at the United Nations, is published.

The letter is a forgery. No such letter was written, signed or sent by Mr Swanepoel, or by any authorised person on his behalf, or on behalf of the Embassy. The accompanying articles published in the *New Statesman* are in many respects most offensive. The imputation you make of bribery and corruption on the part of Mr Swanepoel, Lt General Van der Westhuizen, our Embassy in Washington and of course Ambassador Kirkpatrick, for example, can only be described as a vile lie.

We would have expected that in the face of the letter written on behalf of Ambassador Kirkpatrick, you would have seen fit to publish a retraction. Instead you republish the forged letter and endeavour to argue that it is genuine. In doing so you introduce further libels against South African officials. Such conduct is unspeakable.

Any honest journal would now recognise that it was incumbent upon it to make amends, at least to the extent of publishing a full apology to the victim of its libels and smears. Can we expect this much from the *New Statesman*?

Sinn Fein and the GLC

Bernard McGinley, London SE5

Your imputation of opportunism to critics of Ken Livingstone and his Irish activities (*NS* 10 Dec.) is either cynical or naive.

The principle for objecting to his Sinn Fein invitation can be plainly put: those who defend those who set off bombs in London (and elsewhere) should not be invited by civic leaders to explain their attitudes, as it is already clear what those attitudes are, and it is bitterly offensive to Londoners to suggest otherwise.

Correction

Last week, in the article entitled 'Inequality before the law', written by Freda Edis and Zena Brabazon, we wrongly printed a figure of 25 per cent for children currently receiving special educational provision. The figure should have been 2 per cent.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PALESTINIANS

From the ashes of Beirut

Despite the devastation, Israel failed to win the war. Edward W. Said now suggests how the Palestinians might win the peace

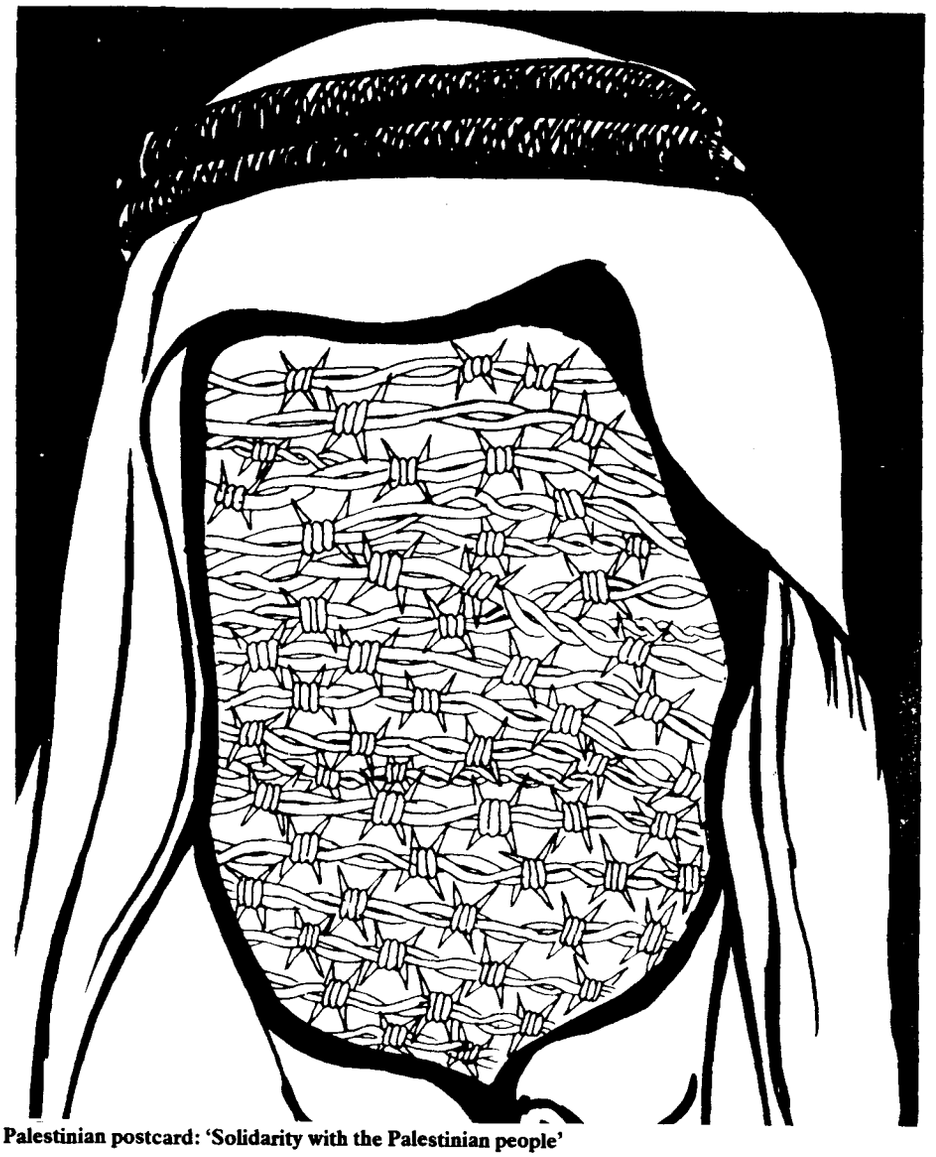
THERE IS slight consolation for Palestinians in the realisation that Israel did not achieve all its war aims in Lebanon. The accelerating propaganda efforts to convince the world – the US especially – that Israel delivered Lebanon to the 'free' world appear more preposterous every day, if totally in keeping with the ingrained Israeli habit of supplanting reality with fantasy.

True, the immense physical and human damage done to Lebanon has receded in memory somewhat; true, also, that there is a meliorist and euphemistic aura surrounding Lebanon's new president, who aspires to being more a national president and more a symbol of unity than either the tradition of his predecessors or his party might allow. But, in the main, Israel has not been able to turn its military successes into anything resembling a clear-cut political victory. The universal opprobrium heaped upon Begin and Sharon for the siege of Beirut and the Sabra-Shatila massacres, the intensified international awareness of the Palestinian issue, the minimal but definite steps forward taken by President Reagan and the Arab heads of state: all these are indications that Likud's plan for a Palestinian final solution failed to sweep the board clean to Israel's advantage.

As the war's bill of $2.5 billion is presented by Israel to the US, it is likely that more rather than less regrets about the whole episode will be expressed; talk of the war's 'opportunities for creative diplomacy' have long since given way both to disapproval of Israel's peremptory annexationist militarism and to a widening of the chasm between US and Israeli interests. (This chasm corresponds with the difference between a major imperial and a minor sub-imperial power.) Nevertheless, all this will not necessarily be to the Palestinians' advantage. The all-but-formal annexation of the West Bank and Gaza proceeds unchecked; the dispersal of more Palestinians to more places continues; the isolation of individual Palestinians, and of Palestinians collectively, increases the difficulty of their anomalous status; statehood seems further away.

In 1948, Israel was created as the culmination of a long process initiated in Europe as an integral aspect of the great age of expanding colonialism. This time, it was European Jews (suffering centuries of Christian anti-semitism that were to climax in the horrendous Nazi slaughters of World War Two) who sought to create a Western colony in the East. Their efforts succeeded, although in the process hardly anyone in the West who supported Zionism as a post-war reconstructive phenomenon noticed that Israel's birth erupted out of the ruins of Palestinian society. An Ottoman colony for many years, Palestine was nevertheless the communal home of the Palestinian Arabs. After decades of Jewish immigration into Palestine, the Jews there in 1948 numbered only a third of the total population; these Jews also owned no more than about 6 per cent of the total land surface of Palestine. Yet this relatively new community of Jews defeated the unorganised, basically unarmed Palestinians, and along with them a miscellaneous force of other Arab armies, ill-equipped, poorly trained, unmotivated. Well over 800,000 Palestinians were evicted from their homes by the Zionist forces. In 1967 the rest of Palestine – occupied by the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan in 1948 – was taken over by Israel.

Today the four million Palestinians exist in three dispossessed, dispersed, subjugated groups: the 650,000 Israeli Arabs, colonised internally; the 1.3 million Palestinians of the West Bank and Gaza, under Israeli military occupation; the Palestinians in total exile from Palestine. Of this latter, the largest sub-group is in Jordan; next in size is the community of 500,000 Palestinians who have been in Lebanon since 1948 (except for a handful who came there in 1971). It is sometimes forgotten that Israel's war against the Palestinians in Lebanon is nothing more than a continuation – as brutal, inhumane and contemptible – of its war against those innocent Palestinian civilians who were driven from their homeland in 1948.



Palestinian postcard: 'Solidarity with the Palestinian people'

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

At the very least, then, the Lebanese conflagration provides Palestinians with some urgent opportunities for reflecting on the future and, of course, on those aspects of the past that directly affect the future. Lebanon was a disaster: there is no way of avoiding the facts, each of which confirms a picture whose tragedy and loss exceed the events of 1948.

FROM ONE point of view, Palestinian involvement in the Lebanese Civil War, and subsequently in free-for-all Lebanese politics, was an unhealthy thing. Because Lebanon's style of politics is essentially combative but indecisive (no winner and no loser, runs the motto), Palestinians were involved in the frequently draining activity of holding on to unimprovable positions. Palestianian politics became a function of Lebanese politics; Palestinian sections of Beirut were mirror images of strictly Lebanese sections; Palestinian leaders adopted the style of traditional Lebanese leaders. In the meantime, essential goods and services were provided by the PLO to the largely indigent, civilian, urban population whose representative it was. This was true in Beirut, of course, but also in Sidon, Tyre and Tripoli. The camps were protected as political domains ruled by Palestinians, and on every level an impressive array of health care, education, social and occupational self-help and economic organisations provided Palestinians with the communal and political identity denied them everywhere else.

Above all, the Lebanese period in the history of the Palestinian national movement – a period of eccentricity, unresolvable paradox, extraordinary international gains – was the first truly independent period of Palestinian national history. That it should have taken place outside Palestine (even though a formidable nationalist consciousness arose in the Occupied Territories) is one index of how difficult the Palestinian struggle is today. It is also an index of how seriously Israel took the emergence not only of a national movement but of a national history – that it destroyed a country, killed thousands of innocent civilians with outlawed weapons, earned itself the lasting disapproval of many Jews, in order to strip Palestinians of their national identity and their newly formed national (as opposed to merely colonial) history.

The climax to this campaign occurred when, in West Beirut, Israeli soldiers carted off Palestinian archives, destroyed the private libraries and homes of prominent Lebanese nationalist and Palestinian personalities, heaped excrement over valuable rugs and cultural artefacts, almost at the same moment that in Sabra and Shatila a gang of Lebanese Maronite psychopaths – armed, trained and supported by Israel – was slaughtering Palestinian civilians under the light of flares provided by Israeli soldiers. This was a deliberate attempt to roll back several years the history of the past; Palestinians, in Begin's rhetoric, were to be treated as terrorists and two-legged beasts, and neither as human beings nor as potential citizens. This made it easier to bomb them, and to pretend that Israel was doing work on behalf of humanity.

A CURIOUS symbiosis developed between Palestinians and Israel that was nurtured in Lebanon. Certainly the Israeli side of this relationship was more destructive and immoral: the ruins of Lebanon are ample proof of this. But there is a peculiar Palestinian syndrome that should not go unnoticed here, although it can be discerned in perspective only if the relevant data is taken into account.

On the one hand, the Palestinians in exile are a nation and a people without territory; oppressed on all sides, this nation nevertheless evolved from the status of miscellaneous refugees into a considerable proto-state. On

From the *Jerusalem Post* August 19, 1982

the other hand, none of this would have been possible without the political education undertaken by the PLO on behalf of a programme foreseeing some sort of communal, multi-ethnic existence between Jews, Muslims and Christians in former Palestine. People are not easily mobilised out of their present misery without such a goal before them. To its credit, therefore, the Palestinian national movement argued the case for more than one equal national community in Palestine; to its discredit, the state of Israel and its Western supporters – with the exception of a few dissidents – argued no such thing. Palestinians were to be 'inhabitants of Judea and Samaria', or they were terrorists; in either case they could not be considered true interlocutors of Israel. Throughout its history, Zionism in the main has tended to this sort of narrowing vision, and certainly it can be said that, since 1967, since the Begin government came to power, since Camp David, since the almost complete colonisation or annexation of occupied territories, the Palestinians have almost disappeared from the official Israeli *Weltanschauung*, except as docile (or rabid) natives. That the invasion of Lebanon could be covered by so inappropriate a phrase as 'Peace in Galilee' reveals how far the moral and political impoverishment of Israel had advanced with regard to the Palestinians.

All the propaganda emanating from Israel and its supporters – not least the United States – hardened, narrowed, made more uninviting the field for the Palestinians. Change the charter, we have been told; renounce violence; recognise Israel; agree to Camp David; allow your representatives to be chosen by others. Few people discriminated between the violence of the oppressor and the violence of the oppressed. Still fewer reflected on the issue of proportionality; by what right did Israel claim for itself the privilege of killing 100 Palestinians for every Israeli? To this series of injuries Israel has commonly been asked to offer nothing by way of argument or political sense, nothing except more repression, more outrage, more dehumanising actions and rhetoric.

For every Palestinian advance internationally, there was a small retreat internally – and now we come to the Palestinian side of the symbiosis. On the political level, in Lebanon, the immovable Israeli wall of denials and attacks, coupled with a US policy as rhetorically empty as it was mendacious, caused Palestinians to dig in, gradually to relax strenuous political mobilisation in favour of consolidating entrenched positions inside Lebanon, gradually to think less about liberation and independence than about defending the crucial political and territorial gains made in Lebanon. After all, there has been no liberation movement in this or any other century so beset with difficulties as the Palestinians'. No movement has had to deal with colonisers so morally creditable as the Jews. No movement has had to deal simultaneously with expulsion, dispossession, colonisation and a terrifying kind of international illegitimacy. No movement has had to fight from a hundred different locations (excluding a national base) against a military-political alliance (Israel and the US) that could defy any but one or two modern nation-states with its strength, resources and institutional power. No movement has been so unfortunate in its allies and its surrounding context.

GIVEN THESE FACTORS, Lebanon for the Palestinians became an increasingly more eccentric, more ironic place. Achievements like the territorial autonomy, the social and political administration of the refugee camps in Beirut, Tripoli, Sidon and Tyre, as well as the border areas of the South, were too quickly converted into quasi-permanent enterprises; the connection between those achievements and freeing the occupied territories from Israeli military occupation was not reflected upon enough, was not therefore a central project. International accomplishments – at the UN, in Europe and elsewhere – were thought to inhabit a different world. They were part of another department, which had very little to do with day-to-day life in Beirut. Slogans like 'armed struggle' which date from the late 1960s, from a very different environment and a purely insurrectionary phase of struggle, lingered on unattended by reflection or political work. It was as if every Israeli advance on the ground was responded to by a Palestinian advance on a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

different territory, one of our own choosing. For this we were all responsible, those in Beirut, and those residing elsewhere.

Nevertheless there was a healthy evolution of institutions and maturity. Faced with Sharon's tanks and his US-made airforce, however, Palestinians on the ground in Lebanon were not protected enough. Undoubtedly the Palestinian defence of Beirut was heroic, and almost miraculous, given the paucity of advanced weapons, air-defence systems, strategic advantages. No one in the world could have fought better in the Palestinians' place, just as it is also true that for the first time Arab resistance provoked thousands of Israelis to a radical reconsideration of what their nation was all about. But the question is, and remains to haunt us: was the end in Lebanon avoidable? Was the substitutive nature of Lebanon a necessary phase, or a disaster for the long run, around which we should have manoeuvred? Were the fruitless but encumbering ties with various Arab states inevitable, or were they pursued as an end in themselves? Was there enough understanding of the larger, enormously complex, global dynamic that involves the question of Palestine today? Were Palestinian politics and ideological struggle concentrated, directed, disciplined enough? Above all, has the new Arab environment of corruption, petro-dollars and mediocrity, presided over by the United States, seriously, if not definitively, affected the Palestinian national struggle?

It is far too early to answer these questions with anything more than impressions and emotions. Imperatives for the future nevertheless impose themselves. For the first time in the history of the struggle between Zionism and the Palestinians two things have emerged, and together these alter the face of things irrevocably. Together, also, they must determine the course of Palestinian history, otherwise there will be no Palestinian history to speak of. One is that a constituency of disaffected Jews, Zionist supporters, Israeli nationalists, as well as fully aware Palestinians, has emerged. The second is that an unusual ideological-cultural-political space has opened up, making it possible for the first time to discuss and act on the question of Palestine in its own terms, not simply as a function of super-power rivalry or of the so-called Arab-Israeli conflict.

THE DEFENCE and the fall of Beirut swept away a great deal, including a lingering faith in the US which did not even abide by its commitment to guarantee the safety of Palestinians left behind after the PLO evacuation. But the aftermath has created new political formations in a new political territory. The limits to which Israel can go in its ethnocide against the Palestinians are, for the moment, defined internationally and regionally; the PLO has remained intact as the actual political expression of Palestinian nationalism – Sharon's murderous actions and the Village League quislings notwithstanding. Yet on all sides the problems continue to accumulate. Dispersal and dispossession are accentuated in the post-Beirut period. Arab pressures on the PLO increase, as do the temptations simply to start replaying the old Arab game of summit conferences with its attendant collective ineptitude and functional disunity. The immediate possibility of a credible military option, to say nothing of a credible Arab deterrent, is not very high. Yet everywhere that Palestinians are to be found – Lebanon and the Occupied Territories especially – the political pressure to achieve a solution to the question of Palestine is exerted in ways designed to reduce Palestinians to uncountable statistics, the better to absorb them mutely and anonymously into someone else's scheme. Thus Reagan wishes them associated with Jordan, Israel sees them as uncomplaining resident natives, the Arabs want them as the spearhead for the wars they either cannot or will not fight.

It is of the essence, therefore, that much of the residual force that went into the defence of Beirut should now go into formulating a clear Palestinian political programme. Historically, our formulations of where we are going included such detritus as laments about an unacceptable past, attacks on our enemies, ideological pronouncements aimed at a complex web of interlocking, sometimes contradictory Arab (and even Palestinian) constituencies. There can be no return to this impure style. Our constituency, given the Arab non-response to what happened in Lebanon, is neither the old one, nor a collection of salvaged remnants. There is, first, a Palestinian constituency that emerged from outside the barren avenues of official rou-

IN CITY LIMITS THIS XMAS

DAMES FOR A LAUGH

Pamela Stephenson and **Sheila Steafal** on being funny without telling father-in-law jokes

Greenham Common: report from the base

The Italian Job: David Medalla and Guy Brett on what went wrong at the Hayward Gallery

The Importance of Being Peter Pan: actress Jane Carr interviewed

Christmas Shows: a complete guide to London's best — and worst — shows.

THE COMPLETE XMAS SURVIVAL GUIDE

How to go out and have fun... how to stay in and not feel sorry for yourself

Benjamin Zephaniah: the Prince of rap

Are sex aids a suitable present? Sarah Maitland reports

So this is Christmas? Michele Roberts ponders

Who said that? Test your movie knowledge over the mince pies

On Sale Dec 16

On Sale Dec 21
Double Issue 80p

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tines, positions and structures. This constituency can only be nurtured by someone of Yasser Arafat's vastly enhanced stature, someone sensitive to its make-up, to the innovative claims it makes, to the novel manoeuvres it can allow. The other important, indeed crucial constituency, is that of Israeli and non-Israeli Jews who find Israel's present course unacceptable and disastrous.

Moreover, the loss of Beirut as a substitute for Palestine, and the gain of many new places of exile, accentuates the focus on the Occupied Territories, those last bits of Palestine still inhabited by Palestinians. The urgent issue now becomes the problem of keeping Palestinians there – despite, and because of, Israeli desires to expel them – and expanding the juridical, political and cultural framework in which they live. Here too the old formulae don't apply anymore, as the disasters that overtook Camp David prove. The conflict in Palestine is not simply a territorial one: this fact cannot be strategised, Sadatised, or Kissingerised. There is a radical conflict between a view stating that Jews have more rights than non-Jews, and a view – as yet to be formulated with the cogency and power it deserves – stating that all present communities and individuals have civil rights in Palestine that are posited as equal in principle. Every departure from this second view has brought sustained disaster to opponent and proponent alike. The need for a new politics on the Occupied Territories is the need for a new effective theory for combating tyrannical exceptionalism, by which one community's claim is given divine status, the other's reduced to an occasional appearance.

None of what is being said here can minimise the unimaginable complexity of the tasks ahead. No Palestinian is ever afraid to admit that the struggle we face may be far bigger than we are. Certainly any political theatre that incorporates the swirl of Arab nationalism, Zionism, the history of anti-Semitism, anti-colonialism, Islamic, Jewish and Christian apocalyptic millenarianism, decolonisation, imperialism, the threat of nuclear annihilation, to say nothing of every variety of human degradation and exaltation, is an epochal stage indeed. To be a Palestinian is to stand at the nexus of these forces, either to be swept away, or to comprehend and employ their strength. If an Israeli military solution, no more than a cosmetic American or Arab solution, will not serve, this is the exact moment for Palestinians collectively, using all the means at their disposal, to state what will serve. Rarely has the articulation of a programme acquired so much revolutionary and far-reaching significance. But rarely, either, has a people's political identity depended so much on the collective act of counting, rendering and projecting itself – beyond the armies, the states, the lamentable stabilities of the present. □

Edward W. Said is Professor of English and Comparative Literature at Columbia University, and a member of the Palestine National Council. Among his books are Orientalism, The Question of Palestine *and* Covering Islam. *His* The World, The Text and the Critic *will be published in early 1983.*

1945-1951

Child Labour

When Labour government was in the nursery, Clement Attlee was nurse. Paul Addison assesses the man's achievements

ONE IMPORTANT BOOK has still to be added to the shelves of labour history. Works on the Luddites, the Chartists, the ILP or the General Strike bear witness to a tradition of popular protest and the slow formation of a political working class. After many obstacles and detours the tradition flowed into the parliamentary system and at last there arrived, in 1945, the moment when for the first time the Labour Party were the masters of the House of Commons. Here was the decisive point at which revolt, or at any rate discontent, could be converted into power and policy. But we still await a major analysis of the dynamics and achievements of the Attlee government.

The rhetoric of the Labour movement was shot through with romantic and utopian overtones. So when at last the quest for brotherhood and co-operation was made flesh in the National Coal Board, or the new world order disintegrated into the Cold War, idealists felt a chill of disappointment. The hard Left of the period – the Stalinists – were first isolated and then persecuted as the Labour movement lined up against the Soviet Union. No wonder, then, that in some quarters the question most frequently asked about the Attlee period is, 'What went wrong?' Was there not after 1945 some lost opportunity for root-and-branch reform, or for preventing the division of Europe into East and West.

Such inquiries are prompted by wishful thinking. In the 1940s the Labour Left was in a permanent minority and, while left-wingers wanted different emphases in policy, they had no alternative programme. Their potential leader, Aneurin Bevan, accepted the big decisions of the Cabinet. The main point of interest is not what might have been but the depth and force of the government's impact.

In three important respects, Attlee and his colleagues eclipsed the performance of other Labour administrations. First, they founded – or helped to shape – a range of enduring institutions. The National Health Service and NATO are only two prominent examples, and the latter was as characteristic a creation as the former. Secondly, they retained a high and remarkably stable degree of popularity. Between 1945 and 1950 the government won all 32 of its by-elections and in the general election of 1951 Labour's average vote in the constituencies was down by a mere 1.2 per cent on 1945. Thirdly, the Cabinet and the Labour movement outside the House of Commons marched broadly in step, animated by a common sense of purpose, until the Bevanite split of 1951.

But how and why was all this accomplished? What were the mechanics of the Attlee era? Such questions may well occur to the Labour stalwarts, higher civil servants, or once youthful visitors to the 1951 Festival of Britain, who form the most likely audience for the recently published life of Attlee by Kenneth Harris.* It is a long, sound, affectionate book, based on personal acquaintance, the Attlee papers, and not quite as much research as academics would wish – the PRO has not been fully exploited. Of course it would be unreasonable to expect a biography to supply a general thesis, but much can be gleaned about a school from the life of the headmaster.

In Attlee's case, his personality was always subordinate to the institution he served, and it is much to Harris's credit that he resists the temptation to build him up into a larger figure than he was. His brevity did not conceal a great mind, nor his respectable middle-class image a tormented soul within. We learn once more of his virtues and integrity, which shine brighter than ever, and of his brusque efficiency as chairman of the Cabinet. The one quality in Attlee I had barely appreciated before was his great reserve of courage. He was a brave officer at Gallipoli and, when convinced that duty called, could be formidable – as when he cut the umbilical cord between Britain and India or flew to Washington to read Truman the riot act during the Korean war.

Attlee realised early on that he was a dull dog, and thenceforth made it his ambition to merge into a team. To the end of his days, he retained his early loyalties to Haileybury, Oxford, and the regimental spirit. His interest in social improvement, and hence in socialism, was sparked off by his work as the organiser of a Territorial Army boys' club for the poor, manned by old Haileyburians. Nearly half a century later, Prime Minister Attlee wrote to his brother Tom:

> My young Haileyburians in the House are an able lot. Whiteley selected one for a Whip, and Morrison another for a PPS, while I have another for a like purpose, one de Freitas, President of the Cambridge Union, athletics blue, lecturer in America, manager of Boys' Clubs and Labour Committee in Shoreditch, and Squadron Leader in the Air Force; a useful background.

For Attlee there was no paradox in the fact that he was as loyal to traditional institutions as to the Labour Party. Nor as Prime Minister did he experience conflict between the old and the new. But this is hardly surpris-

* *Attlee*, Kenneth Harris, Weidenfeld and Nicolson, £14.95.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Camera Press

Attlee: dull dog, brave politician

ing, for the 1945 government was strongly committed to leadership, authority, and the national interest.

The Labour party of 1945 was led by an alliance of Oxbridge intellectuals and trade union oligarchs. Committed as they were to working-class welfare, they had no interest, unlike the middle class proletariat and shop floor militants of today, in redistributing authority. On the contrary, the doctrine of the hour was planning, and it was clear who the planners were to be: ministers, civil servants, trade union leaders and industrialists. The Labour Cabinet inherited from the war economy an apparatus of planning controls and a corporate system of voluntary co-operation between Whitehall and the 'two sides of industry'. The ethos of the period was managerial, with orders and injunctions flowing down from on high, and Labour leaders expecting the people to respond. Strikes remained illegal until 1951 and troops were used to break unofficial strikes at the docks and the power stations. Attlee explained to the dockers that, in view of what the government had done for them, they ought to support it by returning to work.

The Labour Cabinet intended to govern the working classes with a firm hand, but the enterprise would have collapsed but for the fact that workers themselves were prepared to accept discipline and austerity. The picture should not be exaggerated, but by comparison with the period after the First World War, the level of industrial unrest was low. Attlee and his colleagues were fortunate in taking office at a unique moment in social history, when working-class unity was at its height, but dedicated to the modest aim of stability and security for working-class families. Today the working classes are torn apart politically between Thatcherites, who want reduced taxes and mortgages, and traditionalists, who think primarily in terms of job security and social provision. But in 1945 the consumer society was yet to come, and memories of the Depression haunted workers and trade union leaders alike. There was absolute agreement about the basic needs to be met: full employment, the Beveridge plan of social security, improved health and education. Moreover the trade union movement was at its most oligarchical – with Arthur Deakin, Tom Williamson and Will Lawther flexing their muscles to uphold the Cabinet. The government therefore rested on a contract with labour in which full employment and social security were traded for wage restraint and increased productivity. Though the TUC could not hold the line on incomes policy, the contract worked remarkably well, contributing to the recovery of manufacturing output, which rose by an annual average of 6 per cent.

IN SPITE OF its class basis no Labour government has received so much assistance from collaborators of the middle class and the Establishment. The Tory press was loud in articulating the resentments of the gentry and the suburbs, but Labour in 1945 took a larger share than ever of the middle-class vote. In Whitehall, the ambitions of the civil service, stimulated by wartime plans of reconstruction, underwrote collectivist programmes of welfare and planning. A large, amorphous intelligentsia, today the natural target area for the SDP, conferred liberal approval and found its perfect expression in the Festival of Britain.

In the late 1940s the Labour Party looked like a vehicle that would assist the enlightened professional classes in their struggle for income and progress. Though the government was headed by Major Attlee, it is unlikely that Labour picked up any substantial support among the officer classes. But, for once, the deep mutual suspicion between the military establishment and a party aspiring to internationalism and disarmament was in suspense. The Labour movement had been sound on rearmament and collective security since the late 1930s, and these attitudes were rapidly transferred to the Cold War. It seems astonishing in retrospect that the formation of NATO, or British participation in the Korean War, aroused so little dissent within the party. But it was thoroughly appropriate that Gaitskell should recruit ex-admirals as managers of the National Coal Board, or Attlee spike Tory guns by appointing Mountbatten to liquidate the Indian Empire.

Michael Foot has again remarked recently that democratic socialism in Britain was to be seen at its best during the Second World War. It should be added that the war was the efficient secret of the Attlee government's achievement. The machinery and mentalities of the war were conscripted for peacetime purposes, with the working parties of Sir Stafford Cripps conducting an economic Dunkirk and coal miners urged to fight the new Battle of Britain. Looking back to the 1940s, one sees a curious synthesis of two forms of Victorian public spirit: collectivism and patriotism, disciplines strong enough to bring some sense of direction to the private and sectional interests of which any society is composed. It has to be said that these disciplines have declined, and whether a future Labour government can knock people's heads together for some rational purpose is a very speculative matter. In the meantime Michael Foot and his memories will have to do. □

THIS ENGLAND

£3 book tokens for entries printed (on postcards, please).

☐ Some of my friends who are not rich but are comfortably placed say that they cannot afford to buy any other car than a Rolls-Royce because it maintains its value, and servicing, though expensive, is infrequent. – Letter in *Financial Times* (D. Gold)

☐ Could the Russians be marching up Piccadilly next week? Is global domination by one power a real possibility? Now you can find out for yourself with Philips' fascinating new video game 'Conquest of the World'. – Ad in *South London Press* (Nick Craske)

☐ 'Channel 4 is this year's middle-class thing,' complained Mr John Perris, media director of Saatchi and Saatchi, the Tory Party's advertising agency. – *Sunday People* (G. Moor)

☐ Peter Arkell, of Davigdor Road, Hove, who sat through 88 days of the 97-day Brighton by-pass inquiry, was presented with a long-service medal by the Department of Transport. – *Brighton & Hove Gazette* (David C. Kirk)

☐ The Japanese habit of giving workers a punch-ball with their boss's name on it in order to let off steam should be copied by British industry, a conference on stress was told yesterday. – *Daily Telegraph* (James Scott)

☐ A pantomime parrot at the Northcott Theatre, Exeter, has been sacked – for pecking an actor's ear. Another bird has taken over and will be replaced by a stuffed one if it causes any trouble. – *Birmingham Evening Mail* (David Hope)

☐ The hamlet of Walpole, Somerset, whose residents complained this year that it had a Dunball postal address, a Puriton telephone code, was in the parish of Pawlett, and was not listed in the official census or on maps, has been earmarked as a rubbish tip site. – *The Times* (Polly Fisher)

☐ The suggestion in the House of Commons that horses be given medals was hailed with derision and laughter. The honourable members are too young, of course, to remember that horses of the 1914-18 war sported campaign ribbons on their browbands when on parade or following hounds. – Letter in *The Times* (D. C. Boulton)

THE MINORITY RIGHTS GROUP's latest Reports:

mrg

- **THE SAMI OF LAPLAND**
- **THE SAN OF THE KALAHARI**
- **THE UNTOUCHABLES OF INDIA (new ed.)**
- **THE PALESTINIANS (new ed.)**

–£1.20 each from good bookshops or from MRG, 36 Craven Street London WC2

WINNERS 1982 U.N.A. MEDIA PEACE PRIZE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Camera Press

Barbara Wootton

Women's political heritage

I HAPPENED the other day on a group of young women lamenting the failure to establish genuine sex equality in this country. In an attempt to dispel the prevailing gloom, one speaker was reminding them that, after all, 'women's lib has only been going for about ten years.' In a year which marks the centenary of the Married Women's Property Act (one of the most important statutes for women's emancipation) not to mention Sylvia Pankhurst's birth, this seemed an excellent illustration of how successive generations take for granted the achievements of their predecessors.

Those young women would have been staggered to know that, although in my student days women could attend University courses at Cambridge and take the University exams, they were excluded from membership of the University. Nor, whatever their exam results, could they write the magic letters 'BA' after their names. In my case this produced a ludicrous result. The Cambridge University Board of Studies in Economics, impressed by my having been placed in the first class with a (unique) mark of special distinction in the Economics Tripos, invited me to give a course to real male undergraduates in the next session. However, the General Board of Studies, which was responsible for publishing the official list of University lectures, refused to include mine, on the ground that, as the proposed lecturer, I was not a member of the University. The late Hubert Henderson then volunteered for the course to be advertised in his name, with a footnote to the effect that 'Mrs Wootton will give these lectures'. That ridiculous compromise was accepted, and it blazed the trail for the future: in the following years, the course was officially listed under my name, though it took a great deal longer for the underlying principle to be generally accepted.

Today, as women go to the polls, they are unlikely to reflect on the struggles by which their right even to vote was won. Should they do so, they may well be misled by the currently accepted myths. The word 'suffragette' survives in the contemporary vocabulary, largely because the violent protests and defiance of the law by suffragettes in the years before the 1914-18 war have provided material dramatic enough for occasional reproduction on television. Images are thereby stamped on the public mind of women setting fire to letter boxes, chaining themselves to railings, getting sent to prison and being forcibly fed there with great brutality when they responded with hunger strikes. It *must*, therefore, have been they who got us the vote.

The word 'suffragist' on the other hand is no longer in circulation. Having invited numerous friends to explain the distinction between 'suffragette' and 'suffragist', I have failed to find anyone under 80 who could do so, or had even heard the latter word. Yet the suffragists, like the suffragettes, were nationally organised, and had a much longer history behind them. Abhorring violence and law-breaking, they campaigned for woman suffrage only by constitutional means, pressurising MPs, holding public meetings and so forth. In the last quarter of the 19th century, long before suffragettes were ever heard of, woman suffrage Bills were regularly introduced by friendly MPs into the Commons (and as regularly defeated). John Stuart Mill even put the enranchisement of women in the forefront of his programme, when he was elected to Parliament as far back as 1865.

REGARDLESS of how the credit should be shared, the first victory was eventually won in 1918, when women (but only those aged 30 or above) were enfranchised on the same terms as men – except in the matter of age, for the qualifying age for males was still 21.

After that, things began to move. The Sex Disqualification (Removal) Act of the following year ought, according to its title, to have finished the job. In fact, it went so far as to make women eligible to hold public and judicial offices, as jurors, magistrates and civil servants, and to stand for Parliament themselves. Strange anomalies, however, resulted from failure to co-ordinate the advance on all fronts. While the minimum voting age for women was 30, this did not apply to the various public offices to which the Act now admitted us. Having been one of the first of my sex to become a magistrate, I took my seat as a London JP two months before my 29th birthday, being officially deemed competent to pass judgment on my fellow citizens according to law, though still considered too immature to cast a vote in the election of those who made or unmade the laws, or to offer myself as a candidate for the legislative assembly.

In relation to the Universities, the 1919 Act was more guarded. It enacted that nothing in any University charter was to prevent universities from 'making such provision as they thought fit for the admission of women'. Since all the new 'redbrick' universities had admitted women as a matter of course from the start, this meant that it was only Oxford and Cambridge who had to consider their position.

Oxford took the hint at once. By June 1920, female undergraduates in suitably feminised caps and gowns were to be seen in the city's streets, while the Principals of two of the Women's colleges were almost immediately appointed to University lectureships.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cambridge, alas! quibbled and quivered. By the mid-1920s it had granted to qualified women the right to a 'titular' degree, which allowed them to put the appropriate letters after their names, but withheld the normal rights of graduates to take part in the internal government of the University, and to vote for the Parliamentary representatives to which the University was then entitled. The only good feature of this titular vote was that it cost less money than the men's 'real' one.

Not until 1947 did Cambridge concede full university membership to women, and even then it hedged this about with a proviso that the number of female undergraduates should never exceed a proportion (to be determined from time to time) of the number of their male counterparts.

So ended 20 years of bitter debate, in the course of which almost unbelievably extravagant language had been used. For instance, Professor James Mayo described the change as 'intrinsically vicious', adding that 'a University course is an incident in and a part of certain professions (and of those only) which are, and by appointment of Divine Providence must always be, exclusively virile'.

It took another ten years to equalise the voting age for both sexes at 21. Since then, various attempts have been made to fill the gaps left by the ostensibly comprehensive 1919 Act. We have meanwhile been blessed with laws that purport to guarantee equal opportunities and equal pay. These have certainly stopped the practice of advertising posts as open to one sex only. But, of course, this cannot prevent an employer from deciding that all the applications received from men come from more suitably qualified persons than any offered by a woman. As for equal pay, the latest (1982) official survey gives the average gross weekly earnings of full-time adult male employees as £133.80 in manual, and £178.90 in non-manual occupations. The corresponding figures for females are £80.10 in manual and £104.90 in non-manual occupations. The explanation is simple: equal pay means equal work. The ineffectiveness of the equal opportunities legislation derives from the fact that a woman is seldom employed on exactly the same work as her male colleagues, particularly in the better paid occupations. Only where jobs are systematically graded, as in the civil service, can exact comparisons be made. It is also noticeable that where such a hierarchy is established, women relatively seldom reach the top ranks.

OCCASIONALLY, though, a woman turns up in an unexpected place. At least one such has managed to climb the control tower at Heathrow, where I have watched her giving instructions to incoming planes, while her male colleague was engaged in the (I suppose less vital) task of telling them where to park after they had reached the ground. Probably everyone knows one or two such women who have invaded what have traditionally been men's jobs, but they are conspicuous exceptions.

Women are still grossly under-represented in the House of Commons and in the business world. In the Commons, the explanation is partly the lingering prejudice in all political parties in their selection of Parliamentary candidates, and partly the extreme difficulty of combining normal family life with the House's time-table – so long as officialdom insists that it is impossible for Parliament to work a normal office day, in spite of the fact that other European democracies seem to manage without turning nights into legislative days.

In the business world women are often, and increasingly, successful as independent entrepreneurs. But the direction and top management of large corporate enterprises remains virtually a masculine preserve. The reason is, I think, that no *professional* qualifications of any kind are required for top business jobs. Industrial magnates, therefore, are mainly recruited through the Old Boy Net.

These distinguished characters usually go into industry after a public school education followed by an Oxbridge degree (not necessarily in an even remotely relevant subject). Over the years, they make friends with men like themselves in other companies. They reach the top with no more professional letters after their names than the BA or MA with which they left Oxbridge. True, an occasional (preferably well connected) female may muscle in among them, but alas! there is no Old Girl Net, and a bi-sexual net is more than the Old Boys can as yet handle.

So what of the future? First, I would doubt if the law can do much more, except by more vigorous enforcement of what is already on the statute book, and by better use of the institutions that legislation has already established. I also think that the time has gone by for insistence on the appointment of women as women to government commissions, committees and the like. The area in which women (merely by virtue of their sex) have special qualifications is really very limited. They have a different role from men in bed and in the production and feeding of small infants. But those are about the only situations in which, by their very nature, women can do what men can't, or can necessarily outdo men.

After all, public attitudes do change, often in a mysterious way. Sometimes we take quite radical innovations in a surprisingly short stride. Only a few years ago women could not broadcast news bulletins because they were considered 'too emotional'. Looking further back, I recall that when, at the age of 29, I was appointed to a Government Committee on the National Debt and Taxation, I found myself splashed all over the front pages of the London evening papers, under headlines like 'Secrets of Debt Enquiry Woman: Does She Ever Pay?' Since then, such committee appointments have regularly included what came to be known as the 'statutory' woman ('customary' would have been a better word: no statute was responsible) – and nobody bothers about their secrets.

All these substantial developments have been realised within the span of a single lifetime. If the next generation can move equally fast (and why shouldn't they?), *their* successors will, I guess, find other things to worry about in preference to sex equality. □

SCENES FROM THE LIVES OF THE GREAT SOCIALISTS: No. 49 of the Series.
LENIN IS THE VICTIM OF A DREADFUL MUDDLE AT THE GERMAN HIGH COMMAND...

Martin Rowson

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Capitalism's global crisis

Rudolf Bahro

Andrew Tyler

Rudolf Bahro's talk 'Marxism and the Green Movement' was given at a meeting in London on 22 October 1982 to launch his book *Socialism and Survival* (Heretic Books, £3.50). The introduction is by David Fernbach, translator of both Bahro's books and most of his articles.

When Rudolf Bahro visited Britain in March 1980, a few months after his expulsion from East Germany, he was fêted by leading intellectuals of the Left. Many of these had played an active part in the campaign for Bahro's release, while he was in prison for 'espionage' following the publication in the West of The Alternative in Eastern Europe. *This had been widely recognised as the most striking political text by any East European opposi-*

. . . if it's the Black Forest rather than Bavaria where the pine needles first fall off the trees, then the ecology movement will be stronger in the Black Forest.

tionist, particularly for its firm commitment to the liberatory goals of Marxism, and on his first British visit Bahro was awarded the Isaac Deutscher memorial prize.

Since that time Bahro has become known to a far wider public as a leading figure in the West German Green movement. His appearance in Britain this October to address the conference of the Ecology party in Bridlington received wide publicity. Yet his present concerns seem increasingly divergent from the British Left.

It would however be quite wrong to imagine that in the intervening years Bahro has cast off his Marxist principles and acquired a different philosophy. The articles, essays and talks collected in Socialism and Survival *are evidence of a development without major ruptures. In the* Alternative *Bahro had already reinstated the utopian dimension of communism, rejected the feasibility of proletarian revolution and looked to a mobilisation of human energies for the goal of*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

liberation that transcended class divisions. Even his interest in the Green movement predated his arrival in West Germany.

Bahro the Green, on the other hand, remains as committed as ever to the vision of a classless society. He sees the ecology crisis as a direct result of the capitalist industrial system (a system taken over lock, stock and barrel by the 'socialist' states); he looks to material interests as the ultimate force behind social change – an interest in survival that is 'still more material' than any economic interest. But though still recognising the specific exploitation and oppression of the working class in the metropolitan countries, Bahro views the main line of class division in the world as running between North and South, and sees the working class as tied into a lifestyle equally based on the exterminist system of capitalist production.

What has changed above all in the last three years are the lines of political struggle in West Germany. In the land where the contradictions rending Western Europe are most intense, these lines have been decisively redrawn. The Greens have emerged as the third party, eclipsing both the liberal centre and the dogmatic left, and they have attracted and integrated very many activists with a socialist background. In joining the Green movement as early as he did, Bahro showed the same capacity for understanding the basic contradictions of advanced capitalism as he had shown in his analysis of East European 'socialism'. And only the famed insularity of the British Left could lead people to believe that the realignment of forces in West Germany has no bearing on our own political future.

WE ARE FACED today in the metropolitan countries with the fact that the workers' movement has not made a breakthrough. This is clearly the case when viewed from the East, as it also is from the South, from the Third World. Nor is this breakthrough to be expected in the future. This means that the question of the subject of emancipation must be posed afresh, and that we must also pay attention to the material barriers to emancipation that have become decisively visible in the course of the post-War boom.

What appears on superficial consideration as an environmental problem is in reality a global ecological crisis, this being the most important expression of the capitalist industrial system. And this is the only industrial system that exists anywhere in the world. This system is inherently deadly, and will prove to be so even if the bombs don't fall. And if this change of perspective is considered in terms of the core of economic theory (and the political practice of the workers' movement that has traditionally been derived from it) then we are in fact faced with the following new situation.

Marx's view, till recently widely accepted, was that the overall process of capital accumulation would be shattered from within by the class struggle, and that the motor for this would be the anger against its exploitation on the part of the subordinate class in the richest countries of the world. That was the essence of the traditional conception. Its premise was the idea that the majority of people, and above all the workers, would become politically active via the process of abstract reasoning that Marx had pioneered. Via an analysis, in other words, which proceeded from outward appearances – what directly affects people – down to the point where this exploitation can be proven.

In this traditional perspective, it was not seen as particularly important that what really motivates people to act is indeed all these phenomena at the surface of the economic process. It was rather deemed necessary to have a 'general staff' of theorists who would conduct this abstract reasoning, right through proving to the workers by theoretical argument that they were exploited. On top of all this, the idea was to link together the most varied immediate interests of the workers, particularly at an international level. That was precisely the idea of a workers' International. The problem of liberation was to be resolved in the metropolitan countries in this rationalistic way.

THE ECOLOGY movement proceeds quite differently. For a start, the way people are affected by the environmental crisis is not a function of class, but rather of how near you live to the new runway at Frankfurt airport. And if it's the Black Forest rather than Bavaria where the pine needles first fall off the trees, then the ecology movement will be stronger in the Black Forest. In the widest sense, therefore, people react to how they are practically affected. Moreover, as distinct from the days of the workers' movement, when certain sections of the class were, so to say, excessively affected, but other sections always had things comparatively better, today the system is acting precisely according to the report *Global 2000* which President Carter had commissioned. There it is shown, in a very large number of ways, how the system is closing in on individuals from all sides and will ultimately not leave anyone unaffected.

One man, for example, has invested his entire life savings in a little house, and he also has a nice car. But when he bought the

HEY, MARX! THERE'S A COUPLE OF THOSE ANTIQUE STRADIVARIUS FIDDLES IN HERE!
DON'T WORRY, ENGELS, IT'S ONLY THE VIOLINS INHERITED IN THE CISTERN...
Martin Rowson '82
Martin Rowson

SCENES FROM THE LIVES OF THE GREAT SOCIALISTS: No. 14 of the Series. MARX & ENGELS EXPLORE AN OLD HOUSE.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

car he didn't realise that the motorway was going to pass right by his front door. Now he'd like to move, but he can't sell the house any more for the money he paid. And so in all kinds of ways it comes about that the system already fails to deliver the standard of living it defines as normal, that economic growth no longer brings any real gain, and that most products of this growth are not just relatively superfluous but actually harmful. It is precisely the key products of this technology that are completely deadly. Nuclear weapons, reinforced concrete, many products of the chemical industry, which no one can pretent any longer to control in advance; so that more and more people come to realise, even without a deep abstract analysis, that the whole system is no longer viable.

So far this has led to the following results. We have stopped the expansion of nuclear power industry in West Germany for five years. We are accused of having held up 60 billion marks worth of investments. Unfortunately that's not quite true – yet! Above all, we are accused not just of blocking investment on site, but something much worse, undermining the motivation to buy things. This simply means that the ecology movement has already acquired a certain capacity to slow down the accumulation of capital. And you can of course ask how capital, whose very essence is expansion, is to manage if, on top of the internal brake imposed by the normal process of the economic cycle, it now faces both the increasing scarcity of resources and this external brake on the expansion of the industrial system.

The ecology movement thus gives rise to certain political changes in society. And these should not be underestimated. Just to take its effects in the field of legislation, the managers of capital complain that obtaining planning permission can now take up to ten years where it previously took three. So there are practical possibilities for actually holding up the basic process of capitalist advance, what Marx called the progressive function of capital, or at least restricting its accumulation for a while in the metropolitan countries. Up till now we have not been able to stop the export of capital to the Third World.

So far I've just described things empirically. If all this is to be brought to a common strategic denominator, I would say that the situation we face is as follows. The most important challenge that capital presents to us, here in the metropolitan countries where we live and work, is not the exploitation of our own subordinate class. Here, this challenge is rather the overall process of capital accumulation. This is what people are reacting to, at first purely empirically, as it is destroying the very foundations of life, and ultimately – even in the medium term – on a world scale. If it is necessary to bring in here the question of the Third World, this is not out of humanitarian considerations of any kind; the proliferation of nuclear weapons is well under way, and if we continue as we act now, then in 20 years' time this threat will not be coming from the East. To sum up everything that has taken place in the last 200 years, and is still proceeding, the challenge lies principally in the accumulation of capital as such – and understood not chiefly in terms of the capitalist *form*, i.e. not just the relations of production, but rather the material *content* of this process. Nuclear weapons have given us advance warning as to the exterminist character of the entire productive system.

IF THE industrialisation of the world were to be completed, life on Earth would be destroyed. This might take a hundred years more or less. The main problem is not resources, which may not run out soon enough, but rather what is called the environment, but is really the biosphere which we are killing off. The ecology movement in West Germany is concerned to protect the country's forests, and it may be that by placing large filters in factory chimneys the Black Forest can still be saved. But up till now this movement in West Germany has been unable to do anything to prevent an area the size of our whole country from being deforested in the Amazon basin every two and a half years. So if we look at the problem from this perspective, it is clear that before we are able to say what we want to do then, we have first of all to bring the industrial system to a halt. We need a great moratorium. A general strike not for wages or any particular change in the balance of power, but a general strike simply against going on in the same old way.

Indeed, if you examine all the institutions that have arisen in Europe since the bourgeois revolution, I would say that they are all taken together a single agency for the accumulation of capital. The Social-Democrat Prime Minister of the state of Hesse, Börner, is himself by trade a worker in reinforced concrete, representing the interests of the working class as a 'second industrial class', which because of its numbers needs

SCENES FROM THE LIVES OF THE GREAT SOCIALISTS:
No. 12 of the Series.
CHARLES KINGSLEY ABSENT-MINDEDLY LIGHTS THE FIRE WITH THE FIRST DRAFT OF "THE WATER BABIES".
Martin Rowson '82.
Martin Rowson

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

even more accumulation than the capitalist minority, the 'first' industrial class. So even if they are against concrete with the one hand, they are still for it with the other. When the crunch comes, and particularly given the fear of unemployment, they are always for concrete. And for this reason, the ecology movement, if you take the institutional question seriously, can only be built up and develop against the institutional structures of the workers' movement. The West German trade union federation, for example, is simply the accomplice of the metropolitan power complex. On all questions where the competitiveness of the German economy is at issue, the export of unemployment from Germany to Denmark or Zaire, these functionaries are hand in glove with German capital. In relation to the Third World, the problems that appeared in 1914, i.e. that national cohesion proved far stronger than class cohesion, have tremendously intensified.

As a general rule, we must admit that the entire population of the metropolitan countries is colonialist. The mass of the population have never in history acted altruistically towards faraway people they have never seen. I don't mean to say that moral considerations are insignificant, simply that there are as it were more reliable factors. And these are interests that are still more material than those formerly grasped under the heading of economic interests. What is at stake is the existence of the very next generation. Or, if perchance the bombs from the South don't come, then the existence of the generation after.

IF WE BELIEVE that accumulation has to be brought to a halt, we must also re-examine the whole ideology of progress with which this is linked: first of all, because this ideology is completely tied up with material expansion, i.e. the expansion of the world of equipment with which we surround ourselves. But we must also be ready to question critically all our European values, for example the value democracy, and ask to what extent this would exist, if at all, if this material process had not taken place. And how far the insistence on these values might prevent us today from stemming the avalanche of accumulation.

In view of unemployment, and given the recent change of government in West Germany, this is a very immediate question for us. Even half of the Green party are themselves ready to give priority to the struggle against unemployment. The state of Bremen provides a good example of what this means. We have 50 per cent of our working population in the following four industries. First, shipbuilding, where they want to make sure that we go on unloading cars from Japan and loading more cars for America. Then there is the steel industry, where they struggle for higher quotas on the European steel market, so that more people will be unemployed in Britain than in Germany. Then there's the aircraft industry, half of which is military production, just as is shipbuilding for that matter. Finally we have the great pinnacle of the German economic miracle, the car industry – Mercedes. In at least two of these

Andrew Tyler

... our task is ... to block, hinder and delay the expansion of the industrial system ... whenever this possible, without sorting out ... which are good technologies and which are bad ones.

industries unemployment is rising. So if we give priority to the struggle against unemployment, we'll be able to keep at least half the jobs that would otherwise be lost.

It is precisely that wing of the Greens who have recently come in from the left who fail to ask whether the problem of work, of wage-labour in industries such as these, cannot be separated from the problem of income and the reproduction of daily life. At least many of those who come from the left still do not ask whether the fact that people need an income, or better, that they need the material prerequisities for their life, cannot be separated from wage-labour for the world market. The Greens, in other words, are supposed to help maintain jobs, and yet by far the greater part of the products thus created do not in any way serve human needs. This isn't really production at all. But even our political friends say in response to questions from the bourgeois press that they are indeed concerned to maintain economic competitiveness. Because of jobs, and because we must remain the political representatives of the working class.

IN BREMEN, the question of the shipyards takes us one step further. The share of German shipbuilding on the world market has fallen in the last ten years to minimal proportions. Simply because capital requires what is called a new international division of labour, and with 1½ to 3 per cent of the world market it is becoming impossible to keep the yards open much longer. The immediate response to this is the famous slogan of conversion. This idea of course arose in the arms industry. But it has now become a far more general question, e.g. what can we build in the Bremen shipyards? Well, these are equipped for the construction of gigantic ships, so production will have to remain largescale. And there are workers and engineers, and they must remain workers and engineers till they drop, they mustn't get deskilled. The solution then is that we have to establish in Bremen an environment protection industry, i.e. build an additional storey on to the industry system so that everything will continue as before. As far as the arms industry goes, everyone understands that the material and energy wasted on it must be turned to other uses. But only one wing of the Green party say that it's necessary to dismantle this industrial capacity altogether.

THIS IS the view of the radical wing of the Greens, and is in fact our major concept. As we see it, our task is as follows. First, to block, hinder and delay the expansion of the industrial system, i.e. further investments, wherever this is possible, without sorting out in advance which are good technologies and which are bad ones. Secondly, we need social and political space for the development of the alternative movement, so that our forces are not pushed completely to the margin. Thirdly, there is the question of subsidies, e.g. a further 72 million marks recently given so that our ships can be sold on the world market, as well as the money devoted to supporting the unemployed, money for the arms industry and the 100 billion marks devoted to nuclear power. We want to use our share in political power, if we get one, to give every unemployed person, and every working person too, the practical opportunity to completely drop out of the industrial system that produces for the world market, and construct an alternative way of life in the direction of a self-reliant society. This is an opportunity for those people from the working class who are mentally ready for the change. The fourth and final point is that, while we don't intend to fall into the arms of those who simply want to patch up the existing order (for example people concerned to reconvert the arms industry, which doesn't solve the problem), this is still a tremendously important process of social learning, and by political pressure we can of course prevent many smaller evils and help to bring about many improvements. But the most we can achieve under this fourth point will only have the perspective of reforming capitalism. At this level, in other words, we cannot put a stop to and break through the logic of the system. And, at the present time, the struggle within the Greens is that those becoming active in parliament are pulled by the system into principally concerning themselves with this fourth point. This is the subject of the big discussions within the Green party in Germany today. □

World copyright ©1982 Rudolf Bahro
Translation world copyright © 1982 David Fernbach

MADAME BLAVATSKY

Why were, and are, so many people, by way of books and articles, so concerned to besmirch her reputation, to prove her a fraud, and to denigrate her works? Is it because they are afraid? Does what she had to say undermine the "authority" of our highest institutions? Is "orthodoxy" fearful of the searchlight of her encyclopaedic knowledge and powerful intellect? Is it that academic vested interest must discredit her to maintain its own position? You can only find this out by reading her works for yourself. We suggest you would never be sorry if you did!

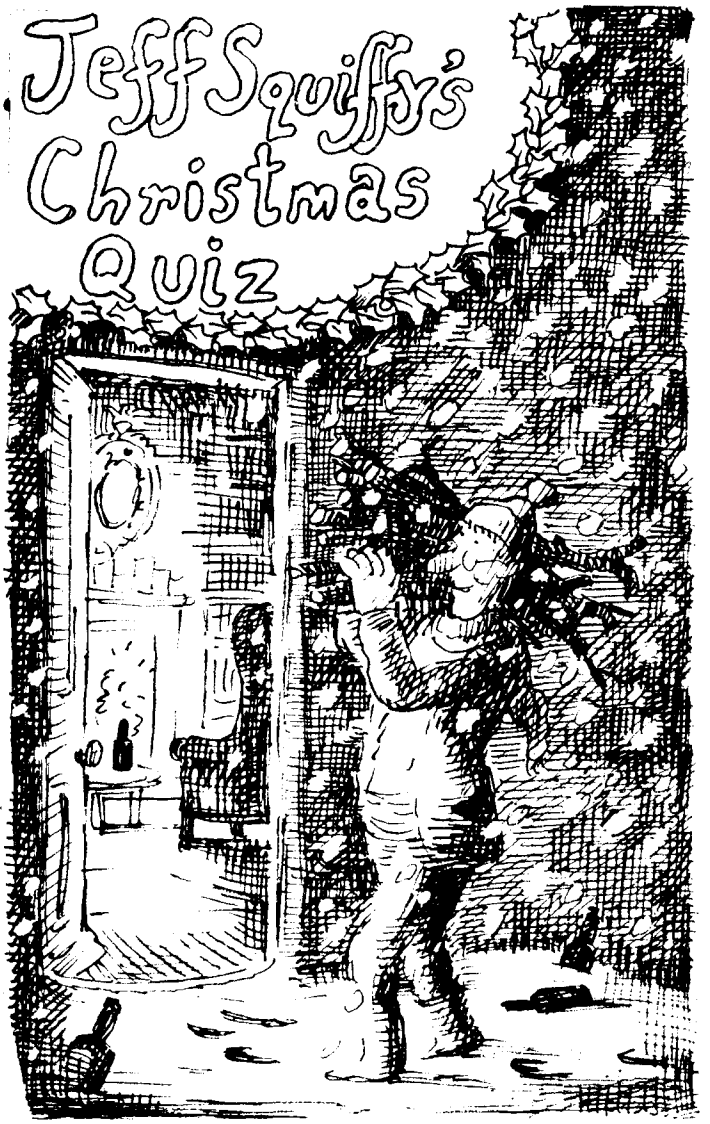
Write to:

The Blavatsky Trust (B)

P.O. Box 16, London W3 6HS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Jeff Squiffy's Christmas Quiz



If there were any justice in this world, I should by now be editor of the *New Statesman*. But, as regular entrants to the Weekend Competition will know, there is no justice in this world. My application for the editorship failed, I think, largely because of my inability to attend the interviews. Instead, Those Who Decide Such Things appointed someone whom I have not yet had the pleasure of meeting. I don't mind admitting that this caused some apprehension in the Squiffy household: word reached me that the new boss was decidedly unsound on the subject of Christmas quizzes ('superstitious bourgeois claptrap' were the words apparently used), and I warned my dear wife and all the little Squiffys that they might be spending the festive season on a park bench. But then the new editor rather rashly invited readers to fill in a questionnaire, and *every single one of you* said that the quiz was the cat's whiskers. *Il duce* sent me an urgent Telemessage: UNCANCEL QUIZ STOP GET WEAVING STOP USUAL PAYMENT STOP.

So here we are. As a gesture of thanks to my charming readers I've made this year's questions *even* more tantalising then usual. Dust off your brain cells. Equip yourself with a foaming tankard and a comfortable chair. Oh, and you might care to start by answering the following, by way of an *aperitif*. Who was hostess of the Boar's Head tavern in Eastcheap? Who was host of the Tabard in Southwark? What drink was supposedly invented by Bonny Prince Charlie? What drink was supposedly brought to England by William of Orange? What was Whisky Money? Who thought that anyone who aspires to be a hero 'must drink brandy'? Where is 'the wine they drink in Paradise' made? What sort of drink is Old Tom? Why might the River Ouse make you squiffy?

On to the *plat du jour*.

Answers on page 56.

By their deeds . . .

1: During 1982

a) Who went missing in the Sahara desert for six days during a car rally?

b) Who went missing in Mexico for eight hours during a car rally?

c) Who breached security at the House of Commons by entering the Norman Shaw North building?

d) Who breached security at the House of Commons by climbing the tower next to Big Ben?

e) What first appeared at 4.45 p.m. on 2 November?

f) Who first appeared at 9.03 p.m. on 21 June?

g) What disappeared at midnight on 1 October after 139 years?

h) What disappeared at 10.45 a.m. on 10 September after 32 years?

i) What reappeared at 2.45 p.m. on 24 February after 932 days?

j) What reappeared at 9 a.m. on 11 October after 437 years?

2: Among those convicted under the Official Secrets Act in 1982,

a) Who, on being questioned after passing telegrams to a foreign diplomat, said that 'it never entered my head in any way to betray secrets'?

b) Whose Russian contact 'was always talking about dead letter boxes'?

c) Whose Russian contact said that 'I believe we met in Pittsburgh in 1968'?

. . . and words

1: In 1982, who said the following?

a) 'The problem, I suspect, on this occasion, is that the travellers on the Clapham omnibus don't have the stomach for the fight. So biffing the Argies is fine. Being biffed by the Argies is a mug's game. But it's got nothing to do with causes or morality. I don't think it ever really has.'

b) 'Today, the scale and the horror of modern warfare – whether nuclear or not – makes it totally unacceptable as a means of settling differences between nations.'

c) 'Maggie wants a skirmish.'

d) 'If the law is a bad law, there is always a contingent right to take action that you would otherwise not take.'

e) 'I slightly bridle when the word "democracy" is applied to the United Kingdom.'

f) 'I am opposed to intolerance within the party, opposed to hit lists, proscriptions or any other manifestations of the same disease, and I will oppose them to my dying day.'

g) 'People have been expelled before. They have always come back.'

h) 'I had the winter at the back of my mind. *The winter*. What will the winter do? The wind, the cold . . .'

i) 'They had no hearts. They were not cabbages in our common parlance because they had no hearts.'

j) 'I have not spoken for a year.'

2: In 1982,

a) Which London resident said of which other London resident: 'I have the deepest respect, the deepest respect, for her. I would do nothing to embarrass her. I know she likes to help people and I thought she would like to help me. And I have admired her for eternity'?

b) Which former deputy editor of the *Daily Telegraph* said of which Nobel prize-winner: 'Words cannot convey how beholden I am to her. She has given me a whole new vision'?

c) Which head of state said of which head of state: 'I was much impressed by the way in which you coped so professionally with a strange horse'?

d) Which Member of Parliament said of which filmmaker: 'Here was one of those artists, like Haydn in music or Rembrandt in painting, in whose works one is continually aware of the presence of a profound and generous, even an indulgent, observer of humanity and the human condition'?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Passing on

Of the people who died in 1982,
a) Whose first job had been to work as a clerk in the offices of Liverpool Education Committee?
b) Who had won a literary prize in 1979 for his memoirs?
c) Whose grandfather had been Russian ambassador to France in the latter part of the 19th century?
d) Who had asked Cary Grant to choose between leg and breast?
e) Whose real name was Ada Thomson?
f) Who had met his stage partner behind the lines in Flanders in 1917?
g) Who had escaped from a French jail in 1940 and reached England eight months later?
h) Who had been a 'special investigator' for a boys' magazine, and produced a son who became famous for his exploits in the Falklands?
i) Who had lost interest in his collection of postage stamps because he had nothing left to collect and the Queen would not swap with him?

Fruitcake

a) Which American president said that he was convinced that UFOs exist 'because I have seen one'?
b) Which famous writer of detective stories, on seeing an alleged photograph of fairies, said that 'the episode will prove to be the start of a new era'?
c) Which car manufacturer was such an enthusiastic advocate of soyabeans that he even had clothes made out of them?
d) Which famous health worker always carried an owl with her?
e) Which famous novelist always slept with his bed aligned from north to south so that 'magnetic currents' could flow through him while he slept?
f) Which famous poet believed he was in touch with supernatural 'communicators' who manifested themselves through automatic writing, 'a great black bird', flashes of light, 'supernatural smells' and 'still stranger phenomena that I prefer to remain silent about for the present'?
g) Which famous composer and conductor refuses to answer the telephone immediately after taking a bath, because he fears that he will be electrocuted?

Low opinions

Who described whom as follows?

a) 'A modest little man with much to be modest about.'
b) 'He brings to the fierce struggle of politics the tepid enthusiasm of a lazy summer afternoon at a cricket match.'
c) 'A triumph of the embalmer's art.'
d) 'He's just a goddam cannibal. A goddam cannibal asshole. He'd eat his own mother.'
e) 'A person whose life and opinons were in notorious antagonism to Christian practice in regard to marriage.'
f) 'What an old covered-wagon she is!'
g) 'He is like a conjuror who takes a beautiful watch from a member of the audience, hides it in a handkerchief, smashes it to smithereens with a mallet – and then tells the crowd: "I am sorry, I have forgotten the rest of the trick".'
h) 'The great snorting bawler.'

Rocking on

1: Which performers reached the hit parade by making the following requests?
a) Let's Have a Party
b) Let's Dance
c) Let's Twist Again
d) Let's Turkey Trot
e) Let's Jump the Broomstick
f) Let's Spend the Night Together
g) Let There be Drums
h) Let's See Action
i) Let's Pretend
j) Let's Go to San Francisco
k) Let the Heartaches Begin

2: Which performers reached the hit parade by making the following announcements?
a) I'm a Boy
b) I'm a Man
c) I'm a Tiger
d) I'm Not a Juvenile Delinquent
e) I'm Not Your Daddy, Annie
f) I'm the Leader of the Gang
g) I'm the Urban Spaceman
h) I am a Rock
i) I'm a Believer
j) I Was Kaiser Bill's Batman
k) I Go Ape
l) I Just Don't Know What To Do With Myself

Suffering little children

a) Who was pleased to announce that he had invented 'a permanent gag, adjustable to any size mouth, to fit all children until they reach the age of puberty'?
b) Who described children as 'defective adults'?
c) Who liked children 'b-b-boiled'?
d) Who suggested that a well-cooked child would serve equally well in a fricassee or a ragout?
e) Who urged his readers to 'Get out as early as you can,/ And don't have any kids yourself'?
f) Who was 'a fat and red-faced boy, in a state of somnolency'?
g) Which military officer continually called one of his troops a 'stupid boy'?
h) Who, after watching a performance of *Peter Pan*, said: 'Oh for an hour of Herod!'?
i) Who found children to be more troublesome and more costly than chickens?
j) Whose mother, on being told that her son had been eaten by a lion, remarked that 'it gives me no surprise; he would not do as he was told'?

On wings of song

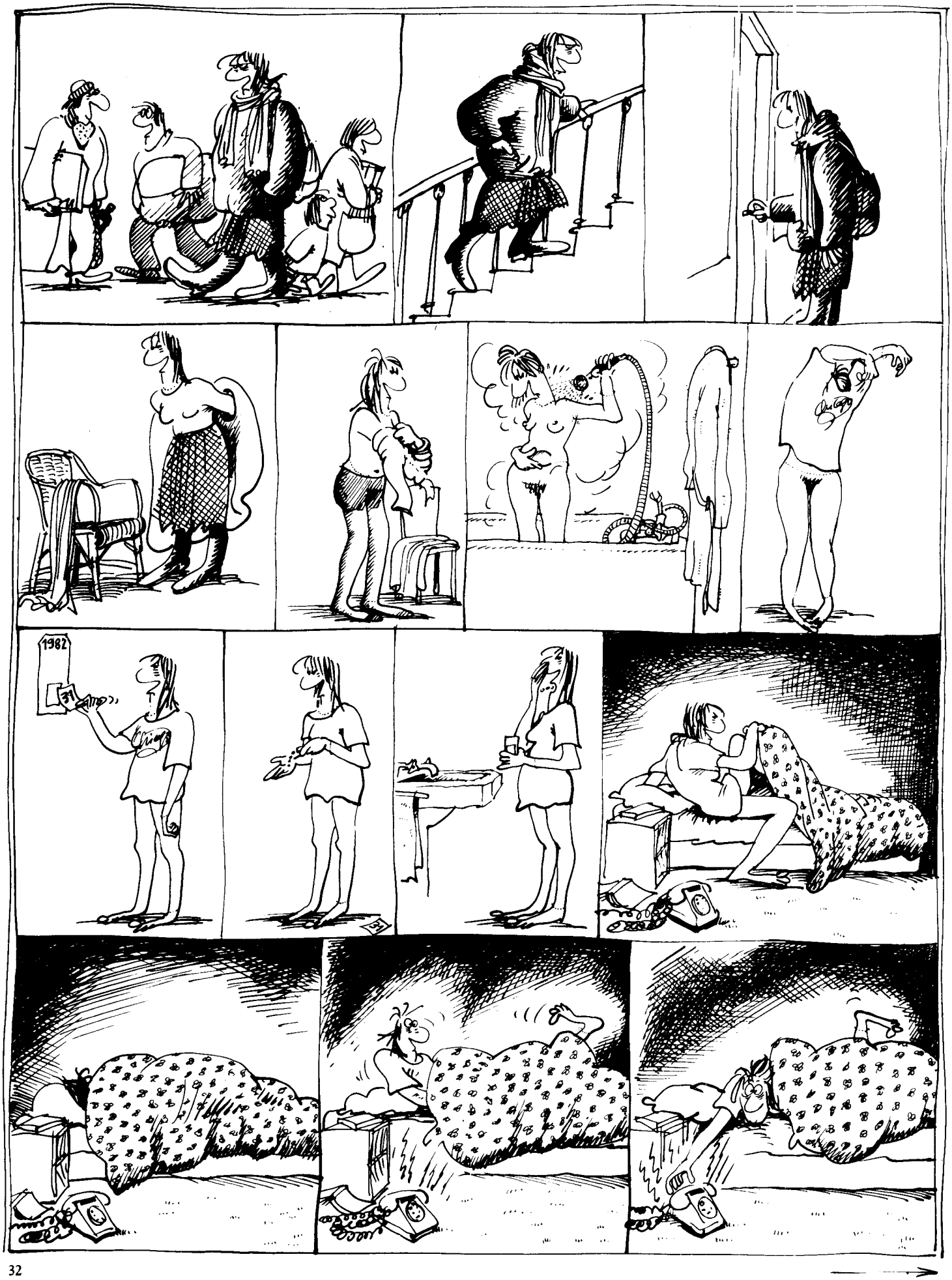
a) Which Trotskyist fell 'mutely in love' with a soprano called Guiseppina Uget and 'even did some tutoring' to earn money with which to buy tickets to her performances?
b) Which postal messenger fell in love with a soprano called Cynthia Hawkins and even travelled from Paris to Munich on a *mobilette* in order to hear her sing?
c) In which opera does a Gypsy tell how her mother was burnt at the stake as a witch?
d) In which opera do people burn themselves to death rather than accept religious reform?
e) Who thought that the only design of opera was 'to gratify the senses and keep up an indolent attention in the audience'?
f) Who thought that no good opera could have a sensible plot, because 'people do not sing when they are feeling sensible'?
g) Which living soprano is descended on her mother's side from Sir Arthur Sullivan?
h) Who said that Sir Arthur Sullivan was 'like a man who sits on a stove and then complains that his backside is burning'?
i) Which famous conductor injured his skull in 1933, broke a femur in his leg in 1951, burnt himself badly while smoking in 1959 and broke a hip in 1966?

Naming names

1: Each of the following is known by a nickname, or by a surname alone. What were their actual first names?
a) 'Sandy' Woodward
b) 'H' Jones
c) Mrs Beeton
d) 'Capability' Brown
e) Mrs Gaskell
f) 'Beau' Brummell
g) Liberace
h) Maigret

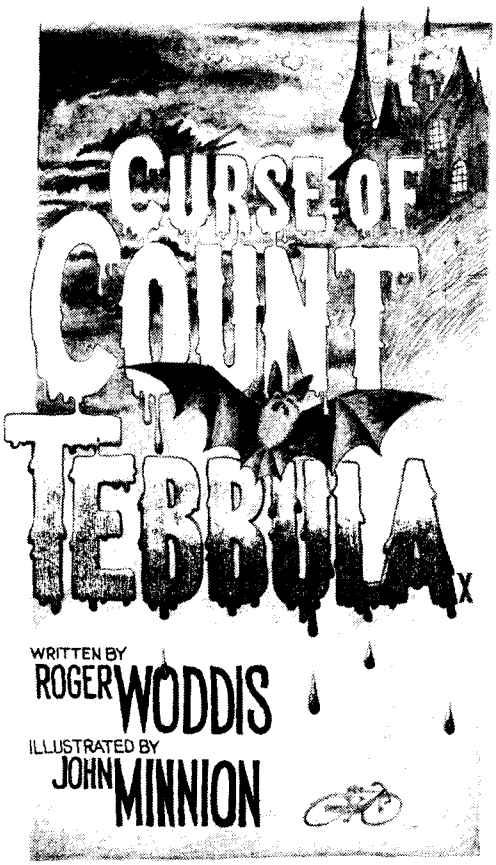
2: What have the following in common?
a) Christopher Carefull, Penelope Firebrand, Sir Fopling Tittle-Tattle, Arine Donna Quixota
b) Kingsley Amis, Jimmy Savile, Elizabeth Jane Howard, Lord Soper, Cliff Richard
c) a ram, a bull, a goat, a crab, a scorpion
d) Lester Piggott, Lord Lichfield, Virginia Wade, Lord Vestey

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE ADVERTISEMENT in *The Dailygraph* was for a 'full-blooded young man willing to travel to remote parts and take up unconventional duties'. The advertiser was a Count Tebbula, and the address was a castle in Transfusiana.

I applied immediately, and received a reply informing me that I had secured the post. In his instructions, the Count insisted that I should travel by bicycle – 'to prove your willingness to face any hardship in pursuit of employment'.

Thus it was that I, Jonathan Worker, found myself three days later pedalling furiously through the desolate countryside of Transfusiana. I passed silent villages and derelict townships, rank with the smell of human decay. The few peasants I saw on the road looked wretched and half-starved, as if their very life-blood had been drained from them.

It was late in the evening when I approached Castle Tebbula, a crumbling ruin set high on the crest of a craggy mountain. Black clouds scudded ominously overhead, and there came to my ears the distant howling of hungry wolves.

At last I stood before the great door, and pounded on the knocker. Soon I heard the clanking sound of bolts being drawn, a key was turned and the massive portal swung back.

Framed in the doorway stood a gaunt figure, lantern held aloft, with deep shadows beneath his sunken eyes and wearing a baleful expression.

'Mr Jonathan Worker? I am Count Tebbula, minister to the gentry and friend of the few.'

'Are you, or have you ever been, a member of a trade union?'

He put the question to me as soon as we were seated in the gloomy dining-hall.

'I am,' I replied, 'but I am not very active.'

He smiled, revealing peculiarly sharp teeth which protruded over his lower lip.

'Excellent,' he said. 'You are obviously an ordinary, decent, honest trade unionist.'

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'What are my duties?' I enquired.

'To help me with my work of serving the Master.'

As the words fell from that cruel mouth, the door opened and a fair-haired woman entered the room. She wore a well-tailored blue suit and a wide-brimmed hat tilted to one side of her head, and carried a handbag slung over her arm. Her voice, when she spoke, was strange and unearthly.

'I am the Master.'

I cannot reveal the details of what followed, as my hosts informed me that this was 'classified information'. But the gist was clear enough: the world at large was threatened by a deadly infection that struck at the very roots of free enterprise as we know it.

'There is a tendency to question my right to rule!' hissed the Master, her eyes steely and blazing with the cold light of mania.

'And how is this infection conveyed?' I asked.

'Through the blood!' replied the Count. 'Our enemies have inherited the disease of doubt from their ancestors – and the poison is spreading! It can only be stopped by the Act!'

Count Tebbula's eyes seemed flecked with red as he spoke, throwing into even sharper relief his deathly pallor.

'Everything must be made *leaner*!' he went on. 'Blood must be drawn from the living, to make the world safe for the Un-Dead!'

I shrank back in horrow as he and the Master stretched out their clawed hands towards me. I quickly drew my union card from my pocket and held it up before me. They recoiled, cursing.

Again I heard the hellish howling of wolves close by, and there was an eerie squeaking as something winged and malevolent beat at the windows. I was suddenly filled with the conviction that my hosts, too, were bats.

'*We must have blood*! Everything must be sucked dry!' mouthed the Master. 'First, we start with the children's hospitals . . .'

The next morning I managed to send a message to my old friend, Professor Van Footsing, whom I met, on his arrival, in a private room of the local inn. The professor, a good and kindly man, knows as much about the Un-Dead and their evil intentions as anyone living.

'They will stop at nothing to dismantle everything of value and extend their empire for the sake of private gain,' he explained. 'The Master is insensitive to suffering, while her henchman, Count Tebbula, serves her purposes by starving the peasants and robbing them of their right to labour. Why, he even tries to deny their existence by falsely reducing their numbers – it is the way he counts them. That is why he is called a Count.'

'How can we combat them?' I asked anxiously.

'There is only one way,' said Van Footsing grimly. Nothing can be done about the Master – she is beyond salvation. But the Count can be thwarted by having a stake driven through his heart, as he lies in his earth-filled coffin. We shall visit the vaults tonight, and do what must be done!'

We stood in the vaults beneath Castle Tebbula. The hour was approaching midnight, and I was filled with foreboding as I gazed down at the Count's inert body in the open coffin. Would we succeed in ending the hellish rule of the Un-Dead and restoring the body politic to health and sanity?

Professor Van Footsing seemed to read my thoughts.

'Have no fear, my friend. We have decency on our side.'

'And history?' I queried.

'That is a Marxian philosophy, to which I do not subscribe.'

He opened the bag he had brought with him, and drew from it a long wooden stake sharpened to a point, a hammer and a heavy leather-bound volume, which I took at first to be a bible. On looking closer, however, I saw that it was a collection of Dean Swift's essays.

'Would you like to strike the blow?' asked Van Footsing.

'I prefer that you do it, Professor. I am opposed to violence.'

'As I am. But there are times when it is warranted. I should warn you, though, to be prepared for a fearful ordeal. You will witness a scene of momentary horror, as the stake pierces his heart and he screams in unholy agony at the evil being driven from him. Then it will all be over.'

'Are you sure?' I asked uncertainly.

'I would stake my career on it.'

He placed the point over the Count's heart, then raised the hammer and struck with all his might.

There was no sound as the stake went home. No scream of agony. No blood.

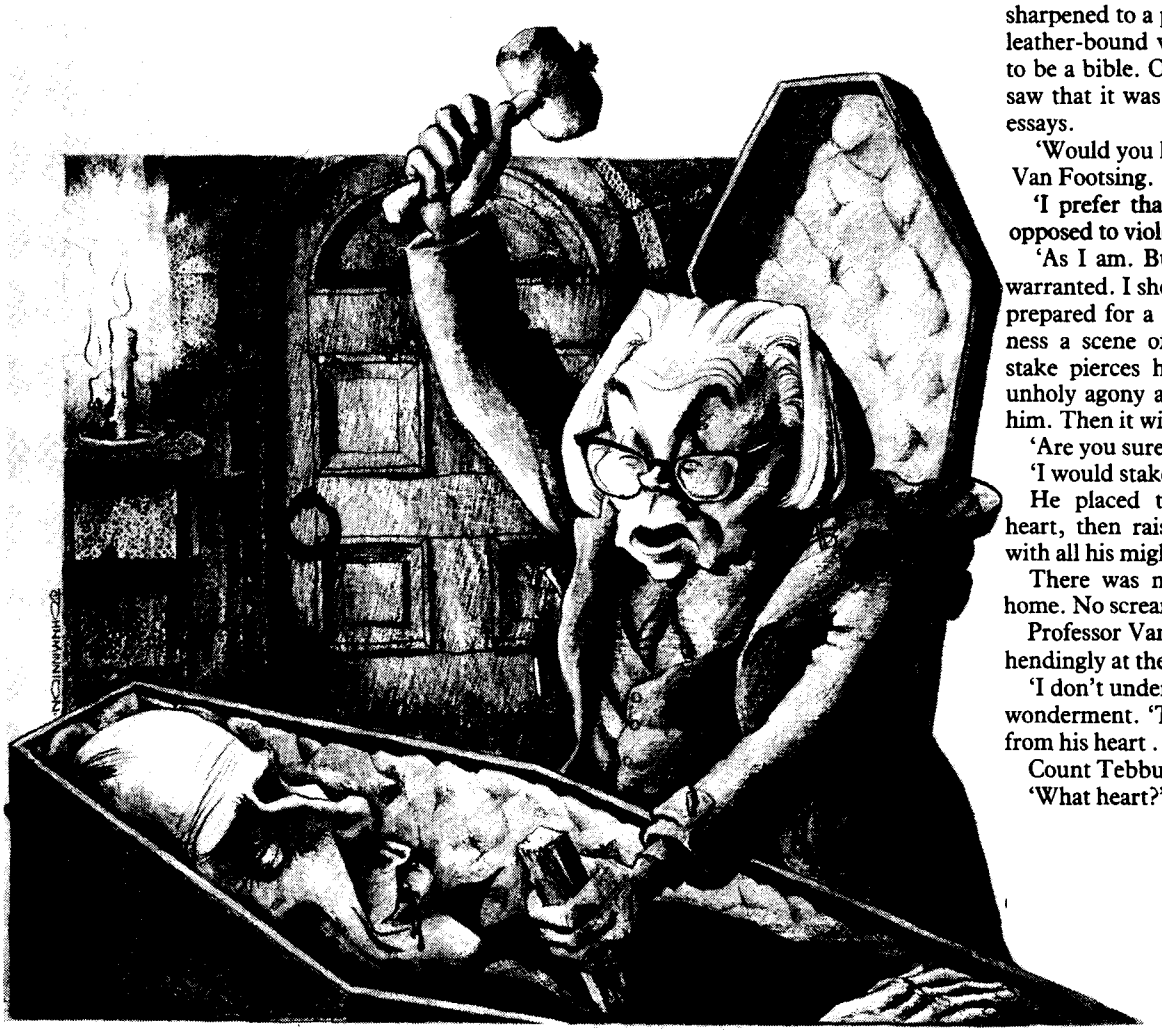
Professor Van Footsing stared uncomprehendingly at the body in the coffin.

'I don't understand it,' he said in a daze of wonderment. 'The blood should be pouring from his heart . . .'

Count Tebbula opened one eye and said:

'What heart?'

●



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from

The Joke

by Milan Kundera *(translated from the Czech by Michael Heim)*

THE EVENTS leading to my first major disaster (and, as a direct result of its uncharitable intervention, to my acquaintance with Lucie) might well be recounted in a detached, even lighthearted tone: it all goes back to my fatal predilection for silly jokes and Marketa's fatal inability to grasp any joke whatsoever. Marketa was the type of woman who takes everything seriously (which made her totally at one with the spirit of the age); her major gift from the fates was an aptitude for credulity. Now, I am not using credulity as a euphemism for stupidity; not in the least: she was moderately bright and in any case young enough (nineteen, a first-year student) so that her trustful naïveté seemed more charm than defect, accompanied as it was by undeniable charms of a physical nature. Everyone at the university liked her, and we all made more or less serious passes at her, which didn't stop us (at least some of us) from poking gentle, perfectly innocent fun at her.

But that kind of fun did not go over very well with Marketa, to say nothing of the spirit of the age. It was the first year after February 1948. A new life had begun, a genuinely new and different life, and its features – they are engraved in my memory – were rigid and grave. The odd thing was that the gravity of those features took the form of a smile, not a frown. That's right, those years told the world they were the most radiant of years, and anyone who failed to rejoice was immediately suspected of lamenting the victory of the working class or (what was equally criminal) giving way *individualistically* to inner sorrows.

Not only was I unencumbered with inner sorrows; I was blessed with a considerable sense of fun. And even so I can't say I wore the joyous physiognomy of the times: my sense of fun was too frivolous. No, the joy in vogue was devoid of irony and practical jokes; it was, as I have said, of a highly serious variety, the self-proclaimed *historical optimism of the victorious class*, a solemn and ascetic joy – in short, Joy with a capital J.

I remember how we were all organized into 'study groups' that met for frequent criticism and self-criticism sessions culminating in formal evaluations of each member. Like every Communist at the time, I had a number of functions (I held an important post in the League of University Students), and since I was quite a good student as well, I could pretty well count on receiving a positive evaluation. If the public testimonials to my loyalty to the state, my hard work, and my knowledge of Marxism tended to be followed by a phrase along the lines of 'harbours traces of individualism,' I had no reason to be alarmed: it was customary to include some critical remark in even the most positive evaluations, to censure one person for 'lack of interest in revolutionary theory', another for 'lack of warmth in personal relations', a third for 'lack of caution and vigilance', a fourth for 'lack of respect for women'. But the moment a remark like that was not the only factor under consideration (when it was joined by another or when we came into conflict with a colleague or under suspicion or attack), those 'traces of individualism,' that 'lack of respect for women,' could sow the seeds of our destruction. And every one of us carried the first fatal seed with him in the form of his Party record; yes, *every* one of us.

Sometimes (more in sport than from real concern) I defended myself against the charge of individualism. I demanded that my colleagues prove to me why I was an individualist. For want of any concrete evidence they would say, 'Because you act like one.' 'How do I act?' 'You have a strange kind of smile.' 'And if I do? That's how I express my joy.' 'No, you smile as though you were thinking to yourself.'

When the Comrades branded my conduct and my smile as *intellectual* (another notorious pejorative of the times), I actually believed them. I couldn't imagine (I wasn't bold enough to imagine) that everyone else might be wrong, that the Revolution itself, the spirit of the times, might be wrong, and I, an individual, might be right. I began to keep tabs on my smiles, and soon I felt a tiny crack opening up between the person I'd been and the person I should be (according to the spirit of the times) and tried to be.

But which was the real me? Let me be perfectly honest: I was a man of many faces.

And the faces kept multiplying. About a month before summer I began to get close to Marketa (she was finishing her first year, I my second) and like all twenty-year-olds I tried to impress her by donning a mask and pretending to be older (in spirit and experience) than I was: I assumed an air of detachment, of aloofness; I made believe I had an extra layer of skin, invisible and impenetrable. I thought (quite rightly) that by joking I would establish my detachment, and though I'd always been good at it, the line I used on Marketa always seemed forced, artificial and tedious.

Who was the real me? I can only repeat: I was a man of many faces.

At meetings I was earnest, enthusiastic, and committed; among friends – a provocative busybody; with Marketa – cynical and fitfully witty; and alone (and thinking of Marketa) – unsure of myself and as excited as a schoolboy.

Was that last face the real one?

No. They were all real: I wasn't a hypocrite, with one real face and several false ones. I had several faces because I was young and didn't know who I was or wanted to be. (I was frightened by the differences between one face and the next; none of them seemed to fit me properly, and I groped my way clumsily among them.)

The psychological and physiological mechanisms of love are so complex that at a certain point in life a young man must concentrate all his energy on coming to grips with them and often loses sight of the object of his desires: the woman he loves. (In this he is much like a young violinist who cannot concentrate on the emotional content of a piece until the technique required to play it comes automatically.) Since I've spoken of my schoolboy-like crush on Marketa, I should point out that the excitement I felt stemmed not so much from my being in love as from my awkward lack of self-assurance; it weighed heavily on me and exerted much more of an influence on my thoughts and feelings than Marketa herself.

To ease the burden of my embarrassment, I flaunted my knowledge, disagreeing with her at every opportunity and poking fun at all her opinions. It wasn't hard to do because despite her brains (and beauty, which, like all beauty, had an aura of inaccessibility to it) she was innocent and trusting. She was constitutionally unable to look behind anything; she could only see the thing itself; she had a remarkable mind for botany, but would often fail to understand a joke told by a fellow student; she let herself be carried away by the enthusiasm of the day, but when confronted with a political deed based on the principle that the end justifies the means, she would be as bewildered as when told a joke. That was why the Comrades decided she needed to fortify her zeal with concrete knowledge of the strategy and tactics of the revolutionary movement, and sent her during the summer to a two-week Party training session.

The training session put a definite damper

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on my plans: those were the two weeks I'd planned to spend alone with Marketa in Prague with an eye to putting our relationship (which until then had consisted of walks, talks, and a few kisses) on a more concrete footing, and since they were the only weeks I had (I was required to spend the next four on a student agricultural brigade and had promised the last two to my mother in Moravia), I reacted with painful jealousy when Marketa, far from sharing my feeling, failed to show the slightest chagrin and even told me she was looking forward to it.

From the training session (it took place at one of the castles of central Bohemia) she sent me a letter that was one hundred percent Marketa, chock-full of earnest enthusiasm for everything around her. It was all so wonderful: the early-morning calisthenics, the talks, the discussions, even the songs they sang; she praised the 'healthy atmosphere' that reigned there and diligently added a few words to the effect that the revolution in the West would not be long in coming.

Actually I quite agreed with what she said; I even believed in the imminence of a revolution in Western Europe; there was only one thing I could not accept: her happy, buoyant mood in the face of my desire. So I bought a postcard and (to hurt, shock, and confuse her) wrote: Optimism is the opium of the people! A healthy atmosphere stinks of stupidity! Long live Trotsky! Ludvik.

Marketa responded to my provocation postcard with a brief and banal note and left the rest of the letters I sent her during the summer unanswered. I was up in the mountains pitching hay with my student brigade, and Marketa's silence was very hard on me. I wrote her almost daily letters overflowing with prayerful, mournful infatuation: Couldn't we at least see something of each other the last two weeks of the summer, I begged her: I was willing to give up the trip home, the visit to my poor deserted mother; I was willing to go anywhere just to be with Marketa. And it was not merely because I loved her; more than anything it was because she was the only woman on my horizon and I found the state of boy without girl intolerable. But Marketa didn't answer my letters.

I couldn't understand what had happened. I arrived back in Prague in August and managed to catch her at home. We took our usual walk along the Vltava and over to Imperial Meadow (a melancholy island of poplars and deserted playgrounds), and Marketa not only claimed that nothing had changed between us, but acted accordingly. The trouble was that the rigid, unwavering *sameness* of everything (sameness of kiss, sameness of conversation, sameness of smile) proved more depressing than my worst fears. When I asked if I could see her the next day, she told me to phone and we'd set a time.

I did phone; an unfamiliar woman's voice informed me that Marketa had left Prague.

I was unhappy as only a womanless twenty-year-old can be, a rather shy young man who has known few encounters with physical love, few and fleeting and gauche, and who is constantly preoccupied with it. The days were unbearably long and futile; I couldn't read, I couldn't work, I went to three different films a day, one showing after another, just to kill time, to drown out the screech of the hoot owl issuing from deep inside me. Although thanks to my own laborious attempts Marketa thought of me as a *roué* quite surfeited with women, I could not get up the courage to talk to girls walking along the street, girls whose beautiful legs made my heart ache.

And so I was very glad when September came at last, bringing classes and (several days before classes began) my work at the League of Students, where I had an office to myself and all kinds of things to keep me busy. The day after I got back, however, I received a phone call summoning me to District Party Headquarters. From that moment I remember everything in perfect detail. It was a sunny day, and as I came out of the League of Students building I felt the grief that had plagued me all summer slowly dissipating. I set off with an agreeable feeling of curiosity. I rang the bell and was let in by the chairman of the Party University Committee, a tall gaunt youth with fair hair and ice-blue eyes. I gave him the standard Party greeting of the time, 'Honour to Labour,' but instead of responding he said, 'Go straight back. They're waiting for you.'

Hiang Kee

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In the last room I found three more members of the committee. They told me to sit down.

Their first question was whether I knew Marketa. They asked me whether I had corresponded with her. I said I had. They asked me whether I remembered what I wrote. I said I didn't, but immediately the postcard with the provocative text materialized before my eyes and I began to have an inkling of what was going on. Can't you recall anything? they asked. No, I said. Well, then, what did Marketa write to you? I shrugged my shoulders to give the impression she'd written about intimate matters I couldn't possibly discuss in public. Didn't she write anything about the training session? they asked. Yes, I said. What did she say? That she liked it there, I answered. And? That the talks were good, I answered, and the group spirit. Did she mention that a healthy atmosphere prevailed? Yes, I said, I think she did say something like that. Did she mention she was discovering the power of optimism? Yes, I said. And what do *you* think of optimism? they asked. Optimism? I asked. Why, nothing special. Do you consider yourself an optimist? they went on. I do, I said uneasily. I like a good time, a good laugh, I said, trying to lighten the tone of the interrogation. A nihilist likes a good laugh, said one of them. He laughs at people who suffer. A cynic likes a good laugh, he went on. Do you think socialism can be built without optimism? asked another of them. No, I said. Then you're opposed to our building socialism, said the third. What do you mean? I protested. Because you think optimism is the opium of the people, they said, advancing their attack. The opium of the people? I asked defensively. Don't try to dodge the issue. That's what you wrote. Marx called religion the opium of the people, and you think our optimism is an opiate! That's what you wrote to Marketa. I wonder what our workers, our shock workers, would say if they were to learn that the optimism spurring them on to overfulfil the plan was an opiate. To which another added, for a Trotskyite the optimism that builds socialism can never be more than an opiate. And you are a Trotskyite. For heaven's sake, what ever gave you that idea? I protested. Did you write it or did you not? I may have written something of the kind as a joke, but that was two months ago, I don't remember. We'll be glad to refresh your memory, they said, and read me my postcard aloud: Optimism is the opium of the people! A healthy atmosphere stinks of stupidty! Long live Trotsky! Ludvik.

The words sounded so terrifying in the small Party Headquarters office that they frightened me out of my wits. I realized they had a destructive force I was powerless to counter. But, Comrades, it was meant to be funny, I said, knowing they couldn't possibly believe me. Do you feel like laughing? one of the Comrades asked the other two. Both shook their heads. You have to know Marketa, I said. We do, they replied. Then don't you see? Marketa takes everything seriously. We've always poked a little fun at her, tried to shock her. Interesting, replied one of the Comrades. Your other letters give no sign that you fail to take Marketa seriously. You mean you've read all my letters to Marketa? So the reason you make fun of Marketa, said another one, is that she takes everything seriously. Tell us now, what is it she takes seriously? Things like the Party, optimism, discipline, right? Are those the things that make you laugh? Try to understand, Comrades, I said. I don't even remember writing it, I must have dashed it off, it was just a few sentences, a joke, I didn't give it a second thought. If I'd meant anything bad by it, I wouldn't have sent it to a Party training session! How you wrote it is immaterial. Whether you wrote it quickly or slowly, in your lap or at a desk, you could only have written what was inside you. That and nothing else. If you'd thought things through, you might not have written it. As it is, you wrote what you really felt. As it is, we know who you are. We know you have two faces – one for the Party, another for the rest of the world. I felt I had run out of arguments and kept repeating the old ones: that it was all in fun, that the words were meaningless, that my mood at the time was to blame, and so on. I failed completely. They said I'd written what I had to say on an open postcard, that it was there for everyone to see, that my words had an *objective* significance which could not be explained away by my mood at the time. Then they asked me how much Trotsky I had read. None, I said. They asked me who had lent me the books. No one, I said. They asked me what Trotskyites I had met with. None, I said. They told me they were relieving me of my post in the League of Students, effective immediately, and asked me to give them the keys to my office. I took them out of my pocket and handed them over. Then they said my case would be handled on the Party level by the Party Organization at the Division of Natural Sciences. They stood up and looked past me. I said 'Honour to Labour' and left.

Later I remembered I had a lot of things at the League office. My desk drawer had socks in it as well as personal papers, and in my cupboard there was a half-eaten rum cake from my mother's oven alongside the dossiers. Although I had just given up my keys at Party Headquarter's, the downstairs porter knew me and gave me the house key, which hung with all the others on a wooden board. I remember everything down to the last detail: the key was attached by strong cord to a small wooden board with the number of my office painted on it in white; I unlocked the door and sat down at my desk; I opened the drawer and took out my things; I was slow and absentminded; in that short period of relative calm I was trying to come to grips with what had happened to me and what I ought to do about it.

It wasn't long before the door opened and in came the three Comrades from Party Headquarters. This time they were far from cold and reserved; this time their voices were loud and agitated, especially the shortest of the three, the official in charge of

The Spectator

CHRISTMAS ISSUE

Read

'Lord Bilton', a previously unpublished cautionary tale by Hilaire Belloc

'The Fortune-teller', a short story by Shiva Naipaul

Harold Acton, Peter Quennell,
Auberon Waugh, Sam White,
Patrick Leigh Fermor, Richard Ingrams
and many more.

On sale at your newsstands Friday 17th December,
or by subscription from
56 Doughty Street, London WC1N 2LL.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Party cadres. How did I get there? he snapped at me. What right did I have to be there? Did I want him to have me hauled off by the police? What was I doing rummaging around in the desk? I told him I'd come for the rum cake and the socks. He said I had no right whatsoever to be there even if my socks were all over the place. Then he went up to the desk and looked through the contents paper by paper, notebook by notebook. Since they were in fact my personal belongings, he finally allowed me to put them into a suitcase while he looked on. I stuck them in with my dirty, crumpled socks, and managed to squeeze in the rum cake, by wrapping it in the greasy paper that had caught the crumbs during its stay in the cupboard. He followed my every move, and as I left, his parting words were: Never show your face here again.

No sooner was I released from the spell of the Comrades from the District Headquarters, from the invincible logic of their interrogation, than I felt I was innocent, that there wasn't anything so terrible in what I'd said, and that the best thing to do would be to go and talk to someone well acquainted with Marketa, someone I could confide in, someone who would tell me the whole business was absurd. I looked up a fellow student, a Communist, and when I'd told him the story from beginning to end, he said that District Headquarters had a reputation for being bigoted and humourless and that he, knowing Marketa, had a clear idea of what it was all about. In any case, the man for me to see was Zemanek, who was going to be Party Chairman of Natural Sciences and knew both Marketa and me very well . . . □

Printed by permission of Faber & Faber Ltd from The Joke *by Milan Kundera, to be published on 28 February, 1983.*

The pleasures of reading: 1982

Regular contributors to the NS's Books and Arts pages were asked which books they had actually *enjoyed* most during the past year.

I have to nominate both *Dinner at the Homesick Restaurant* by Anne Tyler (Chatto, £7.50) and *Twelve Years: An American Boyhood in East Germany* by Joel Agee (Faber/Farrar Straus, £8.25). Anne Tyler's novel is distinguished by her characteristic and joyous feeling for stubborn idiosyncrasies of temperament; it is also artistically shapely and sharply percipient about sibling jealousy. Joel Agee's memoir illuminates both the (then) new, and confused, DDR and the universal adolescent problem of finding cultural and sexual identity. The portrait of the narrator's German stepfather is most moving. Both books seem to me exemplarily courageous and life-enhancing.

Paul Binding

Two sensitive autobiographers, Diana Athill and Jeremy Seabrook, make us a present of their youth, in words whose richness and subtlety have taken half a life-time to mature. She was born into the East Anglian gentry in 1918; he, 20 years later, into a Northampton butcher's shop. In their respective stories, *Instead of a Letter* (first published in 1963 and now reprinted by Robin Clark, £3.50) and *Mother and Son* (1979 Gollancz, £6.95), they consider the effect of their origins, place and period upon their capacity for love, and reveal, through personal attachments, the changing nature and fortunes of their class. A fine distillation of experiences, full of historical energy and food for thought.

Marion Glastonbury

What taste forbids, appetite excuses. The book I have *most enjoyed* during 1982 has been (albeit indirectly) *Madhur Jaffrey's Indian Cookery* (BBC, £8.25 and £4.25): sound advice on ingredients, techniques and equipment, followed by more than a hundred varied recipes. Result: authentic Indian dishes from readily available raw materials. Not a Book of the Year, obviously, but well worth a Cooker Prize. Literati might try William Boyd's *An Ice-Cream War* for dessert.

David Montrose

1982 has been a year of nuclear and anti-nuclear publishing proliferation. There have been some poor books: too much politically vacuous 'strategic study' from the Establishment, and from all sides too much mere cataloguing of weapons and their effects. Avoiding both these faults, and reflecting the internationalism of the still-growing resistance, the New Left Books collection *Exterminism and Cold War* (Verso, £5.50) was the year's outstanding book: inevitably sombre, but inspiring too.

M.H. Ryle

Of new fiction, only Arden's bruising *Silence Among the Weapons* (Methuen, £7.95) stands out, its images of history violently alive. But my special treat was Jonathan Raban's mosey down the Mississippi, *Old Glory* (Collins, £8.95). Its tone is as warm and inviting as its language is supple and muscular – as casually treacherous, unpredictably twisty and irreverent as the river itself, in fact. Raban's eye seems preternaturally alert, and there's nary a novelist with such impeccable timing.

Bill Greenwell

This last year I've been looking for a peaceful sanctuary no structuralist would dream of entering. Luckily I've found it in a marvellous anthology – *The Rattle Bag* (Faber, £10 and £4.95), edited by Seamus Heaney and Ted Hughes. This collection is full of lovely finds like Beddoes' 'A Crocodile' or Heaney's dialect version of a little-known medieval poem, 'The Names of the Hare'. Blessings, too, on P.J. Kavanagh for editing the *Collected Poems of Ivor Gurney* (Oxford, £12).

Tom Paulin

Two books recently published in paperback: first, *In the Secret State* by Robert McCrum (Fontana, £1.50) – a cracking first novel, a spy thriller that anticipates the tawdry reputation that the Government's Communications HQ at Cheltenham has now acquired. Second, *I Have No Gun But I Can Spit* (Methuen, £2.95) – an anthology of satirical verse collected by Kenneth Baker in the days when he could enjoy life before becoming Minister for Information Technology. Cruel and bitter contributions range from the Bible to Monty Python; *the* book for those who don't know much about poetry but know what they hate.

Peter Kellner

Of the new titles, Patrick McCarthy's *Camus* (Hamish Hamilton, £12.50) and William Boyd's *An Ice-Cream War* (Hamish Hamilton, £7.95); of the re-issues, Francis Stuart's *Black List Section H* (Penguin, £2.95). Stuart, a renegade Ulster Protestant, spent the war years in Berlin seeking extremity and disgrace; and succeeded. Politically he does not appear on the spectrum; he is a secular mystic and moral somnambulist, the artist as outcast even today. By endorsing *Black List*, Penguin have contributed significantly to his rehabilitation – a development at odds with his own artistic programme. Still, the book must be read.

Derek Mahon

Looking at the Christmas naps in the amalgamated *Sunday Timeserver* one would think we were a politically illiterate culture. But there is a lot of good political thought around, for example Preston King on *Federalism and Federation* (Croom Helm, £5.95) and E.D. Watt on *Authority* (Croom Helm, £5.50). But slightly perversely I go for the intelligence and style of a study of an overrated American figure, Edward Bellamy, by Arthur Lipow, *Authoritarian Socialism in America* (University of California Press, £21.50). He brilliantly distinguishes the socialism one wants from that one resists.

Bernard Crick

The book I enjoyed most this year (and *for* most of the year – it's a perfect bedside book) was *The Strangers All Are Gone* (Heinemann, £9.50), the concluding volume of Anthony Powell's memoirs. There is much of interest in the novelist's literary observations (a remarkably sane reading of Shakespeare's sonnets, for example); but the Aubreyesque anecdotes and character-sketches are the chief attractions: notably, an account of the *Chatterley* trial and a satirical portrait of Malcolm Muggeridge.

Lewis Jones

▶

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'The *Führer* was a sweet pressure in the stomach area and a sweet lump in the throat . . .' Christa Wolf's *A Model Childhood* (Virago, £8.95) was one of the most disturbing, important, impressive books this year – not merely because of its central subject (the author's exhumation of her Nazi childhood and adolescence), but the intellectual honesty, the profound, imaginative daring with which it investigates responsibility, guilt, time, memory, the narrative process itself.

Harriett Gilbert

Bronislava Nijinska: Early Memoirs (Faber, £15) is a first-hand account of ballet's epic days that beggars its published antecedents – Romola never even mastered her husband Vaslav's date of birth. From Russian touring childhood to international fame, these are reflections by the talented soloist she was rather than the brilliant choreographer she became. Idolising her brother (a full pirouette on his head in *Schéhérazade?*) and Chaliapin, she documents the flowering of Diaghilev's Imperial Theatre dissenters.

Stephanie Jordan

Poems of the Dispossessed (Dolmen Press, £12 and £4.50), collected and edited by Sean O Tuama and translated by Thomas Kinsella, presents an impressive selection of Gaelic poetry from the 17th century to the end of the 19th; you find wit, flamboyance, oddity, lucidity and plaintiveness in abundance here. Angela Carter is at her most dashing in the essays that make up *Nothing Sacred* (Virago, £3.50); while Alice Thomas Ellis, in her third enticing novel *The 27th Kingdom* (Duckworth, £7.95; Penguin, £2.50), lives up to her reputation for singularity.

Patricia Craig

As a raking, breathtaking shot across the venerable, barnacled bows of film history – and reputations – Volume I of David Shipman's big new enterprise, *The Story of Cinema: From the Beginnings to 'Gone With The Wind'* (Hodder, £14.95), is even more comprehensively iconoclastic than his earlier Herculean labours on the great movie stars. Nothing has rattled my shelves quite so outrageously and enjoyably in 1982; and I'm still dipping. Lengthier appreciation will have to wait, alas, till the promised second volume's appearance early next year.

John Coleman

Hellfire: The Jerry Lee Lewis Story by Nick Tosches (Plexus, £8.95 and £4.95) is a brilliant account of 'The Killer', his rise to stardom from the Louisiana swampland, and his vertiginous fall when the press discovered he had married his 13-year-old cousin. Written in an over-ripe biblical pastiche (saved by Tosches' ironic punchlines) this is the best account we have of how the first rock and rollers were torn between salvation and the Devil's music. Lewis knew he was damned. He said of his nickname: 'I don't think they meant it *killer* like, like I'd *kill* people. But I am one mean sonofabitch.'

Mary Harron

Tackling Dickens at 13 was a huge success, but George Eliot resisted my adolescent advances. Not until last summer, in fact, did I progress beyond the opening chapters of *Middlemarch*. The long haul has been worth it, though: a gripping narrative, also a reminder that noble if naive do-gooders have always been with us and that psyches got probed even before the arrival of Clement Freud's grandfather.

Charles Fox

Perhaps simple perversity ensures that one always enjoys a book more when it has been paid for than when it arrives for review. But I'm sure I would have cherished Brian Mathew's *The Crocus* (Batsford, £25) however it had come to me; not only is it the authoritative monograph on the *genus* everyone interested in bulbs has been awaiting, it's also a superb object, with splendid full-page plates of each species, many of them from fine 19th-century sources.

Andrew Clements

From *Born to Work* (Pluto Press, £4.95), a collection of superbly atmospheric photographs and interviews by Nick Hedges with commentary by Huw Beynon, the result of a recent two-year study of working life in six English factories, some of which have since closed.

Vicky Hutchings

Bernard Crick's *George Orwell: A Life* came out in paperback (Penguin, £2.95) and I devoured it greedily. Crick treats his subject with sense and sensibility which Orwell himself would surely have admired. I must also mention three 'instant books' which are far more thoughtful (and, I hope, enduring) than most works in this *genre:* Jacobo Timerman's *The Longest War* (Picador, £2.50), the late David Tinker's *A Message from the Falklands* (Junction, £3.50) and Anthony Barnett's *Iron Britannia* (Allison & Busby, £2.95).

Francis Wheen

I chose Jan Morris's *The Spectacle of Empire* (Faber, £12.50), not just for the spectacular array of illustrations, but as much for the text. You might think that Morris, after completing her famous trilogy on this subject, would emerge a bit tired and trite in this condensed, popularised, glossy form. On the contrary, her unique blend of the curious detail with imaginative generalisation is as pithy, witty, poetic, satirical and stimulating as ever.

John Spurling

Craftsmanship, discretion and a quiet passion characterise Ronald Blythe's essays, *From the Headlands* (Chatto, £9.50). Central to his interests are the interplay between art and nature and the clash of lettered and unlettered cultures. He shares the richness of his literary enthusiasms – for Hardy, Clare, Hazlitt, Crabbe; and, besides much else, he offers us a celebration of Henry George, whose ideas in *Progress and Poverty* are – or should be – still on the political agenda.

Robert Hutchison

Two books made a deep impression on me this year. Jeremy Seabrook's *Working-Class Childhood* (Gollancz, £10.95) came as something of a revelation, not in the childhoods it chronicles but in Mr Seabrook's analysis of the present situation. At last there was an explanation that rang true and made sense of the spiritual decline of the working classes. The other book was a selection of Rebecca West's early journalism and reviews, *The Young Rebecca* (Macmillan, £9.95). It more than stands the test of time, making the modern thing pale into effete insignificance. Both books throb with life, are fascinating to read, and project a well-written, straight-from-the-shoulder honesty that is unfortunately rare.

Anne Smith

Of the comparatively few works of fiction I read this year, one in which I took great pleasure was *Out of Liverpool: Stories of Sea and Land* by George Garrett (Merseyside Writers' Committee, £1.95). However, after the *Collected Poems of Ivor Gurney* (see *NS* 3 Dec), the book I most enjoyed was James Fenton's *The Memory of War* (Salamander, £6.95). Fenton's inventive wit and technical panache are of the highest order, and it seems inevitable that one should compare this volume with Auden's *Poems* (1930).

John Lucas

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ART BOOKS
John Spurling

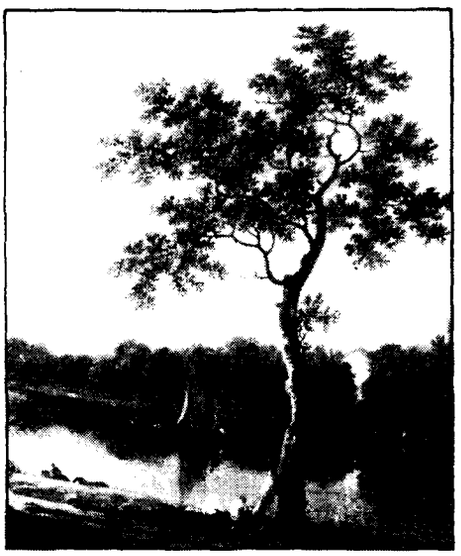
A little learning

'THE PRAISE which is every day lavished upon Virgil, Horace, and Ovid, is often no more than an indirect method the critic takes to compliment his own discernment. Their works have long been considered models of beauty; to praise them now is only to shew the conformity of our taste to theirs: it tends not to advance their reputation, but to promote our own.' This anonymous review of 1759 is quoted by David H. Solkin in his catalogue to the current Richard Wilson exhibition at the Tate. It forms part of Professor Solkin's own case against Wilson's élitism and, by implication, that of anyone who by reading the catalogue or even perhaps attending the exhibition hopes to make himself/herself *au fait* with Wilson's work. 'There is no denying,' Solkin writes, that Wilson's painting *The Destruction of the Children of Niobe* 'represents a blatant, one might even say vulgar display of sheer erudition'. A remarkable act of *hara-kiri* on the part of an academic, hired by a museum to make his own blatant display of erudition for the benefit of the vulgar!

But is praising the accepted art of the past simply an act of self-flattery and aggrandisement? Is it really a matter of reputation? Isn't erudition, far from being a sneer word, the active ingredient in a constant discourse – whose terms may be social, political, aesthetic, technical, psychological – between oneself, one's contemporaries, the dead artist and his predecessors and contemporaries? When you stop finding more than you already knew in an artist, you cease to respond and the discourse ends until somebody – it may even be a professor – persuades you otherwise.

The favoured modern method of finding more in an antique artist is, of course, filling out his context. In his back-handed, tendentious way, this was what Professor Solkin was trying to do for Wilson. David Rosand's new book, *Painting in Cinquecento Venice* (Yale, £30), is an object lesson in how valuable the method can be. Concentrating on three major artists – Titian, Veronese and Tintoretto – and in particular on their large public works for specific churches or other buildings, Professor Rosand begins his investigation with the city of Venice itself, its watery situation, its long-established oligarchy, its guilds and its charitable foundations. The dampness meant that frescoes deteriorated, so that oil paint on canvas was the natural choice of medium for a Venetian artist; the oligarchy spelled conservatism; the guilds and family workshops encouraged tradition and collectivism as against the competitive individualism of the Florentines; the charitable foundations, noted for their processional pageantry and keen to embellish their buildings, supplied the subject-matter, the sites and the funds for public commissions. Rosand also explains the great division between Florentine line and Venetian colour, the *'disegno-colorito* controversy' which in one form or another has run through painting ever since. Because of their closed-shop guilds, it was illegal for Venetian painters also to practise sculpture or architecture – something Florentine artists did fairly freely – so that while their climate propelled the Venetians towards the new oil medium, their exclusive trade steered them away from line and measurement.

Having laid out the general context, Rosand closes in on the particular. The paintings he discusses were made for individual sites and many of them are still there. Titian, for example, painted three altarpieces for the church of Santa Maria Gloriosa dei Frari. One of them, the late *Pietà*, intended to hang above his own burial place, was never installed, but the other two



Detail of *View of the Thames near Twickenham* by Richard Wilson

demonstrate how Titian took account of the surrounding architecture, the lighting and the way the viewer would approach the painting. In *The Madonna di Ca' Pesaro*, placed over an altar at the side of the nave, the Madonna's throne and the steps up to it are angled so as to 'invite entrance from the side', but the figures are arranged to work as a narrative sequence from directly in front. The reconciliation of these two views gives the painting much of its power, its complex effect of space and movement.

With the help of diagrams and photographs, Rosand brings his reader as nearly as possible into the room with the picture, but his ultimate purpose is to re-animate the meanings within the picture. What a good director can do for the text of an old play, an art historian with a good dose of erudition can do for an old painting. Take Veronese's famous *The Family of Darius Before Alexander*, which now hangs in the National Gallery: Rosand is anxious to relieve Veronese of the perennial accusation of being merely a decorator of the surface and his first tactic is to get the whole painting into motion:

> The narrative unfolds across that surface in a great wave sweeping down from the left frame . . . crosses the brief gap before the balustrade, and then . . . mounts to the handsome head of the intercessor presenting the Persian ladies. This curve is met by the solid block of figures of the Greek warriors. However, through the broad gesture of Alexander himself . . . the curve continues its course to the right, turning down, forward, and completely reversing itself finally in the curious page in white.

Rosand doesn't unfortunately always write as well as he sees and thinks – his text is often clumsy and, especially when he's generalising, rather pompous. But concentrated on narrative, whether it is one of Veronese's more traditionally Venetian horizontal tableaux or an innovatory scene in deep perspective space by Tintoretto, he is a subtle and stimulating guide, a promoter of discourse and understanding, not of reputation or élitism.

Rembrandt: Self-Portraits (Gordon Fraser, £12.95) is a useful catalogue of this extraordinary succession of 98 images from youth to old age, which have often been the occasion for more or less fanciful psychological speculation on the part of art historians. Christopher Wright takes a down-to-earth approach, sticking mainly to facts and descriptions, but his speculative reticence sometimes betrays him into the bathetically obvious. Writing of the mature portraits, he says: 'In each of these pictures we learn just a little more of what Rembrandt wants to tell us. That is a curious mixture of grandeur and melancholia.' However, the paintings are splendidly reproduced, each, except for the small etchings, with a page to itself, and the reader is given all the known information on which to erect his own interpretation of Rembrandt's meaning.

Jean Leymarie is not the man to write a book on *Balthus* (Skira/Macmillan, £15). He admires his subject too uncritically and he writes in a high-flown style which, at least in English translation (here done by James Emmons), is liable to alienate the reader from the first sentence:

> Some artists are providentially singled out as bearers of the Golden Bough. They abide, pilgrims of eternity, keepers of the spirit, servants of beauty, traversing their time and all its transitory flux and reflux, set on a steady course, intent on timeless values.

Well, no doubt, but with an artist as eccentric and disturbing as Balthus, one needs a lot of transitory context and nitty-gritty detail. What about all those adolescent girls, for instance? Leymarie replies:

> Adolescence fraught with its cosmic radiance has always been the supreme model of beauty because in the litheness of its still growing form there is a slight wavering which imparts the breath of life to the perfection of its outline.

Not a book, I'm afraid, to advance Balthus's reputation nor even Leymarie's, but presumably the kind of thing our reviewer of 1759 was up against. For *aficionados* the large colour reproductions will be welcome, but for the rest of us there is simply too little erudition. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Laurence Lerner

The test

What I must understand is this,
That God loves me.
It took three days,
The dry sand glinting, the smooth sky
Giving no purchase to the eye,
The child beside me, the long blade
Safe in my pocket, and the word,
The unbelievable command,
Lodged in my ears: 'Take your son,
Your Isaac, whom you love . . . '
Three days,
Sinking in sand, while in my head
Nothing but 'God loves me'. He must.

Is it some joke? I asked. Some test,
Or what? I trudged, while Isaac ran
And giggled: 'Father, you forgot
The lamb, you old forget-me-pot'.
'Shall we go back?' He laughed again.
I swallowed the temptation down.

Three days, three days. The endless sand
Reluctant to release each foot,
The fire, the sweat, the heavy wood.

The more absurd the Lord's command
The more that proves his love. There were
A thousand reasons to turn back,
To shirk the test, to spoil the joke;
But I went on. I built the fire,
I bound my son; and only then
I heard the thicket bleat and tear,
And sure enough, a ram was there.

It was as if an angel stood
Between me and the word of God.

There are no rams on Mount Moriah.
A ram was there, for all to see.
I killed it, and set Isaac free.

And so back home: to hear the joy,
See Sarah weep, and kiss me; see
The sky relax and life resume,
And know I'd failed: that after all
Temptation bleated,and I fell.

God loves me more than I love him.

Michael O'Neill

Christmas Eve

The more than usually vulnerable –
Their sufferings huddle at the pane this midnight
Like moths or wan carols. I watch the light
Thrown out on snow-ribbed tarmac by a candle

And think of those whose families have made
Life a black web spun by spidery malice,
Of those lacking a stance to buttress weakness,
Those a brusque word cuts open like a blade.

Their thin chorus of cries will finish soon.
I wish for them night's anaesthetised gift
Of sleep, or solitude, while slow winds drift
Between flame-ghosted snow and a stone moon.

Simon North

Chagall winter

Behind the church a fish ascends
With wings aflame. The wounded moon
Unveils her yellow flowers.
A violin's remorseless strain
Weaves a skein of blue about the town
As scales of darkness creep
Along the backs of houses, putting to flight
The day's invention.
A drunk's imbroglio appeal reminds us
Of habitual exile,
And this respite.

Frost thistles thicken in the air
Around the door we enter
With our downy breaths.
Outside, night tars the trees, splayed
And sad as broken umbrellas; in here
The bed surrounds us
With its other-wordly sounds.
I'm unused to this complexity.
I'm salt touching silk!

Vagrant and succinct
We're rippling-limbed tigers
At stalk, tame leopards,
Water birds calling out
To their own wildness.
Can you hear their strange
Forgotten language?

John Levett

Caravan

Hour by hour the noise of the sea,
Canned by a thin, ubiquitous mist,
Uttered and gravelled ceaselessly
And lulled you like a hypnotist
At work among the hills. The sheep,
Cropping the grass in someone's dream,
Went slowly down the side of sleep
And into the damaged, bankrupt seam
Of consciousness. Across your eye
The day broke up much like the foam
Fraying beneath a range of sky,
Blastema, bismuth, pewter, chrome.
Nothing beyond and nothing within
The dull, tin-sided caravan;
It was, perhaps, how nothing begins,
A rusted chassis, cradle of man,
A punctured tyre, upended brick,
Dump and scrubland fringed by grass,
And cocaine's visual rhetoric
With mist like a nutrient gas.
Falling back you finally slept
Dead to what was left of the world,
The long ache of physical fact
Dropped like a hand that once you held.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Matthew Sweeney

Golf

The ball is pockmarked and depressable,
meant for long parabolas over mown grass
ending in a punctured green.
Striking it is a science; studies are made
with vectors and angles, pivots, stance,
the arc of the swing. It is not a game.
Experts loom in and out of the television
in their peaked caps and bright green slacks,
crowds of women curved around them.
Watch how the ball obeys them.

Back at the local course it wanders,
goes lost, or lies camouflaged with furze
till a search-party unearths it.
It sits like a round pebble in sand
waiting to emerge in a golden cloud.
Often counting is a sadness
best kept strictly private
but the sea is a glamorous companion,
the air is safe, there's whiskey in the clubhouse
and one's game must soon come right.

Keith Bosley

Romantic piano concerto

Somewhere near the end of the second movement
pianist and orchestra both surrender
to the still small voice of a violin that
changes the subject.

Long ago concertos were conversations:
later they were more of a controversy
in the course of which the Romantic hero
seizes the laurels.

This composer wrote his heroics for his
student, tailored them to her tiny hands, and
since he loved her quoted a tune of hers, but
not for her fingers:

Music touches places beyond our touching
deeper than the personal: did he settle
for the ritual intimacy of music
fearing the other?

Touching story, this, guaranteed to rouse the
wrath of those who simply prefer to listen
but Romantic art by its nature sheds its
capital letter,

for we know she played him a few times, and the
rest was silence: did she get tired of playing
second fiddle, did she disturb his gift by
wanting the last word?

Or perhaps the story is more straightforward:
she could bear no longer his moods, his drinking
or he was too nice to unlock the room where
music was not heard.

Seamus Heaney

An Ulster twilight

The bare bulbs, a scatter of nails,
Shelved timber, glinting chisels:
In a shed of corrugated iron
Eric Dawson stoops to his plane

At five o'clock on a Christmas Eve.
Carpenter's pencil next, the spoke-shave,
Fret-saw, auger, rasp and awl,
A rub with a rag of linseed oil.

A mile away it was taking shape,
The hulk of a toy battleship,
As water-buckets iced and frost
Hardened the quiet on roof and post.

Eric Dawson, where are you now?
There were fifteen years between us two
That night I strained to hear the bells
Of a sleigh of the mind and heard you pedal

Into our lane, get off at the gable,
Steady your Raleigh bicycle
Against the whitewash, stand to make sure
The house is quiet, knock at the door

And hand your parcel to a peering woman:
'I suppose you thought I was never coming.'
Eric, tonight I saw it all
Like shadows on your workshop wall,

Smelled wood shavings under the bench,
Weighed the cold steel monkey wrench
In my soft hand, then stood at the road
To watch your wavering tail-light fade

And knew that if we met again
In an Ulster twilight we would begin
And end whatever we might say
In a speech all toys and carpentry,

A doorstep courtesy to shun
Your father's black tunic and gun,
But – now that I have said it out –
Maybe none the worse for that.

Kevin Crossley-Holland

At St Gregory's Minster, Kirkdale

'This is day's sun marker at every tide.'

And then you led me through the wash
of primroses and faintly-coloured flowers
to see the sundial on St Gregory's.

I am so lonely. Sometimes I talk to the cows.

Pale sun glossed your face. Under violet eyes
the shadows seemed only tissue-deep,
and I never guessed this was your last tide.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRAVEL
David Montrose

Homing in on romance

Abroad in England
FRANK ENTWISLE *Deutsch* £10.95
The Grand Irish Tour
PETER SOMERVILLE-LARGE
Hamish Hamilton £12.95
Afoot in England
W. H. HUDSON *Oxford* £2.95

In these islands, travel literature has a pedigree at least as long as that of the novel; some of our greatest writers – from Defoe to Naipaul – have been practitioners. Originally, the form was dominated by accounts of insular peregrinations designed to supply metropolitan readers with scenes from provincial life. From the mid-18th century, glamorous foreign parts increasingly lured away the better pens. The inter-war years marked the heyday of British travel-writing: Waugh, Robert Byron, Lawrence, Greene, Norman Douglas . . . writing about Mexico, Ethiopia, Italy, Afghanistan, Russia . . . J. B. Priestley – whose *English Journey* now looks to have signified the end of an era – and H. V. Morton apart, only minor talents attended to Britain. Since 1945, the division has become more marked. No homebird rivals Naipaul, Theroux (whose next book will, however, deal with his adopted country), Eric Newby, Jan Morris, Pritchett, Chatwin. Jonathan Raban (*Old Glory*), Gavin Young (*Slow Boats to China*), and Hugo Williams (*No Particular Place to Go*) produced the most stimulating travel books of 1981: a journey down the Mississippi, a voyage from Piraeus to Canton, a coast-to-coast tour of the States. The best the homebirds could offer was Richard West's *An English Journey*, a set of urban rides palely echoing Cobbett and Priestley, and bettered by the author's previous books on Africa and Vietnam.

There is no shortage of writing about Britain; it is found mainly, though, in guidebooks, which are no more expected to entertain than are car maintenance manuals. Intended merely to direct prospective travellers along the beaten track, they tend to be impersonal, dull and, within their terms of reference, comprehensive. Travel books, on the other hand, being individual records of actual journeys, are selective and personal. Unpredictability is part of their appeal.

Armchair travellers prefer descriptions of long journeys. The leisurely progress from place to place – replete with details of scenery, roads, food and drink, beds – draws the reader firmly into the world of the book. Entwisle's motor tour of England occupied half of 1976, Somerville-Large's circuit of Ireland most of 1980. If nothing else, their accounts convey a real sense of travel. Not so Hudson's **Afoot in England** (first published in 1909), essays commemorating the occasions when the author and his wife escaped 'the immense unfriendly wilderness of London'. Instead of a full-blown journey, the reader shares a sequence of outings: back home after every chapter.

THERE are two main tendencies in British travel-writing: romantic and realist. Both are concerned with the state of the nation; they differ on what constitutes the nation. Romantics focus, in Morton's self-diagnosing words, on 'ancient towns and cathedral cities . . . green fields and pretty things'. They lament the depredations wrought by tourism and modernisation. Romantics collect tales recounted by 'characters' in public bars. They are connoisseurs of church architecture. In particular, romantics love to tread in the footsteps of earlier literary travellers, comparing their own impressions with those of Defoe or Cobbett. The epitome of romanticism is Morton's *In Search of England*. The author, as he later acknowledged, 'deliberately shirked realities', making 'wide and inconvenient circles to avoid modern towns and cities'; the General Strike passed unmentioned, while he travelled. But to denigrate the romantic style for its conventions would be like denigrating a whodunit for including murder.

The romantics' chaff is the realists' wheat: factories and economics instead of monuments and haystacks. *English Journey* is the apogee of realism, even if Priestley, travelling during the Depression, did take time out to visit a few romantic haunts. No one, though, has ever wholly combined the two tendencies; perhaps Johnson came closest with *Journey to the Western Islands*.

Entwisle, Somerville-Large and Hudson boast a full hand of romantic characteristics. The first two specialise in the 'footsteps' approach. **Abroad in England** was inspired by Morton's classic, though Entwisle stopped short of following its exact itinerary. Even so, there are times when he seems unable to move without re-crossing other dusty trails.

Somerville-Large spends still more of his time in the past, drawing so heavily on chronicles by earlier travellers – including two notable, albeit obscure, eccentrics – that his own rovings almost become a subplot. In contrast, Hudson preferred, when not bird-spotting, to hear old stories. To this end, and probably to spare his pocket, he eschewed hotels for lodgings with 'poor people', which often took some finding.

None of these three books is a classic, even if **The Grand Irish Tour** does stand out from a flat landscape: Ireland, unlike England, has no weighty tradition of travel literature. Damningly, though, its most enjoyable sections relate the misadventures of those earlier travellers; Somerville-Large's personal narrative is a catalogue of missed opportunities. He has visited all the right places, met a commendable variety of people, but re-presents his experiences too briefly: potential set-pieces are despatched in a matter of lines. And his elegant prose never unbends: there is little of the vividness that marked the copious Morton's otherwise unsuccessful *In Search of Ireland*. *Afoot in England* does provide misty glimpses of a timeless world that existed before 1914 – the English countryside hardly changed between the Enclosure Acts and the Great War – when Aldermaston was noted only for its 'immemorial oaks'. Nevertheless, both as traveller and naturalist, Hudson wrote more evocatively elsewhere.

There is something timeless, too, about *Abroad in England*, which has relinquished no topicality despite being based on six-year-old observations: most of the subsequent political and economic changes have occurred in another country, that of the realists. Entwisle's account is goodhearted, affable and, in its unremarkability, entirely representative of the genre's long-standing mediocrity. Quite possibly, the best writing on modern Britain has been by strangers in our strange land, impressions that we may never read, as perhaps some of our great travel-writers have never been read in the strange lands that inspired them. □

ESSAYS
Hugo Williams

Bromides

Visions from San Francisco Bay
CZESLAW MILOSZ *Carcanet* £6.95

The arrival of this Nobel Prize-winner's collected codswallop out of a reviewless sky coincides with my hospitalisation after eating a tin of mussels in marinade, the classic bad egg for breakfast. I see the nurse has put a 'yes' in the 'offensive smell' column of my Stool Chart. I would have to make a similar entry for Milosz, though this might be due as much to the great age that his occasional pieces have been left lying around as to their innate putridity, however rank.

His book is a course of bromides on The American Way of Life And Where It Is All Heading: intellectual tummy rumblings. Like Polonius, Milosz is full of Philosophy. He is someone for whom the sea never had waves, but was 'primarily an abyss where the nightmares located in the depths of hell by the medieval imagination came ceaselessly true, with endless variations'. The datedness of everything he says is always camouflaged by this wooden latin abstractedness. 'I do not number myself', he informs us, 'among those who seek unusual landscapes, nor do I take photographs of Nature's panoramas'. We are to understand that he has weightier matters to contend with, but he sounds more like a pantomime dame than a poet.

There is much talk of Ho Chi Minh, Bonnie and Clyde, Che Guevara, Steppenwolf, the *Marat/Sade*, Black Panthers, Herbert Marcuse and the dead Kennedy brothers. But these are all names of reggae groups by

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

now, or boutiques, a fact which might have made an article some years back. Milosz is determined to tell it like it was: 'It is doubtful whether the use of marijuana would have become so widespread had it not also served as a sort of tribal insignia for all those who questioned the established order.' One pictures joints pinned to lapels.

For Milosz, society is a board game for the senile, with easy-to-spot trends and tendencies boldly outlined in black and white: 'The police ban on marijuana is causing the whites to draw nearer the blacks because of the similarity of their situations.' This is pretty keen. But he has the benefit of 20 years' hindsight, remember. Self-evident truths have a way of disintegrating in his hands, which is always useful. He goes on: 'What if the boundary between political subversive, vagabond, poet, singer of original ballads, and even Indian, is erased as it was for the hippies whom I picked up hitch-hiking on Euclid Avenue recently?' By the time I had charted this tortuous boundary, in order to imagine it being erased, Milosz had the answer: 'Could I be witnessing the rebirth of *fin de siècle* bohemia? Everything, the disgust for the average man, the philosophic reveries, would indicate that I am.'

Unconscious yet? Milosz didn't take kindly to the hippies he found lying about everywhere in his adoptive country. He accuses them of all manner of nonsense once his blood is up: 'Youth brought up in affluence, masquerading in beggars' clothing and revolutionary ideas, commands less of my respect than hard-working lumberjacks, miners, bus drivers, bricklayers, whose mentality arouses scorn in the young.' One feels he would approve of Willie Whitelaw's short sharp shock for such layabouts. The concept of him defending lumberjacks and others from the 'scorn' of this rabble provides a rare laugh in his book. For Milosz is your typical East European Nobel-Prize-winning New American Capitalist, randy with respectability. He is terribly grateful to America for putting him up and he can't forgive these whippersnappers (who must be grandfathers by now) for not seeing it his way.

He is even funnier about the French: 'During all the years I lived in Western Europe, I did not have a single offer from any institution concerned with propagating knowledge,' he explodes. It seems the only 'intelligent' people he met in France were European federalists. But here's the give-away: 'The resistance they encountered was to my mind caused by the same parochial spirit that rejected my qualifications as superfluous, just because I was a newcomer'. I must say, his conceit, which blinds him to all self-knowledge, is genuinely international. Perhaps the French noted the hollow at the heart of this academic jet-setter's particular brand of intellectual Esperanto and steered him discreetly westward, into the setting sun. 'Slowly, indirectly,' he observes, three-quarters of the way through this short, endless work, 'I am approaching the proper theme of my book.' My head snapped upright and the nurse had to come and put the drip back in my arm. □

POETRY
John Lucas

Ignorant eyes

Poems of Thirty Years
EDWIN MORGAN *Carcanet* £9.95
Minute by Glass Minute
ANNE STEVENSON *Oxford* £4.50
Pea Soup
CHRISTOPHER REID *Oxford* £4.50

Edwin Morgan's fat volume (it runs to nearly 450 pages) brings together a vast amount of original work remarkable for its variety and skill. The skill is sometimes frittered away on sound and concrete poems, which may be fun to write and to utter but are not much fun to read. There are also elegies which feel merely dutiful and love poems notable for their lack of any intense feeling at all; yet these failures do not greatly matter. Morgan's imagination is not much stirred by the purely personal, but against that is the fact that he is an exuberantly inventive poet. **Poems of Thiry Years** is thoroughly entertaining, because although you never know quite what will come next you know that sooner or later you will come upon a poem that takes hold.

This is particularly true of his handling of that most unpromising of genres, the science fiction poem. Most sci-fi poems are either dull or plain silly or both; and I suspect they are written by poets who, to adapt a remark by Schoenberg, are incapable of writing well in the key of C Major. Not Morgan's, however. His long sequence 'The New Divan' may owe something of its form to Lowell's *Notebook*, but its subject-matter is very different. A kind of space-traveller's diary of stopovers in odd nooks and moments of our world, it is sometimes a pre-Martian poem, sometimes impenetrably obscure, always surprising and often delighting by its imaginative jumps and turns. The same is true of 'Memories of Earth', which uses the gimmick of a space-traveller's record of various aspects of the history of our own century (including some of the worst) to imply serious moral and political judgements. These are less successfully, because less imaginatively, invoked in the 'Glasgow Sonnets'.

Morgan is often routinely flat when he is tethered to the actual; he comes into his own when he can, as it were, get away from our cluttered earth awhile, as in the early *tour de force* 'Dies Irae', which reads like an unearthed Anglo-Saxon chronicle. Even more dazzling are the 'Whittrick Dialogues' in which couples like Joyce and MacDiarmid, Charlotte and Emily Brontë discuss – well, evil, love, and the powers of the imagination which in its different manifestations the whittrick embodies. The book would be worth buying for these dialogues alone.

Because he is essentially a narrative poet Morgan is almost impossibly difficult to quote from. The temptation with Anne Stevenson's new volume is to do nothing but quote. **Minute by Glass Minute** contains a number of poems which are so good, so flawlessly pure, that beside them most other contemporary poetry looks patched, clumsy or scuffed. Although she can work to a small scale, the imagination and art that go into her work are very considerable. She can transform the world through an ecstatic, visionary quality reminiscent of Palmer at Shoreham: 'Each soft stone on its near shadow leant/ . . . the sheep became stones where they built/their pearled hill' ('Waking Early by the Wye'); and in the April of 'Swifts', 'the new leaves stick in their fists; new ferns, still fiddle-heads'. Wallace Stevens is behind Anne Stevenson's recognition of the need to see the world with an ignorant eye. Thus there are poems of serious wit, like 'He and It', about the aggressive desire of a certain kind of imagination to humanise the world, which means in effect losing it: 'How comfortably it fits the creator/is what he describes'. 'Small Philosophical Poem' and 'The Figure in the Carpet' argue and tease out themes of art and reality with a panache that Stevens would have admired.

At the centre of the volume is a long poem, 'Green Mountain, Black Mountain', which I am unable to like. It feels to have been so heavily worked over as to have become petrified; yet she has perfect poetic pitch, an unfakeable sense of how a poem *sounds*, and how rhythm depends on sound.

Pea Soup is as ingenious in its image-making powers as one would expect from the author of *Arcadia*. Like Morgan, Reid is a highly enjoyable poet; like Stevenson he is often an exact, 'ignorant' observer of the world. He can be extremely accomplished. But there is also a willed and therefore irritating cleverness about some of the poems in his second volume. Flies on cows are described as 'the little black slaves/that danced attendance/on errands of defilement/and circuitous rumour'. Like the Imagist moment, the Martian moment was important in redirecting our attention to matters that had gone out of the news; but perhaps it is time we went back to calling a fly a fly, or at least to accepting that there is a case for plain statement, since the avoidance of statement seems increasingly to lead to a merely perverse ingenuity – a crime of which Anne Stevenson is never guilty. When she describes the wake of a boat in which she sits as 'a travelling arrow/of now, of now, of now', the image is not only visually apt, kinetic; it is also essential to the meaning of the poem.

Reid's images are typically far less resonant. In addition, there is something almost placidly Georgian about his view of the world. He may speak in 'Charnel' of the 'sad, cramped hells we know lie hidden hereabouts'; but those hells stay safely hidden. One cannot, of course, wish that anyone should be exposed to hell, or to any kind of extremity; but I think it proper to suggest that a poet of Reid's talents should begin to test himself on more rebarbative material than he has so far shown himself willing to attempt. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AUTOBIOGRAPHY
Roger Woddis

The entertainer

Confessions of an Actor
LAURENCE OLIVIER *Weidenfeld* £9.95

Laurence Olivier opens his memoirs with a front-of-tabs appeal – 'Bless me, Reader, for I have sinned' – and brings down the curtain with a request for absolution. In between, his life spans the whole repertory – tragedy, comedy, farce, Jacobean horror-play, the lot – with an ecstasy of breast-beating over 'sins', real or affected.

It all started with his father, a High Anglican priest, forecasting young Laurence's future as the lad lay in his bath. He had wanted to follow in his brother Dickie's footsteps and become a rubber planter in India. 'Don't be such a fool, you're not going to India, you're going on the stage.' Impossible to imagine what would have happened to the boy, or to the rest of us, if Daddy hadn't been so rock-certain.

It's too easy to knock the man. He lays bare his life with a careful honesty and seeming innocence of the darker vanities smouldering beneath the schoolboy-essay prose (Wagner is 'the immortal composer'). Or does he? His wife, Joan Plowright, has no illusions – 'Larry? Oh, he's acting all the time.'

Olivier *is* theatre – the thing seen. Actor, director, producer, manager, singer, tap-dancer (he took lessons for *The Entertainer*) – a nervous compulsion to parade his total versatility. What drove him was a wolfish hunger for work. This must be measured against the flaws. The anti-Olivier lobby dismisses him as a mere technician, an externaliser of emotions, with scant regard for the Method. He confesses to the latter: he always works from the outside. That is *his* method. And yet . . . who else has shattered so indecently the snob-barrier that divides the groundlings from the well-groomed 'lovers of Shakespeare'? Anyone who brings *Hamlet, Henry V* and *Richard III* to the world's millions via the cinema can't be all bad.

PARTLY through a keen memory, mostly through meticulously kept diaries, the history of our Lord is traced from his early struggles to his present occupation of the throne as the world's greatest, etc. Gielgud, Richardson, Tynan, Coward, Monroe – he knew everyone and has worked, not always harmoniously, with everyone in the business. During Vivien Leigh's terrible storms and breakdowns, he was sustained by numerous 'beloved friends'. When he was barred from running the National Theatre in 1972, none was as unhappy as Larry.

The many parts he has played are in the man himself. He is generous about Ralph Richardson (he rates his Falstaff a 'mighty performance'), yet when Richardson got his knighthood before him, Olivier admits to 'screams of fury'.

He feigns to write off his own talents as no more than a need to show off – 'Selfishness is almost like a gift with me'. But that doesn't explain the impact of his television performances in *Brideshead Revisited* or *A Voyage Round My father* – or the tears of fellow-actors now working with him on his awaited television *Lear*. □

ISLAM
Dilip Hiro

Word of Allah

Faith and Power: The Politics of Islam
EDWARD MORTIMER *Faber* £10.50 and £5.95

As prophets go, Mohammed ibn Abdullah al Hashemi of Mecca was unique. Not only did he reveal the Word of Allah, he also ruled the community of the faithful, and fought battles. He spent the last ten years of his life as the chief administrator, judge and commander of the Islamic realm that he had established in Western Arabia. Thus the *Koran*, the holy book of Muslims, compiled in 650, covers both spiritual and temporal aspects of life.

The *Koran* is at the centre of a religio-political system which encompasses *sunna* (custom), *sharia* (divine law) and *hadith*, the recorded tradition about the words and deeds of Prophet Mohammed and his Companions. Given the voluminous and diverse contents of these basic documents, it was, and still is, possible for scholars to draw varied, and even contradictory, conclusions from them.

Until the 18th century, Muslim thinkers and jurists were engaged exclusively in debates about the canonical foundations of the caliphates which followed the Prophet's death in 632, the deviations of the caliphs from the divine law, the functions of the *ulema*, religio-legal scholars, and the attributes of an Islamic state. It is only during the last two centuries that the Muslim world has had to react to such alien notions as democracy, nationalism and socialism.

Edward Mortimer narrows his focus to nationalism and Islam: 'Every Muslim state has somehow to define the role that Islam plays in it, and a modern Muslim state has either to choose between Islam and nationalism or find some synthesis of the two', he writes. 'The "politics of Islam" in the 20th century is essentially a quest for solutions to these two problems.' He describes the traditional Muslim attitudes to political power since the founding of Islam, and then examines the role that Islam plays in such states as Turkey, Saudi Arabia, Iran and Pakistan.

As the Ottoman Sultan was the supreme caliph of all Muslims, Turkey was the most important Muslim country in the world until its defeat in the First World War. The subsequent rise of Kemal Ataturk led to the secularisation of the Turkish state. By the time Ataturk died in 1938 the Islamic institutions and experts had lost their traditional importance.

Since then there has been a steady reaction. But, as Mortimer argues, Ataturk's secularisation has gone so far and so deep that it seems irreversible. At the same time the Kemalist state has failed to produce a convincing national version of Islam to legitimise its power. The result is that between the secularist state and the religious masses there is 'an unbridged gap'.

With the abolition of the caliphate in 1924, the ruler of Hejaz, where Mecca and Medina are situated, became all the more important. King Abdul Aziz, the founder of Saudi Arabia, acquired the privilege to interest himself in the welfare of Muslims everywhere. At home, he became the head of all tribal chiefs as well as the supreme religious leader. The state and religion were merged to the extent that his son, Saud, brushed aside demands for a written constitution on the ground that the *Koran* is the best constitution in the world.

The enormous oil wealth has dramatically transformed the socio-economic face of the kingdom; but there has been no change in the political set-up. As yet the kingdom lacks any formal machinery for consulting its subjects in the running of the country. Following the armed rebels' takeover of the grand mosque of Mecca in November 1979, the Crown Prince promised a consultative assembly. Nothing came of it. In March 1982 the promise was repeated, with the following June mentioned as the deadline. Again, nothing happened.

Such behaviour, combined with their corrupt ways, has made the Saudi royals a prime target of the Islamic propaganda emanating from Teheran Radio's Arabic service. At a more basic level, Khomeini remains opposed to the monarchical system. 'Apart from the royalty of God, all royalty is against the interests of the people, and (is) oppressive', he writes.

KHOMEINI defines the Islamic government as 'the government of the people by the divine law'. Since the function of such a government is to enforce the divine law, it should be headed by a *faqih*, a jurist. Hence the concept of *vilayet-e faqih* (guardianship by the jurist) which the Islamic republic of Iran has done much to popularise. In essence this is a traditionalist view. Mortimer points out that, although Khomeini developed a revolutionary theory as a response to the political, economic and cultural forces which were destroying the Islamic way of life, he has remained 'a convinced and extreme traditionalist' while leading the Iranian revolution.

By complementing a study of the leading Muslim countries of today with a tracing of the roots of Islam, and Islamic politics of the past, the author has produced a useful and timely book. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BIOGRAPHY

M. H. Ryle

Marketed

A Right to Song: The Life of John Clare
EDWARD STOREY *Methuen* £14.95

By the time John Clare's poetry came to the attention of the publisher John Taylor, a 'peasant-poet' was, as Edward Storey notes, 'a good item in any book-seller's list'. Certainly Taylor's *Introduction* to Clare's first volume made it all too clear that the poet's obscure birth presented commercial possibilities. 'The following Poems,' wrote Taylor,

> will probably attract some notice by their intrinsic merit; but they are also entitled to attention from the circumstances under which they were written. They are the genuine productions of a young peasant . . .

As Storey's account makes clear, the versifying swain, that figure of pastoral myth evoked by Taylor's condescending phrases, had little enough in common with the day-labourer of agricultural reality. And it was the reality, not the myth, that Clare intended to express: Charles Lamb's suggestion that the poet should 'transplant Arcadia to Helpstone' (his Northamptonshire birthplace) was as misconceived from a literary point of view as it was socially and personally impertinent.

Ironically, it was just this insistence on giving 'genuine' expression to his life as a 'young peasant' which provoked Clare's mentors to inflict numerous mutilations on his poems. Clare always strove to avoid what he termed the 'threadbare epithets' of conventional pastoral, and a sure authenticity of diction characterises his best work. His advisers and well-wishers were however often at pains to dilute or replace the dialect which was his native idiom. They also urged him to 'expunge', in deference to the aristocrats whose patronage they sought, 'objectionable lines . . . Conveying *Radical* and *Ungrateful* sentiments'. If Clare complied with these requests, he did so reluctantly: 'D-mn that canting way of being forced to please,' he wrote to Taylor, and he later complained that the publisher's judgment was 'tainted by meddler's *false delicacy*'. Hessey, Taylor's partner, explained in reply that 'an author . . . is expected to concede something to the tone of moral feeling of the Age in which he is living . . . We make allowances for Shakespeare's indelicacy – but it would not be tolerated now'.

Relations between poet and publishers were henceforth difficult, and Storey echoes the common criticisms of Taylor, whose guidance, both literary and financial, was certainly indifferent, especially once Clare's brief fame was over. 1820 was the poet's *annus mirabilis*: a first visit to London, Kean and Macready at the theatre, dinner with Lamb and Hazlitt . . . Clare returned three times to the capital, recording his impressions in direct and subtle prose sketches which are among the pleasures of this book, but by the end of the decade he had been largely forgotten, abandoned to his long ordeal of poverty, ill-health and unjustified neglect. His poetry, meanwhile, grew more confident and more original, reaching what is in some respects its climactic moment in the startlingly intense stanzas of *Child Harold*, that most un-Byronic imitation of Byron in which the Northamptonshire landscapes which were Clare's constant inspiration merge with the countryside around High Beach, the Epping Forest asylum which he entered in 1837.

Almost all Clare's remaining 37 years were to be spent in mental institutions. The story, which is now well known, had its own mythical, though by no means pastoral, quality. This new telling of it marshals little fresh evidence, but has some unfamiliar emphases – in particular, a sympathetic appreciation of the lot of Clare's wife Patty. The narrative is sometimes repetitious, and its even tenor has one looking for a change of pace, a moment of sharper focus or fuller realisation. Nevertheless, *A Right to Song* is a rewarding and moving book, which records a unique life in loving detail and offers a valuable perspective on the culture and society of English Romanticism. □

WARFARE

John Keegan

Stressed

The First of the Few: Fighter Pilots of the First World War
DENIS WINTER *Allen Lane* £8.95

In an earlier book, *Death's Men*, Denis Winter demonstrated a novel and arresting approach to the writing of military history. His subject was the infantryman of the British Expeditionary Force of 1914-18, his experience and his fate. But rather than attempt a generalised treatment, or depend upon the extracting of survivors' memoirs, he very carefully analysed the components of the experience so that the reader was taken stage by stage through a soldier's life from recruitment to – if either occurred, as both did with tragic frequency – wounding or death.

He has now applied the same technique to the experience of fighter pilots of the First World War. They are a fabled group. The names of some – Richthofen ('the Red Baron'), Rickenbacker, Mannock, Guynemer – are known by people who have no interest in the war at all, in the same way that most people know the names of a few stars of the silent screen, though there is a large group of enthusiasts whose particular interest is in the exploits of the 'aces' of the Western Front. Denis Winter's book is not for them. This is not a debunking or even a demythologising book, but it is certainly a deromanticising one. No reader who follows Mr Winter's analysis through to the end – and, once embarked, it is difficult not to go on – will retain any illusion that the life of the open cockpit pilot was the glamorous whirl which Hollywood has made it seem.

Much of what he describes will be familiar, inevitably; but much will not. It is extraordinary to discover, for example, that when Lindemann, the future Lord Cherwell, was already working at the Royal Aircraft Establishment on the theoretical side of aircraft construction, most British aircraft were still being designed by the traditional methods of the carriagemaker, in which a feel for wood and an eye for balance were the master skills. The result, in several cases, was some dangerously unbalanced or overstressed aircraft. One did not know, either, that a two-pound hammer was standard equipment in fighters, a quick tap on the breech of a Vickers gun being the best method of clearing stoppages while in flight. Nor was one aware how inherently unstable most of the aircraft were: they had indeed to be flown by the seat of the pants, which constantly ordered hand and feet to correct errors of altitude or engine speed which would otherwise have sent the aircraft into spin or loop – both potentially disastrous.

But the most arresting disclosures have to do with the stress which flight exerted on the pilots. Early flying was sedate and low-level. By 1917, when aerial combat had become deadly, the challenge drew fighters to the top of the sky, where the cold was intense and manoeuvring in the thin air punishingly dynamic. Pilots suffered G forces, both positive and negative, of such intensity at these altitudes that sometimes they would require weeks of rest after a particularly violent manoeuvre. There was, in addition, the constant strain of trying to anticipate enemy attack, which was like trying to spot a splinter in the whole expanse of the sky, and the terror of combat. It was not uncommon for teenage pilots quickly to assume the appearance of 40-year-olds.

The aces were different. Many appeared to enjoy combat. But one of the author's most interesting revelations is that their successes, though undoubtedly in some way a function of physiology and metabolism, were always worked for. The great 'scorers', like Ball and Fonck, were obsessive about their shooting skills, which they practised constantly on the ground. They were also, too, often people from outside the traditional officer class. Mannock, the leading British ace, was a telegraph engineer, Rickenbacker a racing driver.

It would have been good to have had more on the sociological side. It would also have been good to be spared a number of inelegant neologisms, like 'formating', and the perpetuation of the vulgarity that the *Pour le mérite* and the 'Blue Max' were the same medal – originally a film maker's expedient, because the latter made a better title. But the quality and seriousness of Denis Winter's work sweeps the reader past such irritations. One looks forward to his next essay in originality. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Record-token recommendations

Andrew Clements and Mary Harron pick out the best buys from among recent releases.

Mahler: Symphony no. 2

KLEMPERER *Decca* D264D2 (two records)

For many, Klemperer's studio recording of the Resurrection Symphony from the early 1960s is still an immovable favourite, though more up-to-date recording techniques can now present the work with greater spectacle and impact. But for those who find indifferent sound quality no hindrance whatsoever to their appreciation of a performance this unexpected issue of a live performance made in the Amsterdam Concertgebouw in July 1951, with the Concertgebouw Orchestra, the soprano Jo Vincent and Kathleen Ferrier, is an essential purchase.

The early 1950s were prehistory as far as Mahler appreciation was concerned; the revival was only then about to start. Yet one of the glories of this account is its total naturalness, not only in its interpretation (which one would expect) but in the orchestral playing. The Concertgebouw must have been a marvellous orchestra then (it still is of course); one shudders to think what a British band of the same vintage would have made of the score. Klemperer adopts the uncompromising stance he took in later, more famous performances, but here it is reinforced by the intensity that only a special public concert can bring; everything comes together quite magically, and the Concertgebouw orchestra and acoustic combine to give the reflective moments a lyrical sweetness that seems at first totally uncharacteristic of the conductor, but which here seem part of an utterly unified whole. Many will desire the records simply for Ferrier's contribution alone, and they will not be disappointed; she sings *Urlicht* so simply and so overwhelmingly that one forgets the sizzling tape background within seconds. It is altogether a performance of a lifetime, miraculously preserved for us.

Schumann: Lieder

MATTHIS, ESCHENBACH *Deutsche Grammophon* 2740 266 (three records)

Almost the only songs on this delightful collection that are regularly heard are contained in the cycle *Frauenliebe und Leben*. Otherwise Edith Mathis and Christoph Eschenbach range through Schumann's prodigious output of *Lieder* in assembling this selection for soprano voice. As such it forms a useful appendix to the complete male-voice songs that Eschenbach recorded with Fischer-Dieskau a few years back. Mathis is essentially a small-scale artist, of modest power, but she is a highly intelligent one and capable of turning the most unlikely material into a complete and memorable experience.

She does this numerous times in these three records; one singles out the *Lieder-Album für die Jugend* not only because they look so unassuming at first sight and here are turned into finely chiselled miniatures, but also because they are a grievously neglected set that should be as well known as the established song cycles. Eschenbach plays a full part in these subtle acts of recreation; he is a thoughtful accompanist, fully prepared to take charge when appropriate, and otherwise the soul of perceptive tact. It may not be an ideal introduction to Schumann's songs, but for anyone who wants to go beyond *Dichterliebe* and the *Liederkreis*, this will be hugely rewarding.

Mozart

Mozart: Piano concertos K414 & K466, K271 & K453

SERKIN *Deutsche Grammophon* 2532 053, 2532 060 (two separate records)

Any project that encourages Rudolf Serkin into the recording studio must be heartily welcomed. These two discs begin a complete cycle of the Mozart piano concertos for Deutsche Grammophon, in which Serkin will be partnered by the London Symphony Orchestra and Claudio Abbado. It cannot be repeated too often that Serkin is the last link with a golden age of performers, son-in-law of Adolf Busch, pianist of the Busch Chamber Players, and already performing the Mozart concertos at a time when only a handful were in the ordinary pianist's repertoire. He will be 80 next year, but these accounts give no hint of that; in their immense attention to detail without any hint of self-regard, they are an object lesson in how every note can be made to tell even in apparently cosmetic passage work.

There is an earlier Serkin recording of the D minor concerto K.466 with George Szell and the Cleveland Orchestra (no longer available) that is marginally more intense and intricately worked, but the new performances have an infinitely warmer sound. The accompaniments give some cause for concern; Abbado, for all his talents, is not my ideal of a Mozart conductor and there is a sense of routine about some of the tuttis. Yet that often serves to highlight Serkin's excellence, his consistent refusal to settle for the obvious, and the absolute rightness and confidence of everything he does.

Rachmaninov: Sonata no. 2, Etudes-Tableaux Op. 33

ASHKENAZY *Decca* SXL 6996

Musorgsky: Pictures at an Exhibition, Ravel: Gaspard de la Nuit

OUSSET *EMI* ASD 4281

Vladimir Ashkenazy rarely shows the flair on the concert platform nowadays that he did a decade ago, and it's easy, too easy perhaps, to blame the decline on his decision to conduct as much as he plays the piano. This disc, however, is a notable exception; Ashkenazy has always been at his best in his native repertory – in Musorgsky, Scryabin and Rachmaninov – and regains that eloquence fully in the second sonata. He presents the work totally uncut, unlike John Ogdon on his very serviceable recording, or even Horovitz in his incandescent account. Ashkenazy's conviction drives over all the structural weaknesses and the *longueurs*, while the eight *Etudes-Tableaux* disguise the multitude of pianistic difficulties, unfailingly selecting the correct inner part to emphasise and to adorn.

Cecile Ousset's progress from admired minority taste to major recording artist has been particularly gratifying. Her first recital for EMI consists of works that she regularly plays in recital and displays her many virtues in a fine acoustic. Ravel's *Gaspard* is sharp-edged, without more than a touch of impressionistic texturing; *Pictures* is conceived as raw excitement, which is never to deny the sovereign control directing the playing.

Beethoven: Piano music Vol. 5

SCHNABEL *EMI* RLS 769 (three records)

Beethoven: Piano sonatas Op. 31 nos 2 and 3

GILELS *Deutsche Grammophon* 2523 061

The re-release of Artur Schnabel's Beethoven piano sonatas in 1980 and 1981 was a major event, especially for the younger generation that previously could obtain them only as absurdly expensive imports. The present set forms a neat codicil to the series, for it makes the survey of the piano music virtually comprehensive. The only notable absentees are the C minor Variations and the F major Variations Op. 34; but here are a complete set of Bagatelles (the Op. 119 performances released for the first time), and the *Diabelli* and *Eroica* Variations, as well as a host of smaller pieces.

Without exception the accounts are superb. At times, in the *Eroica* Variations and some of the Bagatelles, Schnabel's enthusiasm gets the better of him and carries him into technical difficulties that could have been avoided had he chosen the path of safety first, but such blemishes are a small price for the good humour of the *Diabelli*, the perfectly crystallised miniatures of the Bagatelles Op. 126, and the modest elegance of the occasional pieces.

Gilels's Beethoven is, by contrast, the epitome of massive assurance in which technical certainty goes hand in hand with interpretative ideas. Some of it is spell-binding; always there is the contrast of massive strength and the most delicately coloured tonal range. The digital recording is breathtakingly realistic; there are few more immediately involving Beethoven discs available.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Haydn: The London Symphonies

VON KARAJAN *Deutsche Grammophon* 2741

The virtues of big-band Haydn, especially with such sumptuous sound as the Berlin Philharmonic's, have yet to convert me. But Von Karajan's integral set of the last 12 symphonies is considerably more successful than his earlier box of the Paris symphonies (nos 82-87). The range and scale of the music is bigger and better able to tolerate a grandiloquent approach. Karajan remains, however, an unconvincing Haydn conductor. These performances seem dutiful rather than involved, and rhythmic vitality especially is wanting. He takes a dogged, unsmilling view of most of the minuets, for instance; some of them are slowed down to walking pace. Yet anyone who delights in hearing a great symphony orchestra set to the task of any early classical piece will find plenty to indulge that rather perverse taste here.

The Lexicon of Love

ABC *Neutron Records* NTRS 1

Like the Human League, ABC come from Sheffield; in true Thirties style a centre for industrial depression has become a centre for glossy, technicolour, dreamy pop. *The Lexicon of Love* represents an era when British groups have become too knowing for their own good: it has more style than content, the lyrics are mannered and the whole record shrieks with self-consciousness.

I adored it. One reason is Trevor Horn's production: in an age of synthesisers he gave us real strings, proper choruses and a three-dimensional, orchestral Phil Spector sound. Another is Martin Fry's voice. He looks like an eel in a dinner jacket and sings like a crooner, slithering his way through an anthology of bruised romance. Like Costello's, Fry's lyrics work best when he's being vindictive – but he doesn't have that painful confessional streak that gives Costello's lyrics a cutting edge.

Everything is borrowed (from Motown, the Brill Building, Sinatra) but everything works in what is a brilliant reconstruction of classic pop. ABC may never pull if off again; but they don't inspire personal loyalty and I can't say I care either way. However, if listening is the test – and it is – then this is certainly my record of the year. In 1982 *The Lexicon of Love* was my addiction and I played it over and over and over again.

Sexual Healing

MARVIN GAYE *CBS* A 13 2855

I'd recommend the 12-inch single, rather than the album *Midnight Love*, which is pleasant but padded. This was certainly the comeback of the year, after Gaye spent the late Seventies plagued by bankruptcy, lawsuits with Motown and falling record sales. It is such a startling revival that one wonders whether Marvin Gaye was waiting to be free of Motown before releasing a hit.

No other soul singer has been through so many musical and emotional phases. *Sexual Healing* provides a follow-up (emotionally if not chronologically) to *Let's Get It On*, but where that was lust in triumph, this is a sadder, wiser love asking for sex as a balm for life's other miseries. The results are ecstatic, and they reflect a familiar contradiction in Marvin Gaye: he comes across as an absolute rat with women and yet his voice projects a blissful, all-soothing tenderness.

Soul, like pop, is having its romantic revival, and it can find no better symbol than Marvin Gaye. (Even if the late-night seducer's rap on *Midnight Love* is enough to make your skin crawl.) Only Gregory Isaacs in reggae has a voice to match. And if this was Marvin Gaye's first electronic excursion, what those banks of synthesisers have created is timeless soul.

The Message

GRAND MASTER FLASH & THE FURIOUS FIVE *Sugar Hill Records* SHL 117

Again a 12-inch single, although it costs what an album used to – but with record prices at a level to court bankruptcy, you might as well go for the best track. This is *the* rap record, even if it is the most uncharacteristic. Rapping began as ritualised bragging set over a disco beat, and Grand Master Flash were the classiest exponents (and street credible with it). They followed the conventional themes of sexual/rapping prowess mixed with potted biographies in the 'Hi, I'm Larry and I'm a Virgo' tradition, and it was all style and swagger and the beat.

Perhaps in answer to criticism that rap had no message, Grand Master Flash produced one: moving from street-style bragging to a comment on the street. It could be that stardom had lent the necessary distance or, as some say, it may even have been a calculated marketing ploy. No matter. Grand Master Flash know their South Bronx and this is an antidote to any romanticisation of the ghetto. For the first time rap's intricate rhyming has images to match – urine-soaked hallways, junkies on the stairways, kids hanging out in the video places – images that explain the world that produced the music in the first place. The message is 'Don't push me' and the message is also to get out if you can: mixing a twitchy desperation (the voice from the hallway) with a warning, and an appeal.

Kid Creole

Tropical Gangsters

KID CREOLE AND THE COCONUTS *ILPS* 7016

Certainly the live act of the year, and a better album than the reviews allowed. Also the marketing triumph of the year: as with Blondie and the B52s before them, Kid Creole has become the token favourite (stylish, slightly avant-garde) for people who don't keep up with the lightning changes in pop. They have now reached that successful plateau where they are too popular to be fashionable. For a group who have spent almost five years as a cult (and Kid Creole/August Darnell spent five years before that as a cult with the Savannah Band) it can only come as a relief.

The familiar elements are here: the lilting salsa rhythms, the wry lyrics, mix of eras that incorporates the Rainbow Room, Humphrey Bogart, Cole Porter, disco and the sound of a radio on a Saturday night. The image may be directed towards a white audience, but the rhythms are still good enough for a New York disco station.

Having produced three hit singles, the album's treasure is still 'No Fish Today' featuring the piercing, thrilling voice of the Savannah Band's Corie Day. Darnell's lyrics and attitude are still so double-edged you can't handle them without cutting yourself. The New York pimp's style he adopts on stage suggests a musical hustle – give the pop audience everything they want, show them a fantasy of a ghetto world they can't enter. But there is a well of sadness here that can't be faked. Too many bad experiences, maybe, or too many contradictions – but it gives a touch of mystery and makes what could be straight showbusiness glitter into something brave.

Big Science

LAURIE ANDERSON *Warner Brothers* K57002

The world of New York performance art meets pop, and what should have been an exercise in pretension turned out to be a quiet revelation. Laurie Anderson's experiments with tape loops and cut-ups paralleled a new fad for electronics in pop and the new supremacy of the studio over make-shift rock and roll. Circumstances gave her a number one single. But if her cool, conversational style fits perfectly into the commercial mainstream, Laurie Anderson brought with her a very different legacy. Working within the sealed-off New York art community, subsisting off arts council grants, she spent ten years without the hope (or the pressure) of success, calmly developing her world view.

Her obsession is with electronic communication: the telephone, the answering machine, the disconnected voices on the radio. Her own voice is friendly but disembodied, and as androgynous as her appearance: an electronic Ariel. In a year where many rock bands struggled unsuccessfully to evoke the horrors of nuclear war, Laurie Anderson was the performer who – through understatement – communicated everything that is most sinister about the modern world. She is, I believe, the only pop artist who *deals* with the modern world: the television images, telephone voices, nuclear power stations, billboards and shopping centres in which the old human relationships are still played out, observed with a tranquil, scientific eye.

Short List

Siouxsie and the Banshees completed their transition from punk to *fin de siècle* decadence with *A Kiss in the Dreamhouse*, their prettiest, most delicate and most sinister album yet. The best new country artist was Rosanne Cash with *Somewhere in the Stars* (Arista), combining impeccable family credentials, a haunting voice and tight, gritty rock and roll backing, courtesy of her husband Rodney Crowell.

The label of the year was certainly Ze Records, who gave us Kid Creole, and the Ze Christmas album provides a witty sampler. The disappointment was that the fad for African music was only a fad: *Soweto* (Rough Trade) provides a moving record of the voices of the South African townships.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOSPEL
Charles Fox

Rockin' for the Lord

IN THE beginning, to purloin a phrase, there was the category. The words 'File under "Jesus Rock"' started appearing on the spines of the sleeves of quite a few LPs released during the second half of the 1970s. They identified a new sector within the American record industry – and one that rose when other areas were declining. There had always been a faithful following – both black and white – for more traditional gospel music. But this sudden boom – mainly on the West Coast – reflected the upsurge of young Born Again Christians, abandoning modern sinfulness perhaps, yet still clinging to the rock music they grew up with.

One LP with that directive on its spine was Randy Stonehill's *Welcome to Paradise* (Solid Rock Rocky 2). Stonehill writes and performs songs that are committed, yet he scorns the hard-sell which puts off the unconverted. He even uses irony from time to time, as in 'The Winner' ('I've got that golden Midas touch/And people know my name') or the unabashedly cheery approach to 'Lung Cancer'. Included on a more recent LP – *The Sky Is Falling* (Solid Rock SRA 2006) – is 'Through the glass darkly' ('I heard God was at the palace doing a one-night stand'), simultaneously a put-down of instant gurus and a lament for the casualties of rock.

Larry Norman, another Californian, is more straightforwardly evangelical, yet up-to-date when identifying backsliders ('You say you got to powder your nose, but the powder is cocaine'). In *Larry Norman and his Friends on Tour* (Solid Rock SRX 1117), flanked by amplifiers, on-stage at London's Dominion Theatre, he is brave enough to risk a parody ('A note from Mr God' mimics Al Jolson's sentimental overkill).

The two outstanding British contenders – Garth Hewitt and Bryn Haworth – both have roots in American country music. Hewitt even presents the Crucifixion as if it had happened in the old Wild West ('There's blood on your saddle and tears in your face') in 'Wooden cross rider', a track on *The Best of Garth Hewitt* (Myrrh MYR 1093). And just as one feels they should, these performers (the Americans too, for that matter) help one another. Bryn Haworth plays slide guitar – very expertly too – in 'Big black mamba' on Hewitt's *Did He Jump . . .?* (Patch WOOF 1001), an LP which has Cliff Richard, an early toiler in this particular vineyard, doing backing vocals. Howarth's own LP, *The Gap* (Chapel Lane CLS8004), reveals him as a very effective performer, his slightly laconic delivery taking the sugariness out of any overly fulsome lyrics. He can even handle what would seem to be totally unsingable lines ('If you've got a Bible up on your shelf/Turn to the Book of Philippians and see for yourself./Look up Chapter 4 and Verse 13').

JESUS ROCK, of course, is only the latest in a succession of categories of popular religious music. In the earliest of Afro-American fusions, the spiritual, black slaves used Biblical imagery to describe their own situation (subversion could sometimes hide behind the metaphor of Moses leading his people to the Promised Land). Most spirituals got tidied up for white listeners, but the real thing can be heard on *Negro Folk Music of Alabama – Spirituals* (Folkways FE 4473), solos and duets recorded in 1950 by Dock Reed, a 60-year-old farmer, and his cousin, Vera Hall Ward, at that time a nursemaid in Tuscaloosa. There is a transcendental calm and power about this singing, the voices bending notes rather than decorating the melody, the bleakness of style intensifying the passion. Unaccompanied singing was commonplace, of course, in the gospel music that succeeded spirituals – especially in the vocal quartets that flourished until the 1950s. The Fairfield Four, for example, sound typically complex on one of the tracks in a two-volume anthology, *The Soul of Black Music* (Sonet SNTF 795/6). Most of the music on these two LPs dates from the 1950s, including a couple to tracks by The Consolers, a husband-and-wife duo – Sullivan and Iola Pugh – from Florida, their voices contrasting – his rasping, hers more conventionally sonorous.

Immediately after World War II plenty of black harmonising quartets were around, all striving to sound different from each other, some even throwing in dance routines to add extra flash. One outstanding group was the Swan Silvertones (after they worked as the Silvertone Singers, their successful radio show in Knoxville, Tennessee, got sponsored by the Swan Bakery). They were six strong (the gospel quartet always signified a genre rather than a head-count) and at least three of the voices – Claude Jeter's high falsetto, Robert Crenshaw's frenzied tenor, and the boom-de-boom of Henry Bossard's bass – typified some of the techniques that rock and roll would soon be borrowing: all to be encountered on *Love Lifted Me* (Specialty SPS 2122).

Another six-piece quartet, but this time an all-female one (five singers, one pianist) was led by Dorothy Love Coates, whose voice has been described as 'a shabby contralto, frayed at the edges' yet could leap from deep notes to shrill falsetto. Tall and imperious, her presence vitalised the performances by her group (*The Best of Dorothy Love Coates and the Original Gospel Harmonettes* comes in two volumes, Specialty SPS 2134 and 2141). Every bit as remarkable is a present-day women's group, Sweet Honey and the Rock, who recorded *Good News* (Flying Fish FF 245) in a Washington church. These performances are firmly controlled, austere in the best sense, harmonies shifting almost unnoticed like shadows on the grass. Voices huddle together for 'Oh Death', the lyric repetitive, the rhythms constantly varying. Most of the songs are written by Bernice Johnson Reagon; quite a few make comments about Chile, Soweto or a murdered black student in North Carolina, and there is a feminist piece that rises above mere complaint.

NOT that it should seem odd when secular preoccupations do creep in. Just as blues once reflected the individual dilemmas and delights of black Americans, first spirituals, then gospel music have accompanied or been the medium for social or political protest.

Atomic Café (Rounder Records 1034) contains recordings by both black and white performers. It is, you might say, a counterpart to the film rather than an LP of the sound-track (a few excerpts did in fact turn up behind the images). Only a proportion of the pieces can be described as gospel music, but these include the Golden Gate Quartet (virtually the pioneers of gospel as pop music) making two puns – 'Atom and Evil' – the starting-point for a parable about Original Sin. The white contributions range from a fundamentalist denunciation of all scientific tampering – not just the bomb, to Karl and Harty (recorded on 4 December 1945) offering a mixture of reportage and sentimental sloganising ('I believe the bomb that struck Hiroshima/Was the answer to our fighting boys' prayer'). On a purely semantic level, several performers simply seize upon a potent new adjective. So Lowell Blanchard rejoices because 'Jesus hits like an atom bomb' while, to slide from gospel to jazz, Slim Gaillard produced an 'Atomic cocktail' at the same session that he recorded 'Penicillin boogie'.

With the church still at the centre of many black communities, the preacher's role stays vital. *An Evening With Rev. Louis Overstreet* (Arhoolie F1014), recorded in 1962 at the St Luke Powerhouse Church of God in Christ in Phoenix, Arizona, is a documentation of one preacher's rapport with his congregation. The range of activity stays narrow, the dynamics wide, with Overstreet's rough voice used to elicit musical responses from his flock as much as it is to harangue or reprove.

Andrae Crouch is a singer not a minister, and, far from thundering out good news in dowdy surroundings, he happens – black, just entering his forties – to be one of the successes of Jesus Rock. Nowadays, like other performers in the genre, he may compromise, egged on by major record companies to reach a wider, non-believing audience with devotional songs that never mention Jesus, or, with something of Donne's elasticity, deliberately confusing the sun with the Son. Yet on *Live in London* (Light LSD 7048, 2 LPs), recorded at Manchester's Free Trade Hall as well as the Hammersmith Odeon, Andrae Crouch and the Disciples – the singer spry and nimble, the choir riffing like a big band – create a sense of involvement very similar to that kindled inside one of those small, shop-front churches. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DANCE
Stephanie Jordan

Looking both ways

THIS being Robert Cohan's last year as Artistic Director of the London Contemporary Dance Theatre, it is appropriate to look to the past as well as the future. Examples of vintage Cohan back on view are **Stabat Mater** (1975), his depiction of Mary's grief at the Crucifixion, and **Cell** (1969), one of his first ever works to be performed by LCDT, a claustrophobic sextet, *Huis clos* minus the chat leading to a strobe-lit climax.

By contrast, Cohan's new **Chamber Dances** shows off the company in different speeds and combinations. There is the obligatory nod to Nikolais when the men are enveloped in a blue ocean wave of cloth, their heads poking through as if floating, followed by an interminable finale. The arrangements of bodies at various stage depths are arresting near the beginning, less compelling as the piece progresses. *Chamber Dances* serves well to make the company look glamorous, showing off their splendidly articulate torsos, but the sum of their expression is strangely complacent, and they remain anonymous to the end.

Robert North's **Songs and Dances** opened the first night benefit performance. To the brilliance of Schubert's C minor *Quartettsatz*, part one is outdoor and bright. The second half is a soirée to the more intimate songs; the relationships become social. A well-made and respectful piece, its drama is inherent in an opulent, stretched style of counterpull and resolution, carefully controlled, the dancing excellent. It also subscribes to that paleolithic dance tradition in which girls always need to be reassured, cuddled and consoled by their blokes.

There's no time for self-consciousness in Paul Taylor's **Esplanade** (1975), a London première and a valuable acquisition, most imaginative within the genre of dances about people and music. To Bach *Violin Concertos*, the nine dancers are gracious, friendly, yet bold and fun-loving. Taylor assembles dancers flatteringly and ingeniously, making them intersect and interweave, then resolving the pressure of the puzzle when you least expect it, sensitively labelling in the dance the musical sequences that you hear. The performers, if not quite the match of Taylor's own company, make a good go of this work, especially brave in its final treacherous runs, rolls and tumbles.

Richard Alston plays up the element of risk in **Rainbow Bandit** (1977), keeping all his dancers human, individual and on their toes. Sudden balances and breaks in the rhythm expose the performers, but wittily. Meanwhile, we enjoy observing how they cope with their difficulties and unravel the complexities of this work, dense, apart from one long female solo. It is mostly in silence, until the eagerly anticipated accompaniment of Charles Amirkhanian's word score *Just* breaks in and opens everything up near the end. *Bandit* discloses its secrets gradually out of a mass of information.

In the performance I saw of Siobhan Davies's gently eloquent **Free Setting,** Tom Jobe's individual, mannered and fussily mellifluous quality was at odds with the broadly *legato* style required of the rest of the cast. His own **Liquid Assets** is in the style that Jobe is just aching to show us. Seen in a workshop earlier this year, this is Jobe's comment on the problems of morning rising as the loveable slugabed who cannot cope with the routine of modern business men and naughty schoolgirl secretaries. It's shameless, slight but brilliantly executed, all whizz turns and high kicks, frenzy mollified by the nonchalance of flops and shuffles.

The last programme of the season included the première of Chrstopher Bannerman's **Second Turning,** cryptically titled, perhaps about a turning point in self-knowledge rather than physical turning. In front of a tent-like backdrop by Antony McDonald, one layer of which falls through the piece, Bannerman appears as master in a community, his slow, deliberate solo tunnelling in broad strokes down the centre line, enclosing the struggling and playing of the group and occasional solo or duet passages. Oddly the Ligeti piano pieces are unhelpful to the stage picture (the silences provide powerful contrast); the loose-fitting white shirts and decor interfere with perception of the movement. But Bannerman's ragged canonic streams, complex clusters and sudden flashbacks are frequently exciting and he has managed to create an individual, sultry atmosphere.

THE triple bill that announced the first works in this season's Royal Ballet repertoire was a Nureyev evening. The latter had a hand in all three works: **The Tempest,** his new creation, **Raymonda Act III,** his staging of Petipa's 19th-century classic, and Bournonville's **Konservatoriet** in which he plays the dancing master. Anthony Dowell danced Prospero that night. The following evening, the two men switched roles. Nureyev provides the background to Shakespeare's play in a prologue that, to movements from Tchaikovsky's *Suites Nos 1* and *3*, depicts the usurping of Prospero's crown, the creation of Caliban (David Wall) and Ariel (Wayne Eagling) and introduces us to Miranda (Lesley Collier). Then, after half an hour, to Tchaikovsky's little-known overture *The Tempest*, we have the magical events on the island, the shipwreck, the love affair between Miranda and Ferdinand (Ashley Page), Prospero avenged, resolution, the relinquishment of his magical powers and regretful departure.

Rather than a complement to Shakespeare's contemplative idyll, which you have to know well to sort out the details of the action, Nureyev aims at the popular, dashing, spectacle ballet. Care of Kirby's Flying Ballets, Ariel swoops and soars on wires, Prospero appears raised aloft as a giant, the beleaguered ship is tossed on cloth breakers (decor and costumes by Nicholas Georgiadis), the stage cunningly transformed from land to deck and back again, the wrongful party seen swinging on rigging from imaginary masts. All this is striking and highly entertaining, but not at all does the ballet draw us into the world of its characters. Choreographically it is thin, steps persistently at high velocity, thick and fast, hard work, which all conspires to prevent their visibility. The characters who perform them can only fail to live and breathe. Props take the weight of whole episodes, Prospero's magic wand and cloak manipulated but barely choreographed into the action.

Contrastingly, the merits of *Konservatoriet* are now fully assured. Bournonville's affectionate reminiscences of ballet class in Paris in the 1820s have been staged for the RB by Mona Vangsaae. The steps, so varied in size, nuance, orientation, grouping and relation to the musical phrasing are exquisite; there is a happy opportunity for the young pupils of the Royal Ballet School. But, without having *bravura*, the piece is exceptionally taxing for its dancers. At the opening curtain, the unsupported, stark *adage* balances and shifts that are normally reserved for practice, secreted from public glare, can be unkind, without the necessary precision and control; later, the *pirouettes* for the boys call out for impeccable unison and completion. The RB still searches for the requisite group style and confidence. □

OPERA
Andrew Clements

Breughelland

Le Grand Macabre
Coliseum; further performances 17, 21 December

Nekrotsar, the Great Macabre himself, rises from the grave to put an end to the world. He finds the people of Breughelland more interested in their worldly pleasures – drinking, sex and political intrigue – than in the Apocalypse. Nekrotsar makes a hash of his job anyway, and the people can get back to the hard work of pleasure, without a thought for their future. It is much easier to say what Ligeti's *Le Grand Macabre* is not than to categorise it precisely. It has been called an 'anti-opera'; the composer thinks of it as his 'anti-anti-opera', which 'though on a different level, is "opera" again'. But to all intents and purposes it's an opera, written for a theatre with a proscenium stage and an orchestral pit, with a large cast of singers and actors.

An entertainment might be another way of describing the piece, a lively and amusing way of passing a couple of hours in the opera house with some beautiful music as an added bonus, music that could have been composed by nobody but Ligeti. The hu-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mour, too, is utterly characteristic. Ligeti was commissioned by Stockholm Opera in 1965, and the result was first staged 13 years later. He considered writing a music-theatre piece along the lines of his *Aventures* and *Nouvelles Aventures*, without a plot and conceived in his own artificial language, but realised that to hold an audience's attention through an evening there must be a dramatic thread and a text that can be understood. He settled instead on *La Balade du Grand Macabre* by the Belgian dramatist Michel de Ghelderode, and with the producer Michael Meschke turned it into a libretto, boiling down the wordy original into something much more earthy, irrational and bizarre.

It is this coarse wit, black humour and sexual knockabout that make *Le Grand Macabre* a refreshing and unique experience on the operatic stage. That is not to make it also a good opera, nor the new dawn for the medium that everyone is seeking. My disappointment with the first night was not with the piece itself, but with the opportunity missed; once again a leading avant-garde composer has failed to grasp the nettle and try to rethink the conventions of large-scale music theatre.

Had he not written one, Ligeti would have seemed a most unlikely opera composer. His working scale is essentially small; he is the inventor of intricate, jewelled mechanisms, music that is always changing but always stays the same, or that moves in regular clockwork fashion to its prescribed end. Neither of these approaches is able to propel dramatic action; even in an opera that flaunts its inconsequentiality the music remains a series of static set pieces.

What his music *can* provide is a subtext on the action. 'Life which offers nothing but pleasure can be profoundly sad' Ligeti has said, and this sadness is sometimes allowed to break through. It is in the frozen clusters of sound that recall his earlier music, and most of all in the final *passacaglia*, when the young lovers Clitoria and Spermando (renamed, for the benefit of ENO subscribers, Miranda and Amando) emerge from their lovemaking blissfully unaware that they have missed the end of the world.

Elsewhere there is delight in the indulgence of pure imagination: an ensemble towards the end of the first act that entwines voices and instruments in the smartest imitation, some exquisitely timed dissolves in the second and a wild *tutti* built upon a wrong-note version of the Eroica finale theme with instrumentalists strung round the auditorium. The music for the whip-cracking wife of the court astrologer Mescalina is conceived in long, loping lines; the bird-headed chief of the secret police has some dizzying *coloratura*; the prince of Breughelland is sung by a hooting counter tenor.

Ligeti's musical jokes are as good as his verbal ones, which is what makes *Le Grand Macabre* special. I wish though that there were as much music as words, for long stretches in the first act especially keep the orchestral background pared to the minimum. Visual jokes are left to the production, which crams them in. Elijah Moshinsky and his designer Timothy O'Brien have sited their Breughelland on an underpass of the M4. Both production and English libretto by Geoffrey Skelton seem unsure how far to push the sensibilities of the ENO audience, veering between prudish excision and honest vulgarity; the balance is never quite struck. Praise is due to the English National Opera, however, for staging the work and assembling a cast which responds with tremendous vigour. The conductor, Elgar Howarth, is the real hero of the evening; he took charge of the Stockholm premiere and now has the score's full measure, teasing out every detail and timing each trick to perfection. Whatever one thinks of the piece in the long term, the present show ought to be seen. □

THEATRE
Christopher Edwards

Lost chance

Messiah
MARTIN SHERMAN *Hampstead*

The People Show
King's Head

Rockaby
SAMUEL BECKETT *Cottesloe*

Martin Sherman is probably best known in this country for his hit play *Bent*. His new play, **Messiah,** is set in 17th-century Ukraine in a Jewish community which has recently been ravaged by marauding cossacks. The play centres on the Jews' obsession with salvation, and in particular with the belief, turned hysterical certainty, that the Messiah has come. The sufferings of Rachel, Rebecca, Asher and Reb Ellis have made their faith into combustible stuff – even the doubts of as materialistic a merchant as Reb are consumed by the merest spark of evidence that Sabbatei Sevi is, indeed, the Messiah. No one ever *sees* him; some say his wife is a whore, others that she is a saint. There are reports of miracles; there are rumours that he sings Castilian love songs to the Torah. All however persuade themselves that a new age has dawned in which the ancient sexual and social taboos are to be swept away; led by the handsome but fanatical Asher (Jack Klaff), they leave for Constantinople to witness the Messiah take the crown from the Sultan. They are deluded. Sabbatei Sevi is a fraud, and when the Sultan threatens him with exquisite torture he prudently becomes a Muslim. God – if he exists – has played a sick joke upon them; or have they just played it upon themselves?

Sherman presents these startling events through the eyes of Rachel – a buck-toothed, spotty young woman who engages in gossipy and jokey monologues with God. Rachel is the *femme moyenne sensuelle* of the Ukrainian village and she, at least, gains temporary satisfaction from the new dispensation in the arms of Asher.

The personal interest in Rachel and the historical/religious scope of the play offer, you would think, a promising base. Sherman's handling of the material is, unfortunately, both clumsy and irreverent. Not only do the characters have little chance to establish themselves – the action is broken up into a clipped succession of short scenes – but the dialogue is stiff and functional. This leaves us with Rachel and her chats with God, but even Maureen Lipman fails to make anything interesting out of this. Sherman has written the piece in a flat, urban idiom, leavened with a muted form of Jewish New York repartee. Why does there have to be humour at all here? Apart from the fact that it's pretty bad humour anyway, it makes Rachel seem flip and knowing and diminishes her spiritual crisis.

Sherman also seems to have looked at only part of the question. These people yearn for a Messiah and he shows us how they are led up the garden path, but what *would* a Messiah actually be like? More interestingly, what *is* the experience of redemption? Sherman's approach is largely secular and psychoanalytical: these people have been traumatised by their experience at the hands of the cossacks, so they accept an invitation to the new Jerusalem. Despite what happens in the play, it is a cosy gloss and even Rachel's 'Do I, don't I, believe' debate at the end sounded hollow. Her declaration, too, that the Messiah is *inside* them, that they can save *themselves* strikes an odd and surely anachronistic theological note.

Despite these objections there are some delightful touches in Richard Eyre's production. The scene where they cross the water is a deft play of light and movement to suggest the bobbing and lurching of the voyage. Clive Swift also gives a beautifully alive and sympathetic portrait of Reb Ellis, the fruit merchant whose metaphors never shift outside the orchard. The play itself, though, is a missed opportunity.

IRREVERENCE is the stock-in-trade of **The People Show,** who return to their old haunt at the King's Head. This show is dedicated to their brilliant saxophonist George Khan and charts his imagined rise to stardom from humble origins in a dismal troupe called the Four Dossers. As usual, the evening is a skilful blend of acrobatic clowning from Emile Wolk, quick-fire verbals from Mark Long, with Shane and the subject himself bringing up the rear. The material was slighter than of late, and I was surprised that George Khan's considerable musical virtuosity was so concealed. But I would still recommend it highly, and urge you catch them before the 23rd.

Finally, there is a platform performance at the Cottesloe of Beckett's new play **Rockaby,** performed as usual by Billie Whitelaw. Only about 25 minutes long, it presents an old woman in a rocking chair listening to her recorded voice on a tape. She rocks as the voice from the past plays. When it stops *she* stops, and asks for 'More' – which may interest those whose main concern with the man's work is restricted to gauging its apparent levels of pessimism. For my part, I found it a characteristically terse blend of theatre and poetry about an old woman's consciousness on the edge of existence. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FILMS
John Coleman

Near to the real

Looks and Smiles (AA)
Camden Plaza
Trail of the Pink Panther (A)
Leicester Square Theatre
First Blood (AA)
Warner; Classic, Oxford Street; ABCs Shaftesbury Av., Bayswater, Fulham and Edgware Roads

The week throws up questions, substantial ones for anyone who gives a damn about what he or she is looking at, smiling or not. Looking you'd better be. Ken Loach is what might be called a one-take man, a middle-class movie junkie, whose fix is the underprivileged. His **Looks and Smiles**, a loose title for a film that finds him at his best, shows concern for a pathetically-moustached lad doomed to the dole and the girl he lackadaisically picks up in a shoeshop. This is startling provincial stuff, with an eye – the old *Picture Post* camera finesse of a young, remembering Chris Menges surely – to the main chance: Sheffield, Bristol – the hard geography of Britain. And the accents have similar edge and an awful accuracy. (Some might say they lean into the indecipherable at moments: the accusation, like the cracks against Loach's brilliant *Kes*, would be tediously true.) This film has been kicking its heels around in scattered areas: large ones (TV this May when our own Will Boyd dealt with it) and smaller, the London Film Festival 1981, when it got a thumbs-up here.

When the marvellously found kids in *Looks and Smiles* clumsily hit their verbal marks, it is not automatically a hooray for honesty. Given a sterling director (Loach) it works; and that is extraordinary. The two principals, Mick (Graham Green) and Karen (Carolyn Nicholson), are not *seen* to be performing; they shamble, scrap, mumble and – as it were – behave. Their odd falling in love, and odder motor-bike odyssey to a dad who has not just found a life of his own but had a child with his nice, Cockney peroxide-blonde is near to the real thing. How much closer can one decently ask? Chekhov every week? We should be grateful for a difficult creation as good as this. And, of course, it looks a devil of a sight better on the big screen.

The appalling fear is that soon the smaller screen in the corner, with its intimations of claustrophobia, will become a perpetual turn-on, a way out for everything. And, for the time being, my word, a terrible seduction in that it is showing a much better product than is available in your friendly local picture-palace. We all know that those days are gone – when even Lana Turner seemed like a good idea (well, that bulging sweater was no joke in *my* boyhood) and movies have become film have become Cinema – and cinema has dwindled, like a proud, idiot frog, to a green fart. Which brings me rapidly to the other odd couple on offer this week.

It was self-evidently never a bright idea – except to make money which it sickeningly may do – to pick bits of Peter Sellers off that the infamous cutting-room floor. Blake Edwards, for whom a long time ago I had a firm regard, who did the first Clouseau caper and did it amusingly, has ill-stitched together a thing called **Trail of the Pink Panther**. Paid one is for comment, but it feels like time to take a risk. This is a little like bovver-booting a grave. I admired Sellers, maybe too much, but here we have something utterly demeaning. Explosions, fallings-about, Kwouk-ery, and an indescribably embarrassed-looking appearance from dear old loyal David Niven: it is a horror, ghouls' fare. The Stallone – it does rather offer itself to this – is distinctly rocky: **First Blood**, another off-shoot of that US guilt about Vietnam, shockingly well photographed and located, a very unpleasant effort, extremely directed by Ted Kotcheff. □

New
Statesman is available in Microform.

University Microfilms International

Please send additional information
for _____
Name _____
Institution _____
Street _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

300 North Zeeb Road
Dept. P.R.
Ann Arbor, Mi. 48106

Among this week's contributors:

CHRISTOPHER EDWARDS is reviewing theatre while Benedict Nightingale is on a British Council lecture tour of India. Benedict Nightingale will be back in the issue of 7 January.

JOHN SPURLING'S *British Empire Parts I and II* was recently broadcast on Radio 3. The text is published by Marion Boyars.

DESIGN
Jules Lubbock

Toy town

Memphis
Boilerhouse, V & A, until 20 January

The first Memphis was capital of Egypt from 3000-1500 BC and the centre of the cult of Ptah, the god who invented the mechanical arts. The second Memphis was capital of rock 'n' roll and the Elvis cult. The third Memphis is a design studio in Milan, run by Ettore Sottsass, a cult figure in the Sixties when he designed typewriters for Olivetti, and now born-again as High Priest of a pop-style Ptah, with a mission to liberate the industrial product from the clutches of capitalism and the bourgeois lifestyles purveyed by the likes of Terence Conran.

He believes this can be achieved by making prototypes of jokey furniture independently of manufacturers. Sold one-off to the Milanese radical chic they are exorbitantly expensive; but should a retailer want ten thousand the unit price would drop. So the autonomous designer becomes manufacturer.

His logic may escape most adults, but my kids, aged seven to twelve, saw some point in furniture with the combined appeal of Mickey Mouse, pop music and Egyptian mummies. A floor lamp on wheels with bulbs protruding from coloured holders was obviously a hedgehog. Another lamp was seen as a cross between Popeye the Sailor and a pink pig with a red snout. Their favourite was a sideboard like a pyramid of acrobats with a figure on top flexing his muscles, made from sloping shelves of pastel-coloured formica.

Their solution for liberating the community from capitalism was to make the things themselves from old furniture and pots of paint. This is not exactly what Sottsass or his sponsor Artemide, the manufacturer of classy light fittings, have in mind. Rather than an attack upon consumerism and the role of the designer, Memphis is a feeble defence against the proletarian shopping of the 'Metropolitan Indians' of Bologna, who stole record sleeves from shops in 1977. As an alternative to reductive functionalism and good taste Memphis's artefacts do not begin to figure beside the objects of the surrealists – think only of the fur-covered tea-cup, of Dali's telephone with a receiver in the shape of a lobster, of Brauner's Wolf Table.

How could a radical critique of design have found a place in Conran's Boilerhouse? Habitat-Mothercare must be launching a new range of nursery furniture, for which the *New Statesman* has conducted free market research. In return the Boilerhouse should throw open its doors to the Metropolitan Indians. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TELEVISION
William Boyd

Comparing

TELEVISION documentaries from the front line, or from anywhere remote or difficult to get at, always seem to promise more than they ever actually deliver. The common televisual memories of the Vietnam war, for example, consist of interchangeable shots of groups of GIs, tanks or whatever tirelessly firing thousands of rounds into green walls of jungle. The fact that we were assured that Charlie Cong was out there didn't add much to what swiftly became a not very exciting image.

But therein lies the clue. It was only because we *knew* we were watching the real thing that the boring sequences meant anything at all. Indeed, this type of documentary relies heavily on the amount of good will that the viewer is prepared to invest. Or, to put it another way, it's the viewer's awareness of the context that adds the frisson. The argument runs that if these are the best pictures we can get then it must have been bloody hard going for the crew.

The fact that there is a crew in the first place also explains a lot. Quite apart from the wholly understandable caution that must attend any move into hostile terrain, there's a fair amount of equipment to be humped about too, as was forcibly illustrated the other week during Sandy Gall's epic hike into Afghanistan. The one time he really needed his cameras (Russian bombers attacking) they were strapped to the back of some mule on the other side of the mountains.

No blame, it should be made clear, attaches itself to the crews on any of these occasions. The fact that they've actually gone is sufficient testimony to their pluck; that they get any useable pictures at all is sufficient to marvel at. But there's no gainsaying that very often what sounds like the most intrepid of films only approximates to the enthusiastic billing it receives in the *Radio Times*.

SOME of these inherent disadvantages in the 'front line' documentary, we now learn, prompted **Panorama**'s decision to dramatise large portions of the programme they were planning to make on the effects of the introduction of martial law in Poland. And a wise decision it turned out to be too. As luck would have it (or as bad luck would have it, depending on whether you worked for *Panorama* or *World in Action*), there was a **World in Action** documentary – a true old-style front-line documentary – on an hour before *Panorama*'s 'Two Weeks in Winter', providing a wonderful opportunity to evaluate and compare the two approaches. World in Action's film was also about Poland (really *evil* luck, that) and investigated the extent to which Solidarity still functions now that martial law has compelled it to go underground.

A considerable portion of the documentary, we were told, had been 'secretly filmed'. It was only these words that added excitement to the very ordinary images we witnessed. We saw a secretly filmed sequence of ZOMO militia in training (some 20 seconds long): out-of-focus shots through a screen of branches of some soldiers marching. We observed a clandestine printing press turning out crude broadsheets, its operators masked with balaclavas. And there were interviews with Solidarity activists in silhouette.

What made these sequences memorable or effective had nothing to do with the images themselves or with their content but with the knowledge that the viewer possessed that real risks were being run, and that people were exposing themselves to genuine danger. To gain some idea of what precisely these risks and dangers were, one had only to wait for *Panorama* where the experience of living under martial law was made vividly explicit.

'Two Weeks in Winter' looked at the imposition of martial law as it affected the miners at the Wujak mine, using it as a microcosm of the national experience. These localised, dramatised extracts – the arrest of the workers' chairman, the occupation of the factory by the miners and its 'liberation' by the dreaded ZOMO – were intercut with more general newsreel material and linked by a straightforward narrative commentary.

The resulting mix can be accounted, I think, highly successful even if we confine ourselves only to the question of how good a documentary it was. One came away from it immeasurably better informed as to what was really going on in Poland last Christmas. It was, moreover, expertly edited and the dramatised sequences were stylishly directed by Christopher Olgiati.

BUT, granting the effectiveness of the hybrid form used in 'Two Weeks', it has to be said that this style of dramatised reproduction can never supersede the potency of seeing something that actually happened and which the hard work and effort of a TV crew has allowed us to witness. Not even the most artfully reproduced riot can match film of a real one.

More importantly, our reactions to the sight of real rioters being quelled by real police will never be the same if we know that the thing has been staged, that what we're seeing are actors, rubber truncheons and tomato ketchup. However, we can't always have the cameras in place – though the efforts should be made – and in these circumstances such responsible dramatisation is a very valid substitute. □

If you wish to keep your
NEW STATESMAN
in good condition you should use a binder.
It holds a half-year's copies and costs only
£4.50 (£8.50 for two)
Please send remittance to:
NEW STATESMAN
14-16 Farringdon Lane
London EC1R 3AU

WEEKEND COMPETITION

No 2750 **Set by B. Mooring**

After *Anyone For Denis?* (as seen on TV) it would be interesting to know what other dramatists might do with the Boss and her Underling. Extracts, please, from plays by Pinter, Coward, Wilde, Shakespeare, Eliot, Fry or whoever about M and D. Up to 150 words, by 7 January.

No 2747 **Set by A. Boteman**

New riddles for insertion in Christmas crackers.

Report **By Jemima Squiffy**

While my husband is on duty elsewhere (see p.30) I have been allowed one of my rare day-shifts in the judging section of the Complex. And what a grand comp to be given! The essence of cracker riddles, of course, is that they are highly groanworthy: we have included a fair sample of these among the winners. But, because we are a progressive newspaper, moving ever forwards, we have also included some which are really rather good. The combination seems to me unimprovable. Well done: a quid a quip.

Q: What did the Labour Executive member do for exercise?
A: He went for a Trot.

Q: What made a Tory wet?
A: Being under Mrs Thatcher's reign.

Q: What made Peter Shore?
A: He thought he could show Sir Geoffrey Howe.

Q: Why did the pensioner get rid of her granny bonds?
A: Because she lost interest.

KEN RUDGE

Q: How does Tony Benn define his action when he selects a certain pear?
A: He would say it was a Conference decision.

PATRICK HARVEY

Q: Why is the Cabinet so full of riddles?
A: Because they're crackers.

Q: Why is Tory policy like a Christmas pudding?
A: Because it's plum duff.

Q: Why is the Official Receiver like Jesse James?
A: He fought De Lorean, the law won.

BILL GREENWELL

Q: Why would Tony Benn make a poor butler?
A: Because he dropped the Wedgwood.

Q: What's the difference between General Galtieri and a narrowboat skipper?
A: One's a bleeding Argie, the other's a leading bargee.

BASIL RANSOME-DAVIES

Q: Why is Roy Jenkins like a pet dog?
A: Because he appreciates a nice Beaune.

PETER NORMAN

Q: What's the most explosive town in Europe?
A: Brussels, because almost everyone is making a bomb there.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Q: How would you catch Denis Thatcher?
A: With a gin-trap.

Q: What sort of hill does Cheltenham stand on?
A: A mole-hill.

Q: Why isn't the House of Commons stereophonic?
A: Because it has only one Speaker.

WAYNE SIDESADDLE

Q: Why is John Golding like Piglet?
A: They're both afraid of the Heffer-lump.

Q: What is the difference between CND and a laxative?
A: One's a movement for peace, the other's a piece for movement.

HAMISH SOUTAR

Q: What's the difference between the *Sun* and the *Beano?*
A: Three pence.

Q: Why is a teenager in India like an early death?
A: They're both youth in Asia.

Q: What's the difference between Sir Keith Joseph and pneumonia?
A: Pneumonia can be cured.

Q: How do you avoid imprisonment for spying?
A: Be Blunt.

V. ERNEST COX

Q: Why is a middle aged birthday like being unemployed?
A: Because your card says you be 40.

FIONA PITT-KETHLEY

Q: How did an elephant get into GCHQ?
A: By borrowing a security pass.

ROB HULL

Q: How do you stop moles digging up your garden?
A: Hide the secrets somewhere else.

Q: What do you get when you mate drug-sniffer dogs?
A: Hash puppies.

PETER VEALE

Q: What game does the leader of the opposition play every Tuesday and Thursday afternoon?
A: Footbawl.

A: What would you get if you crossed the Spanish Prime Minister with the Spanish peasants?
A: Needy Gonzalez.

Q: What's the difference between the Conservatives and the SDP?
A: Very little.

TONY MEREDITH

Q: What austerity would the government welcome this Christmas?
A: An absence of Min. spies.

Q: What has made the Princess of Wales so independent?
A: The fact that she now has a Will of her own.

JOYCE JOHNSON

Q: Who'd make the better Labour Party leader, Foot or Benn?
A: Benn, because he's the one with the ex-peerience.

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

Q: Why will three million Britons be playing Father Christmas this winter?
A: Because they've all got the sack.

MRS J. I. MARTIN

Q: What do Roy Hattersley and the London telephone directories have in common?
A: They are both bulky, boring to read, and ubiquitous.

NICHOLAS MURRAY

Q: What goes up but never comes down?
A: Mrs Thatcher's opinion of herself.

Q: What goes down but never comes up?
A: Britoil shares.

DAVID TOLEY

FIRST PERSON

Anne Smith

From scratch

I THINK of forming Allergics Anonymous. The clubroom will be clinically sterilised and hermetically sealed between meetings, of course, and the members will have to enter naked. During the interval fruit-tea will be served in coconut shells, and antihistamine pills handed round. Stranger tales will be told there than ever you'll hear in White's or the Garrick. Mine will be only one of them. Extinguishing my herbal cigarette in the natural hollow of a stone to the visible relief of the inflamed members, I shall begin . . .

Some years ago I was suddenly afflicted with an itch in my ears, that went deeper than my finger or the doctor's peepscope could reach – yea, deeper still, into the roots of my neck. The doctor referred me to an ear-doctor, who diagnosed allergy and ordered tests. My arm was duly scratched with pins and various strange oils applied: essence of lambswool, puree of housemite, pollen from the heart of the rose, and so on. It was a veritable anointing. Then lo and behold, my arm swelled mightily. But the doctor was busy, and in an hour's time when I went to see him, my arm had returned to its natural size. 'You have no allergies,' he concluded. I pointed out the wrongheadedness of this statement, but he was adamant. He referred me to another doctor, who referred me back to him, and when I found myself going round for the third time I remembered the wise words of the poet Blake: 'Enough! or, too much!' and sought my salvation in books.

Not All In The Mind had my symptoms listed with an uncanny exactness. But then, it did list virtually every ill known to mankind including insanity. Since its prescription was the Stone Age Diet but only under medical supervision, and my doctor is Scottish and unsympathetic to things he can't see, it was no help in the end. It did say if you want temporary relief you should mix potassium of soda with bicarbonate of soda, light the blue touchpaper and . . . (*Thish can't be right – Ed.*). I date my stomach ulcer from round about then.

Meanwhile the allergies waxed and multiplied. I bore my hives like a hair shirt. When I got up in the morning I used to think, 'I've been Taken Over by a Martian during the night', for my eyes shone like red brakelights, and 'So that's what happened to Bette Davis . . .' when they bulged spongily, like a dissipated frog on the point of death. I grew fat and paranoid.

In desperation, I went to a Faith Healer, long miles across open country in a high wind. He swung a little stone on the end of a string and pronounced, 'Yes, you have allergies.' Then I named a long list of foods and he said yes or no according to how his stone swung. But his stone must have had an off-day, or been susceptible to draughts, because it said no to substances I knew I was allergic to. Nonetheless I followed his advice to the letter, and for weeks ate no rice, drank no wine, partook of only stoneground bread and generally suffered. At the end of that time I was as I had been at the beginning. Perhaps a lot worse, for I had become allergic to the very antihistamines.

I met a friend and fellow sufferer who swore by a homeopathic doctor in Australia. To communicate with him you licked a sheet of plain paper and sent it off airmail. Two weeks later a diagnosis arrived, along with a set of specially-treated white wafers, certain to cure all the symptoms of mortality ('This is My body'?). After partaking of the long-distance host, I was as I had been. Then I met another friend, who knew an allergy doctor only 50 miles away, a wizard. And a *real doctor*. Specialising in geriatrics . . . and allergies . . .

I made the pilgrimage, helped him with his research by filling in a questionnaire that took two hours, and then he told me what it turns out he tells all his patients: 'You are allergic to tapwater. Eschew it. Also eschew all dairy products, things from tins, tea, coffee, wheat, corn, fish, chocolate . . . what else do you like? Nuts? Eschew nuts! Does this cover everything? Well then, go then and eschew it all. Take ten grammes of Vitamin C a day. Do not wash any part of you for a month. Here is a filter which I will give you at cost price – if you need water for your fruit tea, use this. Thirty pounds please and come back next month . . .'

The rest of the list of Forbidden Fruits apart, it is practically impossible to eschew water. You stop being asked places. You stop even wanting to go. You become an alcoholic. And you still have the hives, the red eyes, and all the other symptoms too boringly comprehensive to mention, complicated by the diuretic and other embarrassing side-effects of Vitamin C addiction. There must be an easier way . . .

And I know, as my speech trails off among the massed snoring of the afflicted, severally succumbing to antihistamines and blocked sinuses, a small voice from the back of the hall will pipe up, 'Funny you should say that! I know a good man in Manchester . . .' and I'll take down the address. The quest, brothers and sisters, is endless. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Jeff Squiffy's answers

Openers

a) Mistress Quickly; b) Harry Bailly; c) Drambuie; d) gin; e) money levied on spirits in 1890 and used for technical education; f) Dr Johnson; g) Haute Lorraine (according to G. K. Chesterton); h) strong gin; i) rhyming slang for 'booze'.

By their deeds . . .

1: a) and b) Mark Thatcher; c) the SAS; d) Charlie Richardson's daughter and half-brother; e) Channel 4; f) Prince William; g) inland telegrams; h) *Listen With Mother;* i) the golden hare from *Masquerade;* j) Mary Rose; 2:a) Rhona Ritchie; b) Hugh Hambleton; c) Geoffrey Prime.

. . . and words

1:a) Jock Bruce-Gardyne; b) the Pope; c) Ronald Reagan; d) Jim Callaghan; e) Enoch Powell; f) Michael Foot; g) Tony Benn; h) Margaret Thatcher; i) Lord Denning; j) Lech Walesa; 2:a) Michael Fagan on the Queen; b) Malcolm Muggeridge on Mother Theresa; c) The Queen on Ronald Reagan; d) Enoch Powell on Jacques Tati.

Passing on

a) Arthur Askey; b) Leonid Brezhnev; c) Jacques Tati; d) Grace Kelly in *To Catch a Thief*; e) Vivien Merchant; f) Chesney Allen; g) Pierre Mendès France; h) Macdonald Hastings; i) Maxwell Joseph.

Fruitcake

a) Jimmy Carter; b) Arthur Conan Doyle; c) Henry Ford; d) Florence Nightingale; e) Charles Dickens; f) W. B. Yeats; g) Pierre Boulez.

Low opinions

a) Churchill on Attlee; b) Bevan on Attlee; c) Gore Vidal on Reagan; d) Richard Nixon on Amin; e) T. H. Huxley on George Eliot; f) F. Scott Fitzgerald on Gertrude Stein; g) Michael Foot on Sir Keith Joseph; h) William Cobbett on Pitt the Younger.

Rocking on

1:a) Elvis Presley; b) Chris Montez; c) Chubby Checker; d) Little Eva; e) Brenda Lee; f) Rolling Stones; g) Sandy Nelson; h) The Who; i) Lulu; j) Flowerpot Men; k) Long John Baldry; 2:a) The Who; b) Chicago, Spencer Davis Group; c) Lulu; d) Frankie Lymon and the Teenagers; e) Kid Creole and the Coconuts; f) Gary Glitter; g) Bonzo Dog Doo Dah Band; h) Simon and Garfunkel; i) Monkees; j) Whistling Jack Smith; k) Neil Sedaka; l) Dusty Springfield.

Suffering little children

a) W. C Fields; b) Evelyn Waugh; c) Charles Lamb; d) Jonathan Swift; e Philip Larkin; f) Joe, the fat boy in *Pickwick Papers;* g) Captain Mainwaring in *Dad's Army;* h) Anthony Hope; i) George Bernard Shaw; j) Jim (in Belloc's poem).

On wings of song

a) Trotsky; b) Jules in the film *Diva;* c) *Il Trovatore;* d) *Khovanshchina;* e) Joseph Addison; f) W. H. Auden; g) Kiri Te Kanawa; h) W. S. Gilbert; i) Otto Klemperer.

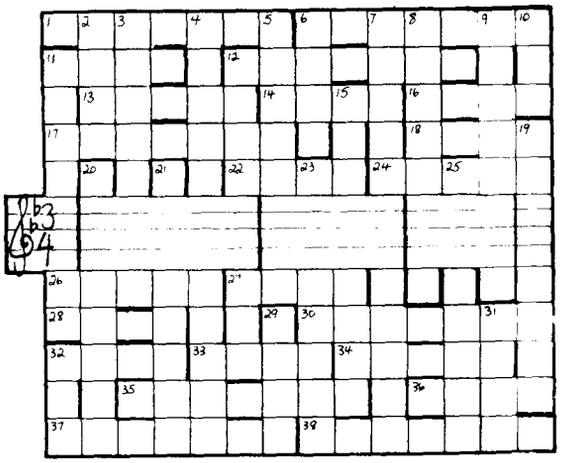
Naming names

1:a) John b) Herbert; c) Isabella; d) Lancelot; e) Elizabeth; f) George; g) Wladziu; h) Jules; 2:a) all are pseudonyms of Daniel Defoe; b) all sat on the Longford Committee on pornography; c) all have signs of the zodiac named after them; d) all were members of Lloyd's syndicates managed by Ian Posgate, who was dismissed in September 1982.

Salamanca: 63

'Wassail'

PRIZES: £25 cheques for the first three correcct solutions opened. Entries to Salamanca 63, New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU, by first post 18 January.



Chambers 1977 Edition is recommended but does not give the common combination at 4, the version of 3 (in OED) or the place-name at 17. All Acrosses are entered normally and clues contain definition (sometimes the entire clue) and hidden jumble of the answer. The middle line of the grid represents a musical stave. Letters (A-G) in all Downs (normal clues) that cross the stave must be translated into notes (double letters = crotchet, single letters = quaver) where they belong, bearing in mind that only the inner three lines and four spaces of the stave are utilised. Solvers should sing the resultant tune to receive the message.

Note: Solution and prizewinners for Salamanca 63 will appear in our 21 January issue.

ACROSS

1 Best hang your stocking on another kind of peg (7)
6 Could such tips be in novelists' hands? (7)
11 Would a punk be mad given such a comb? (4)
12 A runner made for ice-runners (7)
13 Sort of drab holiday all detest (5)
14 Something with a long brown handle a snab uses (4)
16 Father Christmas with his reindeer (4)
17 Hill and olden field of battle (7)
18 One of those the shepherds were watching, getting fright (4)
22 It's okay being a hard drinker (4)
24 For a break from work let's book into a hotel (5)
26 Attached to bell is this yarn (5)
27 An entire year's circuit (4)
28 Vessel for burning neat alcohol (4)
30 Holy couple had to settle for manger rank and lowly (7)
32 Dress in mistletoe (4)
33 Turkey, as it cooks, sounds good to the ear! (4)
34 I – as a letter you won't find one thinner! (5)
35 Present each of the courses (7)
36 Small things the stockings have in them (4)
37 Justice is mine seemingly (7)
38 We like a lot of sweets – you've made us greedy (7)

DOWN

2 Let one cook a duck (4)
3 Gives courage to married man in old age on Sabbath (7)
4 Odd post goes out of these, perhaps (11)
5 Hit-or-miss falcon seizing knave (8)
6 Mere stuff tanners use is utterly clean (4)
7 Like Santa on Christmas Eve? (D—— father, bringing a present, dressed up with false beard!) (11)
8 Savings money b-becomes swallowed in rise (8)
9 You need a bird? Bag a hern, perhaps (8)
10 Heavy sound, we hear, of strain? (3)
11 Angry burst shown at length in mostly sharp commotion (8)
12 The national standard's increasing according to the curve! (8)
15 Plants for snake's disguising (8)
19 Turkeys – and those who avidly consume them? (8)
20 Substance that's put into food, via DDT, i.e., rather dodgy! (8)
21 Dress material, one ladies used, so 'out' now (7)
23 Favours one time paid with silver and notes (8)
25 Birds – I stress *this*, you hear? (8)
29 Seasonal fare containing birds? (4)
31 Butter to go hard on the inside (4)
32 Must be one of the local people (3)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED ADS

Phone: 01-251 5487
Deadline for ads – Normally noon Tuesdays for publication on Fridays

Rates **Lineage:** £1.60 per 6 words (min. 12 words – £3.20). First two words automatically bold, further bold words cost 30p each.
Box number service – U.K. £2 per insertion. Overseas £4 per insertion.
Display: £7 per single centimetre (min. 3 s.c.c. – £21). **Special rate for charities** – £6 per s.c.c. (min. 3 s.c.c. – £18).
Generous discounts for a series of ads are available. Ring for a quotation.

All private ads must be prepaid. Post to: CLASSIFIED DEPT., THE NEW STATESMAN, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU.
Telex – 28449
To reply to a Box, write to Box No. .... at the above address.

Appointments

FOR YOUR NEW YEAR APPOINTMENTS. Copy to arrive by noon Tuesday 21 Dec. You can dictate urgent copy on 01-253 2001, ext. 231.

OV SELECTION CATERS for the more mature person as well as graduates and 'A' level students with typing and office skills. Phone Odette Veazey, OV Selection (Emp. Agy.) Abford House, 15 Wilton Road, London, SW1V 1LT. 01-828 8345.

Deputy Director of Social Services

£18,579-£19,776 (pay award pending)

The Council invite applications for the post of Deputy Director of Social Services to succeed the present holder of the position following promotion to another Authority.

Candidates, male or female, who will be expected to have acquired wide experience of social services at a senior level should also be appropriately qualified and have proven management and administrative skills.

Further details and application form (to be returned by 7 January 1983) may be obtained from the County Personnel Officer, Manpower Services Division, Derbyshire County Council, County Offices, Matlock, Derbyshire DE4 3AG or by telephoning Matlock (0629) 3411 ext 6931.

DERBYSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL IS AN EQUAL OPPORTUNITY EMPLOYER

DERBYSHIRE
County Council

Brent Unemployed Workers' Centre

We are looking for two full-time workers to work as team but also having distinct areas of responsibility.

This is a new project sponsored by the Brent Trades Council and grant-aided by Brent Council and others.

The Centre will be in Willesden in the heart of a multi-ethnic inner city borough which is a centre of manufacturing industry with a strong tradition of trade union organisation.

The **CENTRE CO-ORDINATOR** will be responsible for the day-to-day running of the Centre, establishing a programme of educational, recreational and other activities and encouraging involvement by users. The **COMMUNITY ORGANISER** will be responsible for establishing and maintaining contacts with industry, particularly the local trade unions and labour movement, community organisations and others concerned with the needs and problems of the unemployed.

Formal educational qualifications are less important than proven experience of working with working people and their organisations. Experience of working with 'community' organisations and young people is also desirable.

Salary (under review): £9,405-£9,978 inc.

The Centre is an equal opportunities employer. Applications are welcome from candidates regardless of race, nationality, ethnic or national origins, age, marital status, sex, sexual orientation and from registered disabled persons.

For further details, etc, write to 375 High Road, Willesden, London NW10 or phone Lyn Williams, 01-451 4758/340 3127, or Patrick Lefevre, 01-451 1122. Short-listing will begin after 7 January 1983.

NUPE SECRETARIAL VACANCY

Following the move of our Head Office to a new, purpose-built office in Woolwich, and a reorganisation of our Head Office structure a **Secretarial Vacancy** now exists.

The post will be within the Organisation function, and will involve working with the National Organisation Officer and the Woman's Officer. Both of these posts are newly created so the successful applicant will be able to assist fully in the establishment of this new function.

The formal qualifications for this post are three 'O' levels or equivalent (one of which must be English Language), 35 words minute typing and 80 words per minute shorthand.

The salary is on the scale: **£7,582-£7,976.**

A Union Management Agreement exists with APEX

Application forms can be obtained from: Mrs I. Neville, NUPE, 20 Grand Depot Road, Woolwich, London SE18 6SF. Tel: 01-854 2244 ext 305 which should be returned by 16 January, 1983.

ASTMS

requires a

SECRETARIAL ASSISTANT

to work in their Head Office, Divisional Officer unit

Salary £7,145.49 per annum

34 hour week, 5 weeks holiday, contributory pension scheme. Preference will be given to applicants with trade union or Labour Movement background.

Applications in writing with full details, references and daytime telephone number to:

Jim Terry, Divisional Officer ASTMS, 79 Camden Road London NW1 9ES

LEHRERAUSTAUSCH ENGLAND-DEUTSCHLAND (HAMBURG). Welche(r) englische Lehrer(in) hat Interesse, ein Jahr lang an einem deutschen Gymnasium in Hamburg Englisch zu unterrichten? Wir suchen insgesamt 2 Lehrer/innen, die bereit sind, ab Aug./Sept. 83 für ein Jahr mit uns ihre Stellen zu tauschen (über das Central Bureau for Educational Visits and Exchanges). Sie können sich gern auch als Einzelinterressent bei uns melden. Raum London angenehm, aber nicht Vorausset-zung. Zuschriften an: Alexander Beimes, Rombergstr.7, 2 Hamburg 19, W-Germany, T. 01049-40-405620 oder 01049-40-8509756.

Publications

MIDDLE EAST catalogues available. A. C. Hall, 30 Staines Road, Twickenham TW2 5AH.

MODERN FIRST EDITIONS. Charlotte Robinson with Cookham Bookshop, Peter Jolliffe & Clearwater Books at 35 Gt Pulteney St, London W1. 01-437 3683. 2 mins. Piccadilly Circus, Mon.-Fri. 11-6. Specialists in Modern Firsts, Childrens & Illustrated Books. Catalogues issued.

REVIEW COPIES and other books in fine condition bought and sold by Vermilion Books, 57 Red Lion Street, London WC1. Tel: 01-242 5822.

Clothing

FOR THE finest Cotton, Silk, Wool Stockings try the FUNN natural fibre range at Liberty's of Regent Street.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS

As from the issue dated
7 JANUARY, 1983
Our classified rates will be as follows:

CLASSIFIED DISPLAY
£7.30 per single column centimetre (min 3 cms).
£6.30 per single column centimetre special charity rate.

LINEAGE
£1.60 per 6 words for private ads under 'Personal'.
£1.70 per 6 words for all other classifications.

Additional bold words 30p each
Box Nos £2. Please note – this means NO INCREASE for 'Lonely Hearts' ads

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SALE ELECTRONIC GAMES

NOW £40 OFF

ATARI T.V. GAME

THE GAME WITH 50 CARTRIDGES

R.R.P. £129.95 (inc. VAT)

OUR PRICE

£78.22 + VAT

(= £89.95 inc. VAT)

The Atari is supplied with a free mains adaptor, a pair of paddles, a pair of joysticks and a combat cartridge and is the most popular television game on the market and has a range of over 40 different cartridges. In addition to the standard Atari range we also now stock the new Activision cartridges which are currently on special offer reduced from £18.95 to **£16.95 inc. VAT**

ATARI CARTRIDGES

20% OFF R.R.P.

Atari Soccer £29.95
NOW £23.95

Activision Dragster £18.95
NOW £14.95

Activision Boxing £18.95
NOW £14.95

ATARI OWNERS CLUB – Why not join our *FREE* Silica Atari Owners Club and receive our bi-monthly newsletter with special offers and details of the latest new cartridge releases. Telephone us with your name and address and we will add your name to our computer mailing list.

NOW £50 OFF

MATTEL INTELLIVISION

THE ULTIMATE T.V. GAME

R.R.P. £229.95 (inc. VAT)

OUR PRICE

£156.48 + VAT

(£179.95 inc. VAT)

6 NEW CARTRIDGES JUST RELEASED:
*ASTROSMASH * SNAFU * BOWLING*
*SPACE ARMADA * BOXING*
TRIPLE ACTION

All 19 current cartridges + the six new ones above now retail at £19.95 — **Silica special offer price £17.95 inc VAT**

The Mattel Intellivision is the most advanced TV game in the world with a range of over 25 different cartridges all at our special offer price of £17.95. This game uses a 16-bit microprocessor giving 16 colours and three-part harmony sound. The picture quality is incredible with 3D effects and realistic animation. An add-on keyboard is now available to convert the mattel into a full home computer with 16K RAM which will be fully expandable and programmable in Microsoft Basic. Other accessories are being added. The normal price of the Intellivision – free Soccer cartridge is £229.95 but our special offer price is £179.95 inc. VAT, saving you £50.

MATTEL OWNERS CLUB – Why not join our Mattel Owners Club and receive our regular newsletters containing details of all the latest cartridge releases. Telephone us with your name and address and we will add you name to our computer mailing list.

FREE 16-PAGE CARTRIDGE CATALOGUE – If you are interested in owning a Mattel, we now have available a 16-page catalogue describing the latest six cartridges to be released, as well as a new Mattel colour leaflet with brief description of all 25 cartridges. Telephone us for further details.

T.V. GAME CARTRIDGES

We specialise in the whole range of TV games and sell cartridges for the following games: *ATARI ★ MATTEL ★ ACETRONIC ★ PHILIPS ★ DATABASE ★ ROWTRON ★ INTERTON ★ TELENG.* Let us know if you own any of these games and we will let you have details of the range of cartridges available.

Attention INTERTON & ACETRONIC owners, we have over 75 assorted used cartridges in stock all with 1 year guarantee – ***SPECIAL OFFER £8.95 each***

We also have a number of secondhand games and cartridges

NOW £8 OFF

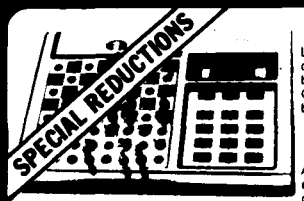
HAND-HELD GAMES

EARTH INVADERS

These invaders are a breed of creature hitherto unknown to man. They cannot be killed by traditional methods — they must be buried. The battle is conducted in a maze where squads of aliens chase home troops. The only way of eliminating them is by digging holes and burying them.

R.R.P. £26.95 **NOW £18.95** inc. VAT

SPECIAL REDUCTIONS



ELECTRONIC CHESS

Liquid crystal battery chess computer with 100-200 hrs battery life and two levels of play. Comes with separate chess board and pieces.

NOW £5 OFF
R.R.P. £24.95
SALE PRICE £19.95 (inc. VAT)

GRADUATE CHESS

A de luxe version of the electronic chess set with integral chess board. The ideal portable chess set — see illustration.

NOW **£29.95** INC VAT

FIDELITY MINI-SENSORY CHESS COMPUTER

The very first chess computer of its price to offer a portable computer with integral sensory board. Battery (6-8 hrs) or mains operated. This is a modular game and additional plug-in modules are planned for 1982 for advanced chess, popular openings, greatest master games, draughts and reversi.

MINI-SENSORY COMPUTER WITH STANDARD CHESS MODULE WAS £54.50 *NOW* **£49.95** INC VAT

Silica Shop are one of the country's leading specialists in Chess Computers and now stock a range of more than 20 Chess Computers, including Challenger 7/10/voice, Sensory 8 and Sensory Voice, Diplomat, System 3, Morphy, Great Game Machine, Voice Champion, and the new Scicys Mark V.

NOW £10 OFF

PAC MAN 2

Pac Man 2 is based on the latest pub game. It is a two-colour game of strategy, tactical pursuit and destruction pitting Pac Man against the large Ghosts. The object of the game is for Pac Man to attain as high a score as possible by capturing and destroying Ghosts, Bugs and Energizers without being himself destroyed by the Ghosts. Pac Man 2 incorporates the most modern and complex status displays ever produced and is now on release for the first in the UK offering an ideal present.

R.R.P. £34.95 **NOW £24.95** inc. VAT

NOW £8 OFF

SPACE INVADERS

Based on one of the most popular arcade games, Space Invader™ packs in lots of action with multi-shaped, brilliant LED vessels, including attack ships, bombs, defenders, missile rockets and a beam force cannon, plus exciting electronic sound effects. The attack ships attempt to bomb the ground defenders as they are moving. You manoeuvre the missile rockets — avoiding alien bombs — and destroy the invader force as quickly as you can. Progressive degree of difficulty. Includes automatic digital scoring. For ages 6 to adult.

R.R.P. £24.95 **NOW £16.95** inc. VAT

LESS THAN ½ PRICE

COLOUR CARTRIDGE T.V. GAME

Semi Programmable T.V. game
+ 4 cartridges
+ mains transformer

NOW £43.50 OFF
R.R.P. £73
SALE PRICE £29.50 inc. VAT

SCOOP PURCHASE NOW ½ PRICE

BACKGAMMON COMPUTER

Silica stock a wide range of Backgammon computers from £28.95 upwards. Special offers now available on Gammonmaster.

~~Was £90.95~~
NOW **£48.95** inc. VAT

½ THE PRICE OF COMPARABLE MACHINES

CALL JOTTER — THE AFFORDABLE ANSWER

The Post Office certified telephone answering machine

"Sorry darling, I will be late home — Love John"

The Call Jotter I brings the affordable answer at the amazing price of £69 (or £99 for the Call Jotter 2 with built-in remote recall facilities). These amazing telephone answering machines are Post Office certified and guaranteed for one year. They make a thoughtful gift for home or business use.

Call Jotter 3 illustrated
TWINTAPE £139

NOW **£69.00** inc VAT

NOW £75 OFF

RADOFIN TELETEXT

Plug the adaptor into the aerial socket of your colour TV and receive the CEEFAX and ORACLE television information services.

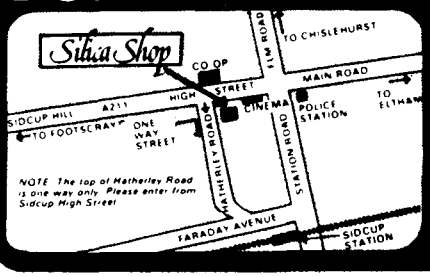
THIS NEW MODEL INCORPORATES

★ Double height character facility ★ True PAL Colour ★ Meets latest BBC & IBA broadcast specifications ★ Push-button channel change ★ Unnecessary to remove the unit to watch normal TV programmes ★ Gold-plated circuit board for reliability

ADD-ON ADAPTOR

WAS £199 inc. VAT
SALE PRICE £124 inc VAT

FOR FREE BROCHURES – TEL: 01-301 1111



For free illustrated brochure and reviews on our range of electronic games, please telephone 01-301 1111. Free delivery service available. To order by telephone please quote your name, address and ACCESS/BARCLAYCARD number, and leave the rest to us. Post and packing Free of Charge. Express 48-hour delivery service available.

★ CALLERS WELCOME – Demonstrations daily at our Sidcup shop open from 9am-6pm Monday-Saturday (Early Closing Thursday 1pm. Late opening Friday 8pm).
★ 2-YEAR GUARANTEE – All goods are covered by a full year's guarantee and many are further covered by our exclusive Silica Shop 2-year Guarantee.
★ MONEY-BACK UNDERTAKING – If you are unsatisfied with your purchase and return it within 7 days we will give you a full refund.
★ AFTER-SALES SERVICE – Available on all machines out of guarantee.
★ COMPETITIVE PRICES – We are never knowingly undersold.
★ HELPFUL ADVICE – Available on the suitability of each machine.
★ CREDIT FACILITIES – Full credit facilities available over 12, 24 or 36 months at competitive rates of interest.
★ PART EXCHANGE SCHEME – Available on secondhand machines.
★ CREDIT CARDS WELCOME – Access/Barclaycard/Diners Club/American Express.

SILICA SHOP LIMITED
1-4 The Mews, Hatherley Road, Sidcup, Kent DA14 4DX
Telephone: 01-301 1111 or 01-309 1111 (NST 12/82)

SILICA SHOP

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE
NEW STATESMAN
Classified Dept.
Wishes *ALL* advertisers and readers
a HAPPY CHRISTMAS
and
PEACEFUL NEW YEAR

CHRISTMAS CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENT DEADLINES

Issue dated 31 December — last copy by noon, Tuesday, 21 December.

Issue dated 7 January, 1983 — last copy by noon, Tuesday, 4 January.

Telephone: 01-251 5487

Personal

NO PRICE Increase for 'Lonely Hearts'

Private 'Lonely Hearts' ads under 'Personal' remain at £1 60 per 6 words, £2 per box no.

See main heading for details

ARE LOOKS and intelligence such a rare combination in a man? Attractive, well educated blonde (29) seeks suitable male companion of similar age. Usual cultural interests! I'm afraid appearance is important – please send (small) photo to Box 5228.

ARE YOU a lively minded individual, aged 18-80, enjoying the arts, discussions, conferences, communications, rambles, dancing? The Progressive League caters for Mind, Body and Intellectual Stimulus. And it's so cheap. Ring 01 452 8356.

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN graduate, lively, unattached, late 40s, seeks male companion, lasting relationship. Box 5229.

ATTRACTIVE MALE, 26, intellectual, nterested in literature, cinema, wishes to meet similar female, for committed relationship. Leeds/Bradford area. Box 5218.

ATTRACTIVE, YOUTHFUL widow, 53, living central London, seeks warm, gentle, humorous, unattached professional man, 50s, tallish, for mutual caring/sharing. Interests: theatre, ballet, music, bridge. Preferably non-smoker. Small photo appreciated. Box 5216.

COMPANY DIRECTOR, 51, unattached, seeks relationship with sensuous, sophisticated female, 18-35. Varied interests. Box 5217.

CREATIVE, LIVELY Londoner, 33, likes films, plays and countryside, seeks like-minded woman. Box 5239.

DATELINE'S PSYCHOLOGICALLY accurate introductions lead to pleasant friendships, spontaneous affairs and firm, lasting relationships including marriage. All ages, all areas. Free details: Dateline Computer Dating Dept. (NT), 23 Abingdon Rd, London W8. Tel. 01-938 1011.

DRISCOLL HOUSE, 200 single rooms, p.b. £40 p.w. 172 New Kent Rd, London SE1. 01-703 4175.

ENGLISHMAN RECENTLY returned from abroad, financially independent, bored with no friends, would like to meet attractive young lady, to invite out to dinner (London). Box 5184.

EXPERIENCED, CARING PSYCHOTHERAPISTS. 01-794 6810, 01-586 4109, 01-883 5418.

EXTRA FINE SAVINGS on Durex! Plus the assurance of Family Planning Association. £1 and £2 Variety Samplers; 60 Gossamer £6.50; 60 Forget-me-Not (FPS own brand) £5; 60 new Fetherlite Extra Fine £7. Other offers and free "Expert's guide" with first order. Depts. NSN31, F.P. Sales Ltd., 28 Kelburne Road, Oxford OX4 3SZ.

IS SOMEONE LISTENING TO YOU? One MP has claimed that 'The use of bugging devices has now become common practice'. The smallest bugs can be hidden in pens, ashtrays and other business gifts. For security from eavesdropping contact Matrix Products phone 021-705 0923.

LECTURER, young 46, blonde, slim, vivacious, divorced, not disillusioned with marriage but cautious, seeks man of intellect, sensitivity and warmth, London area. Box 5227.

M & F JEWISH MARRIAGE AGENCY (established 1958) has many attractive, intelligent young ladies, seeking introductions for friendship/marriage. Write M & F Agency, 32 North Hill, Highgate N6 4QA. 01-340 5616.

PIANO TUNER, reliable, North London only unless repairs needed. Denys Parsons MSc, 01-340 4695.

PROFESSIONAL MAN, attractive, 55, seeks warm, attractive woman, any race, young to 45 approx. London and surrounds. Box 5224.

STATUS. Introduction Consultants for Professional Academic & Business people. Friendship/Marriage 01-439 1619. 7 Oxford Circus Avenue, London W1.

UNIVERSITY LECTURER, doctorate, with excellent background, 29, seeks female friend, purpose marriage. Box 5199.

WRITE FOR Money – with Wordsmith, the new writer's newsletter. Details: Wordsmith, Dept W1, 151 Harefields, Oxford.

Secretarial

PETER COXSON Literary/Academic Typing (Est 1960). Fast, accurate, low rates. Audio/dupl. 01-584 0198; 01-642 1001.

QUALITY typing. English, German, French. Moderate charges. Anne Shotts: 01-452 6617.

Holidays/ Travel

INDIA & PAKISTAN. Would you like to visit people of all sorts in their homes in India and Pakistan? Let us help you plan a holiday of a lifetime; see the real India and Pakistan. Contact Chris White, Co-operative Centre, Hartlepool TS24 0RE. Telephone: 0429 34617.

JOURNEY LATIN AMERICA. Low cost flights, holiday journeys. 3-6 weeks. JLA, 10 Barleymow Passage, London W4. 01-747 3108.

TERRIFIC SCOPE: s./c. cottages, meals, tennis. Sterts, Upton Cross, Cornwall. (0579) 62382.

TRIED THE REST, now try the best. For low air fares to world-wide destinations inc. Africa. SHL. 313A Hoe Street, London E17. Tel: 01-520 7911.

HIGHLIGHTS OF 1983 TRAVEL

2-10 APRIL:
LAKE GARDA, VENICE, VERONA £120
HIGHLIGHTS OF THE PYRENEES £140
28 MAY-6 JUNE:
LAKE GARDA, VENICE, VERONA £135
LAKE BALATON and BUDAPEST £135
30 JULY-9 AUGUST:
LAKE BALATON and BUDAPEST £180
PRAGUE 30 April-2 May (for May Day) £55
PARIS 30 April-2 May (for May Day) £40
ATHENS 25 April-8 May (for May Day) £180
MOSCOW by train 28 May-7 June, 23 July-2 Aug. £180
KIEV by train 28 May-7 June, 23 July-2 Aug. £180
YUGOSLAV RIVIERA 15-27 June £145
LENINGRAD 2-14 July, 16-28 July £180
LENINGRAD and MURMANSK 13-25 Aug. £210
ROME, PISA, FLORENCE 27 Aug.-5 Sept. £150
IRKUTSK and LAKE BAIKAL 12 June-1 July £280

YORKSHIRE TOURS
49 Thornton Lodge Road, Huddersfield, HD1 3JQ
Telephone: 0484 24269

LISTINGS

THURS 16 DEC

DEPTFORD. Women Oppose Nuclear Threat; planning mtg for Xmas vigil. Albany Community Centre, Douglas Way, London SE8, 7.30. Women only.

LONDON WC2. William Morris: Memory of the Future. Talk by Peter Fuller at 7.30pm, drinking from 6.30pm, White Swan, New Row, WC2. Org. Socialist Society **01-734 8501.**

HAMPSTEAD. A better deal for All – Labour's Social Strategy. John McDonnell, Tom Sawyer. West Hampstead Community Hall, Dornfell St, NW6, 8pm. Hampstead Labour Party **01-794 1783.**

FRI 17 DEC

LEEDS. Annual Christmas Dance, Bob Cryer, Wilberforce Steel Band. Leeds NE Labour Party. Leeds 8 Trades Club.

HORNSEY. Alternative Economic Strategy. Peter Shore MP, 8pm. Hornsey Library, Haringey Park, N8.

KENSINGTON. Annual Conference of Social Research Assn with Prof. David Donnison and Michael Posner, Chm SSRC. 9.30-7pm. Kensington Town Hall, London W8. **Chris Gostick, 01-828 8070.**

SAT 18 DEC

PRESTON. Christmas Party with political cabaret. Courier Club, Main Post Office, Preston 8. Preston Labour Parties.

LONDON N4. Sale of toys and gifts for Chilean children, 10.30-2.30 followed by party for Chilean children. Co-op Hall, 129 Seven Sisters Road, N4. **01-272 4298.**

SUN 19 DEC

LONDON NW1. Greenham Common Women's Peace Camp benefit. Paola Dionisotti, Elaine Loudon, Juliet Stevenson. 7.30pm, The Round House, Chalk Farm, NW1.

LONDON WC1. Levi-Strauss and the Dragon: Structuralism, Femininity and the Evolution of Culture. Chris Knight, 11am, Conway Hall, South Place Ethical Society, Red Lion Square, WC1. **01-242 8032.**

MON 20 DEC

BATTERSEA. 20-23 Dec, Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs, rock and roll version, 7.30 and 9.30pm. Bridge Lane Theatre Co, Bridge Lane, SW11.

TUES 21 DEC

BRIXTON. 'The British Racist State: public forum on the Police criminal evidence bill and the nationality act.' 7.30, Lambeth Town Hall, Brixton. South London Fight Racism Fight Imperialism.

COVENT GARDEN. Stanford Strike Christmas benefit with The Beetroots, Peking Opera, The Big Combo, the Match Me Sidney Nighthawk Ensemble. Plus surprise guests, £2.00 waged, £1 unwaged. 7pm, 7 Dials Club. Shelton Street, London WC2.

SAT 25 DEC

PROTEST demonstration against Christmas: stay at home and eat a lot.

WED 29 DEC

MALVERN. CND Christmas Party with mime, clown, disco and late bar, 8pm. Somers Arms, Leigh Sinton.

FRI 31 DEC

UPPER HEYFORD. Peace Chain across each gate of USAF base, Upper Heyford, 6.30am-6.30pm. People will link arms across the gates, each gate to have a different theme. **Steeple Aston 40461.**

FORTHCOMING

7-13 Jan

8 JAN. A Practical Utopia. Spkr Rowland Hilder. Orgd by Fellowship Party. 3pm, 7 Kidbrooke Grove, Blackheath, London. **01-856 6249.**

9 JAN. Poetry and Commitment. Christopher Hampton. 11am, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, London WC1. **01-242 8033.**

10 JAN. Men,Women and Craft Printing. Cynthia Cockburn. History Workshop Seminar. 6.45 (drinks), 7.30 (serious business), Black Horse, 6 Rathbone Place, London W1.

12 JAN. The Economic, Political and Social Development of Ireland since 1800. 6.30pm, Working Men's College, Crowndale Road, NW1. **01-387 2037.**

13 JAN. The New Hungarian Peace Movement. Talk by Andrew White. Org. London END. 7pm, Roebuck pub, Tottenham Court Road, London W1.

13 JAN. The Media and Misrepresentation of Women. Women's Media Action Group. Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, London WC1. 6.30pm.

14-20 Jan

16 JAN. Rationality and the problem of belief. Spkr Paul Hirst. 3pm, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, London WC1. South Place Ethical Society.

20 JAN. Forming a co-operative. 7pm, Working Men's College, Crowndale Road, London NW1.

21-27 Jan

21 JAN. Cardiff. Human Cost of Nuclear War. First of three national conferences. Sessions on medical consequences of nuclear weapons, health planning in relation to nuclear war, responsibility of physicians. Spkrs include Prof. Allan Jacobs, Rev. Bob Morgan, Dr June Crown, Prof. Jack Boag. St Davids Hall, Cardiff. Org. by Medical Campaign Against Nuclear Weapons and the Medical Assn for the Prevention of War. **Ms Alex Chown, 0222 562021.**

22 JAN. West Midlands CND Campaign Strategy Meeting, Birmingham University, 11am-5.30pm. **021-632 6909.**

22 JAN. Generative themes: experimental music presentation. Mumford Theatre, Cambridge. **0279 731517.**

23 JAN. The Structure of Politics: The 'Public Sphere' and its transformation. Spkr Dave Joseph. 3pm, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, London WC1.

27 JAN. Criticism is not enough: The Politics of Cultural Production. Dave Morley and Ken Worpole. 6.30pm, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, London WC1.

28 Jan-5 Feb

29 JAN. *Racism and Schools. One day conference,* Farrukh Dhondy, Ray Chatwin. 11am, County Hall, London SE1. Org. Communist Party, **01-251 4406.**

29 JAN. *Improving Council Housing Estates.* Working conference. Org. by Safe Neighbourhoods Unit, **01-729 1366.**

29 JAN. The London Assembly Second forum for representatives from London organisations. Sessions on public services, London's finances, employment. 10am-1.30pm. Friends House, Euston Road, London N.W.1.

30 JAN. Tawney; Social Democrat or democratic socialist? Tom Evans. 11am. Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, London WC1.

28-30 JAN. BATH. Campaign skill-sharing weekend, West Region CND. Sessions on non-violent direct action, public speaking and campaign against cruise. Cost £9. **Contact 0225 26948.**

3 FEB. Football as a working class sport. Stuart Weir. 6.30pm, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, London WC1.

5-6 FEB. Socialist Society Annual Conference. Plenary sessions, workshops, members' AGM. Sir William Collins School, Charrington St, London NW1.

Sorry, but we can't accept entries over the phone. Entries must be received by Friday preceding issue date. We reserve the right to exclude items without giving reasons and are not responsible for errors. Space is strictly limited so if you definitely want your item to appear, we suggest you book it as an ad. under the appropriate classified heading. See main heading for rates, etc.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Theatres

APOLLO VICTORIA. 01-834 6177. Evgs 7.30 (No Perf 24-27 Dec., 1 Jan. 7.30). Every Tue. from 11 Jan. 2.30 Perf. ½ price. ½ price Mats. 21, 23, 29, 30 Dec. 1 and 6 Jan. 2.30. 'The magic of CAMELOT returns to the London Stage' D. Mail. RICHARD HARRIS in LERNER & LOEWE'S CAMELOT. RICHARD HARRIS 'the performance is a triumph' F. Times. '... a five minute standing ovation' N. Standard. DIRECTED BY MICHAEL RUDMAN. CREDIT CARDS: 01-636 8686 (Keith Prowse no fees). GROUP SALES: 01-379 6061.

BARBICAN THEATRE. 01-628 8795, cc 01-638 8891. 24 hour info. 01-628 2295. Few day seats £3 from 10 a.m.

ROYAL SHAKESPEARE COMPANY
'PETER PAN' until 22 Jan. Book now for final performances of 'POPPY', 'THE WINTER'S TALE', 'HENRY IV', 'ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL'. THE PIT – 'CLAY' by Peter Whelan.

CAMBRIDGE. 01-836 6056/1488. Evgs 7.45 (no perf. 24 Dec). Mat. Thu. 2.30. Sat. 5.00 & 8.00. A New Production of 'THE MIKADO'. 'This exuberant, gorgeously colourful production' F.T. 'Encores were demanded' D. Tel. 'A knees-up Mikado' Times. 'it is all jolly good fun' S.T. 'A Terrific night out. Don't miss it' N.O.W. BOOK NOW FOR XMAS.

NATIONAL THEATRE. 01-928 2252. Olivier (open stage): 'Schweyk in the Second World War', 'Don Quixote', 'Hiawatha', 'Guys and Dolls', Lyttelton (proscenium stage): 'Major Barbara', 'The importance of Being Earnest', Cottesloe (small auditorium): 'A Midsummer Night's Dream', 'The Beggar's Opera', 'Other Places'. See daily press for dates and times or ring recorded information 01-928 2256.

PHOENIX. 01-836 8611/2294/5. Evngs 7.30. Sat. 8.00 (no perf. 24 Dec.), Thu. Mat. 3.00 (½ price). Sat. Mat. 4.00. LEONARD ROSSITER, MEL MARTIN, STEPHAN CHASE, in 'THE RULES OF THE GAME'. 'Great acting of a kind rarely to be seen. Do not miss it" S. Tel: cc HOT LINE 01-930 9232.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE, EC1. 01-278 8916 (5 lines) 24-hr instant booking 01-200 0200. Grp Sales 01-379 6061 CC.
Until 23 Dec. Eves 7.30, Thurs. and Sat. Mats. 2.30.
WAYNE SLEEP with DASH
28 Dec.-15 Jan. Eves 7.30. Sat. and 29 Dec. Mats. 2.30.
SADLER'S WELLS ROYAL BALLET
NEW SADLER'S WELLS OPERA: Phone 01-278 0855 (24 hrs) for brochure.
AMPLE FREE PARKING after 6.30 p.m.

THEATRE GOERS please note: cc – Credit cards S. Student standby.

THEATRE
OF PHANTASY
PRODUCTIONS
With support from the Arts Council

14-23 Dec. 7.45pm

The Story of HONORIA & the fall of fabulous Rome

Oval House
52-54 Kennington Oval, SE11 5SW
Bookings 01-582 7680

THEATRE

APOLLO 437 2663
Shelly Steafel
in her new show
VARIATIONS
When England had a Music Hall it had stars like Sheila Steafel'. Times
Mon.-Thurs. 8pm, Fri. and Sat. 6pm and 8.30pm

COMEDY 930 2578
[illegible]
from Theatre Royal Stratford
Nell Dunn's first stage play
Laughter, hard truth and compassion. Sun. Times
voted Comedy of the Year 81 (SWET)
Seats £2.50 £6.50

DONMAR WAREHOUSE 836 1071
4 Earlham St, WC2 379 6565
WEEKEND NIGHT
Suzan Farmer, John Fraser, Simon Gipps-Kent, Edward Hardwicke, Edward Petherbridge, Sarah Porter, Gary Raymond, Emily Richard.
Join our FREE mailing list. Send s.a.e. to Dept NS THEATRE DESPATCH [illegible]

MESSIAH
BY MARTIN SHERMAN
HAMPSTEAD THEATRE
Swiss Cottage Centre, NW3
Box Office 722 9301

Meetings

THEOSOPHY: S.a.e. for free pamphlets, book list, programme of activities. Public Talk Sunday 19 Dec. 8 p.m. 'The Christ in Man'. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2 3AL.

Conference

Fabian Society
Weekend School
[illegible]
7-9 January, 1983
Ruskin Hall, Oxford
£40 (or £38 members)
Director – Frances Morrell
Speakers – Joan Lestor, Hilary Wainwright, Margaret Maden, Ivy Cameron, Christine Jackson, Suzie Parsons, Ruth Lester
Bookings from:
FABIAN SOCIETY
11 Dartmouth Street
London SW1H 9BN
Tel: 01-222 8877

Computing

[illegible]
The Alternative Computing Service for Word Processing, Data Processing, Consultancy and Advice on Microcomputers and Software
Call Tim Buckfield on 01-404 4030 or write to 46 Theobalds Road, London WC1

Removals

GENTLE GHOST
REMOVALS
COOPERATIVE
Fast, cheap and reliable
All sizes
01-603 2865
27 Royal Crescent Mews
London W11

Financial

IMMEDIATE ADVANCES £100-£25,000. Written terms on request. Regional Trust Ltd, 31 Dover Street, London W1A 4RT. 01-491 2934.

LOANS £200-£100,000 mortgages. Universal Investments, Ilkeston 43636 or 01-470 2574.

SALARIED PERSONS Postal Loans Ltd. Loans from £50. 175 Regent Street, W1. For written quote apply: Tel. 01-734 1974.

Courses

Celebrates its 65th Anniversary in 1983. This unique Anglo-Florentine cultural institute organises courses throughout the year in Italian language, the Italian Renaissance and Drawing. Special A Level Italian course from January-June. 20% discount on fees in January and February. Accommodation arranged. Ask for 1983 prospectus with full details from
David Rundle, The Director,
British Institute,
Lungarno Guicciardini 9, FLORENCE
Tel: 010-39 55 284 031

[illegible]
Baffled by the complexity of Modern Economics?
Then join our stimulating lecture/discussion evening course (not keyed to exams). No previous knowledge necessary. One evening per week, either Tues. or Thurs.
Terms begin Jan. & Sept. Next course starts 11/13 Jan. 7 p.m. Fee £12 for 12 weeks – all materials supplied.
Correspondence courses available
Prospectus and details from:
***ESSRA**
School of Economic Studies
177 Vauxhall Bridge Road
London SW1 (nr. Victoria)
01-834 4979
*Economic Social Science Research Association

'ONE OF THE FUNNIEST PLAYS IN LONDON' TIME OUT
WARREN MITCHELL
"Proving yet again what a very fine actor he is"
FINANCIAL TIMES
'GREAT COMIC PLAY' GUARDIAN
BUCKSHOT CUT
"Filippo- a master of farce" DAILY TELEGRAPH
"ALWAYS VERY, VERY FUNNY" CITY LIMITS
Evenings at 8pm
Matinees Wednesday 3pm Saturday 5pm
DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE
Box Office 01.836 5122 Credit Card Booking 01.836 9837
Credit Card Hotline 01.930 9232

DILLONS
UNIVERSITY BOOKSHOP
1 MALET STREET, LONDON WC1E 7JB
Telephone 01-636 1577
BOOK HERE
FOR A HAPPY CHRISTMAS!
Come to Dillons for a huge range of books, classical records and cassettes
Access/Visa Book Tokens Posta Book
Late Night Wednesday until 7 pm
Saturday mornings until 1 pm

60 Incorporating 'The Nation', 'The Athenaeum' and 'The Week-end Review'. Registered as a newspaper. Printed by QB Ltd, Sheepen Place, Colchester. Published by the Statesman & Nation Publishing Co. Ltd at 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU. Second class postage paid at New York NY.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED